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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF THOMAS SHADWELL

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KELMSCOTT UNBLEACHED HAND-MADE PAPER
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MADE PAPER (NUMBERED 91—1290).

My D

19

I wrote a complaint to y^e Sp against y^e playes
to governers and again I renew it and humbly
beg if y^e Gov had any favour for y^e right
one in it by commanding that y^e Innocent
Impostors be the next new play to be
acted. I would have had it acted in Roman
habits and then wth a mantle to have covered
her hips Mrs Barry would have acted y^e
part but Tho Taverant has wth a great flight
survived mee of and sayes hee will trouble
himself wth more anon about y^e play. I beseech
ye my D be pleas'd to favour the Author
and mee. They have put Surveys play
before ours and this day a play of Drydens
is read to them and that is to be acted before
ours too. I never was so much concerned in
any thing in my life as so much surpris'd
at all usage where I deserve some best good
may pardon mee that I put y^e Sp in mind
of this case more for this it is only justice
to right.

My R

Chelsea Jan 19
91

Y^r L^{ts} most obliged
humble serv^t

Tho Shadwell

Mr Cooling knows this he
have been prodig'd by y^e M^{rs} medeysons and I
have twice his bond against mee in a contest
between Mr Cron and mee twice.

THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
THOMAS
SHADWELL

Edited by
MONTAGUE SUMMERS

VOLUME FIVE



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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF

THOMAS
SHADWELL

REVISED EDITION



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IN GREAT BRITAIN

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THE
Amorous Bigotte:
WITH THE
SECOND PART
OF
Tegue O Dively.
A
COMEDY,
Acted by Their
Majesty's Servants.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL,
Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal to Their
MAJESTIES.

L O N D O N:
Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1690.

Source.

SHADWELL in this capital comedy has very exactly given us the atmosphere of the picaresque novel. As in *Lazarillo de Tormes* and *Guzman d'Alfarache*, *Marcos de Obregon*, Delicado's *Lozana Andalus*, and *El Diablo Coxuelo*, we move briskly among the gallantries and gaieties, the intrigue, the accidents and adventure of Spanish life. We swagger up and down the great open Corsos, we slink along the dark dusty slums, we consort with old hidalgos, with ruttish young dons, with grave churchmen and holy zelatrices, with sly valets and dragon duennas, good and ill, devotees and hypocrites, pious bawds and melting courtezans, bravoos and night-walkers, the whole ever-shifting multi-coloured panorama of Madrid.

Shadwell's lovely but jealous cyprian Levia may be compared with the Neapolitan Angelica Bianca in *The Rover*, I, produced at Dorset Garden in 1676-7, although I do not think he owes anything to Mrs. Behn. The opening scene where Elvira shuffles away her Novellas may for a moment remind one of Lydia Languish at the advent of Mrs. Malaprop hurriedly crying to Lucy "Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Ainsworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—then—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so,—now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table."

There is a very dull little book *The Irish Rogue ; or, The Comical History of the Life and Actions of Teague O' Divilley from his birth to the present year 1691, 1690* (Term Catalogues, November, 1690), the author of which has borrowed the name from Shadwell. Most of the chapters have their scene laid in Ireland, but the Rogue visits Spain and joins an "Order of Mendicants." There is no real connexion with Shadwell's comedies, and the thing does not deserve any serious consideration.

Theatrical History.

THE *Amorous Bigotte* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the early spring of 1689-1690, possibly in March. The comedy was well received, and no doubt both Leigh as the Friar, and Nokes in petticoats, were very great. As there is no record of any particular revival we are probably justified in assuming that when those actors were gone, this capital comedy, "and many others," in the words of Cibber, "for the same reason, were rarely known to stand upon their own legs ; by seeing no more of Leigh or Nokes in them, the characters were quite sunk, and altered."

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES
E. of Shrewsbury, &c.

My Lord,

I Have ever been ready to own all Obligations receiv'd from any Man ; but being favour'd by so great and good a Man as your Lordship, I think it so much to my honour, that I cannot but be proud of it, which makes me take the first occasion to publish my Gratitude, and boast of your Patronage. Nor have I any other end in making bold with your Lordships Name before this Trifle. I would not be so unreasonable to desire your Lordship to defend the weakness of my Writings : I have been by long sickness made very unfit for that Task. A man ought not to hope to Please the world very much, who is not at ease, and somewhat pleas'd himself : Tho I have no reason to complain of the reception of this Play.

For my own, but much more for my Countrys sake, I rejoyce that there is a TALBOT still left to sustain the Honour of that Illustrious Family ; so able, so sincere, and so disinterested a Minister ; so real a Lover and Honourer of his King, equally faithful in his Services to him, and true to the Interest of his Country. (Nor can any one be faithful to the first, who is not true to the latter) ; for in effect they are but one ; and they can never be odious enough who endeavour to divide it.

We still have a *Talbot* who is a firm Friend to the *English*, and a just Enemy to the *French* ; and I doubt not, my Lord, but you will live by your Counsels and Actions to become as terrible to them as any of your brave Ancestors have been. I dare not be too forward in your just Commendations, Praise being not the end that a man who is truly great ever aims at ; nor does an ingenuous Man delight in it : To such the conscience of doing well is the only satisfaction. But one thing out of the abundance of my heart I cannot restrain my self from observing in your Lordship.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

The most important business of this world, the Education of Youth (which ought to be put into the hands of the ablest, wisest, most learn'd and vertuous men, who have no other interest but the bettering of mens minds ; and because of the great trouble of the Office, it ought to have great Rewards and Dignities affix'd to it by the publick) is for want of those encouragements put upon such mean, weak, or corrupt persons, that it is the greatest task of a mans life to break loose from his Education, and shake off the prejudices he contracted by it ; which none but a great *Genius* ever does. The rest, tho of the highest rank, swallow every thing unchew'd, and take every thing unexamin'd from their first Dry-Nurses in Petticoats to their last in Square-Caps : Women begin with them, and young Priests end with 'em, who are sure to bring 'em up to the interest of the Clergy, tho it be never so much against that of the Laity.

Your Lordship, by strength of Understanding, and industrious Enquiry, early perform'd this great Task, and freed your self from those Principles instill'd into you in your Youth ; which would have made you incapable of being a good Subject and a great Patriot in your riper age ; and have since became so eminent in both characters, that every man that heartily loves the constitution of our *English* Government, has a profound Respect and Veneration for your Lordship.

Nor will your share of Honour deserve to be less in History than that of the bravest of your Ancestors, since none could ever more freely adventure Life, Estate and Honour for their Countreys Freedom than your Lordship did. And it appears to me to be much a greater Glory to be highly instrumental in the Redemption of ones own, than in the Conquest of another. And I beseech your Lordship pardon this interruption of your business or diversion, from him who is, without any mixture of fawning, most sincerely,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most obedient

May 5. 1690.

Humble Servant,

T. S.

Drammatis Personæ.

<i>Bernardo</i> , a <i>Spaniard</i> , Collonel of a Regiment in <i>Flanders</i> , a vapouring blustering Souldier.	} Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .
<i>Luscindo</i> , his Son, a well-bred Gentleman, and a man of Honour.	} Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Doristeo</i> , a young Gentleman of Gallantry and Courage.	} Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Finardo</i> , his Friend.	Mr. <i>Alexander</i> .
<i>Tegue O Divelly</i> , an <i>Irish</i> Fryer.	Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Hernando</i> , a Gentleman that waits upon <i>Bernardo</i> .	Mr. <i>Boen</i> .
<i>Diego</i> , <i>Bernardo</i> 's Servant ; his Barber.	Young <i>Lee</i> .
<i>Sancho</i> , <i>Doristeo</i> 's Servant.	
<i>Belliza</i> , the Amorous Bigottee.	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Elwira</i> , her Daughter.	Mrs. <i>Jordan</i> .
<i>Rosania</i> , her Neice.	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Grycia</i> , the old Governante.	Mrs. <i>Osborne</i> .
<i>Levia</i> , a fine Courtezan.	Mrs. <i>Butler</i> .
<i>Gremia</i> , her Aunt.	Mr. <i>Noakes</i> .
<i>Bravo</i> 's and Servants.	
<i>Estifania</i> .	

Scene, *Madrid*.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

*Some of our Authors special Friends will say,
That the whole Audience is trepann'd to day,
And for a new, shall find a damn'd old Play.
He on a Spanish Plot once writ before,
And some the Priest with great impatience bore ;
But tho the Party took it much amiss,
They had not the good breeding then to hiss.
Our own Sir Roger on the Stage appears,
And why should not a foolish Priest of theirs ?
On that foundation then he built, 'tis true,
But like Drake's Ship, 'tis so repair'd 'tis new ;
Newer than his Contemporaries show,
Who all to Novels or Romances owe,
And from whose Native Springs nought e're did flow.
Nor should you his of Barrenness accuse,
Who grac'd the Thefts of any other Muse :
Nor tye him up alone to new invention ;
And if to want of Wit 'tis no pretension
To lose, he's sure 'tis none to gain the Pension.
But hold, my business now is to declare
Against Bear-garden Hissers open War ;
He d'at is after Hissing in dish plaash,
I'll Shing Lilli-burlero in his faash.
Not the brave Wolsely can do more in quelling,
Those nimble Teagues with Men of Inniskilling,
Than I subduing these ; for at the Head,
Of our brave Party, I will look them Dead.
But to prevent much Brutal Hiss and Stamp,
Send out the fiercest Champion of your Camp :
Let me the proudest of the Hissers see,
I'll make him know he is no Match for me ;
Soon shall the Lists your doubty Warriour quit,
Taught by my single Courage to submit.
You might have better Words, were it not plain
The gentlest usage of you is but vain ;*

PROLOGUE

*E'n take your course, our Poet bid me say,
If all of you be such dull Fools to pay
For being displeas'd, come and Hiss every day.
If good the Play, your Hisses will be vain ;
If bad, no Claps its weakness can sustain.
If this be lost, he's not of all bereft,
He hopes he still shall have some credit left
He's sure by this his Friends he shall not lose,
And keeping them he cares not for his Foes.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Elvira, Rosania*.

Elvi. **W**Here's my Mother, *Rosania*?

Ros. In her Closet Cousin, where should she be?

Elv. Close at her Beads I warrant you.

Rosa. She has been very devout since *Horatio* went off from his Honourable proposals of Matrimony.

Elvi. Thou art a mischievous Girl, art not thou asham'd to railly thy good Aunt so?

Rosa. Well, she has been most grievously devout ever since his apostacy, to the vexation of us all: But shou'd he turn about again, she wou'd soon lay down her Beads, and quaver to her Guitarr, like an old Spinstress to a Wheel.

Elv. Yes, and discard the *Irish* Fryar, Father *Tegue* and his Lay Brother, for a brace of unclean Tyre-women: 'Tis somewhat hard to set ones heart upon the other World, till we grow unfit for the uses of this.

Rosa. Very true, for my part, I believe there are none weary of the World, till the World are weary of them; the World begins with them first.

Elvi. Thou art in the right; methinks it is a very pretty World; they may talk what they will of Vanity, the most pious Christians in *Madrid* are loth to leave it.

Rosa. I am resolv'd for my part, to have a good opinion of the World, till the World has an ill opinion of me; and there's an end on't.

Enter *Grycia*.

Gryc. Mrs. *Rosania*, my Lady calls for you.

Rosa. I go.

Elvi. Pray say I am retired, here's my office.

Gry. Madam, the Ghostly Fathers are with my Lady.

Elv. Now is their time indeed; have they no Collation?

Gry. Lord Madam, that you shou'd ask that, when were they here without one?

Elv. Good men, they are content to suffer here on Earth, and with much eating and drinking, they painfully consult about affairs of Heaven.

Rosa. Will you not go to 'em, and take part of what they eat and talk?

Elv. No; much good may't do my Mother with her *Irish* Hypocrite, the Reverend Father *Tegue O Divelly*; I have at present no Stomach to

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Sweetmeats or Confessors. Office lye thou there, and now to my *Novella's*. *Exeunt Ros. and Gryc.*

So, to my wish, I am alone, and now can freely think of him who has so often Charm'd me. Hah, what Madness is this to fall in Love with one I know not ! Nor does he know me, or my Love ! Oh, if his Mind be like his Body, (and certainly it must be so) 'twill justify my passion to the World. But let me see *Cervantes*, what sayst thou ? Ha, who's there ? whither now ? *Elvira shuffles Cervantes under the Cushion, and takes up the Office.*

Enter Grycia.

Gry. The good men are gossiping with my Lady, and zealously expecting a recruit of Sweetmeats.

Elv. Good men, they thrive well, and grow fat upon Mortification. But now to my Legend of Lovers. *She walks and Reads.*

Ha Madam, that was a subtil way of discovering your passion, but it will not serve in my case. But I must find some means to let him see my face, and if he like it, so, if not, mercy on me, I dare not think on what must follow. Let me see. *She pulls out her Pocket Glass.*

Ha ! what noise is that ? *She puts up her Glass hastily.*

These Liquorish Priests dispatch their Sweetmeats with as much haste as a hunted Bear would a Honey-pot.

Enter Rosania.

Rosa. The fathers (at present up to the knuckles in Jelly of Quinces, with three or four Bottles of the richest Wines) desire your sweet company.

Elv. Tell 'em I am retir'd, and can't come.

Rosa. Ha, ha, *Novella's* and a Pocket-glass instead of Beads and Office.

Elv. Get you gone Huswife, you grow as mischievous as a Monkey.

Rosa. Well, well, I'll leave you to your pious Meditations, Farewel.

[Exit.

Elv. Let me see, will this Face do any Execution, [*Elv. takes up the Pocket Glass.*] If it will, look to thy Heart, my unknown Gallant. The Poets call these hairs our Snares and Nets ; if they be I'll set them, let who will be entangled with them—— Now for my Patches, these are to Powder our Ermin Skins with ;—— ha, my dear unknown Love, have at thee.

Enter Belliza, Father Tegue and Lay Brother.

Bell. Bless me Father ! what use she makes of her Retirements ! these are her Devotions.

Elv. Have they caught me, I'm undone.

She shuffles away her Glass and Novella's.

Bell. Come Mistress I'll see what you have here, *Belliza finds the Book.*

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Benedicite ! what's here ? a wicked and profane Love Book ; good Father, I beseech your Reverence, make her Heart ake with pennance for this.

Teg. In trot it is great pitty of dee, and a great faable, by my shoul I vould have all handsome Ladies dewout indeed, and I do love to put my Eys upon dem, and maake a great faash upon dem, when I do instruct dem, indeed gra.

Elv. No doubt on't.

Teg. I do love to caast de look upon de pretty Laady indeed, vid pious meditaation, and consideraation dat Heaven did maake dem sho handshom gra.

Bell. Good holy Man, we are bound to admire the works of Heaven.

Teg. Vel shayd Daughter, dou dosht spake like an aable shaint, indeed gra ; but I must complain upon you for dis waanity, if dou musht have some waanity, joy pridee now taake shome fitt days for dat occaasion of waanity. [To Elv.]

Bell. This is a sweet preparation in procession week, to be pruning your self, like an unclean Bird.

Teg. Phaath will I spaake unto you for dese spotts and blemishes upon dy swheet faash gra, arrah I vil maake you do de greaat pennance for dish.

Bell. What's the reason Father I may not wear patches ?

Teg. Aboo, boo, boo, what am I dat dou dosht maake expoſtulaation, and demand a Reason of mee ?

Elv. One that has it not about him.

Teg. Reashon of mee, dou dosht maake indignaation and affront upon me, by my shoulwation. Am I not a Priesht, and vil I give a Reashon.

Bell. 'Twas wickedly done to affront the good Man so.

Teg. Have I Converted sho many Hereticks dogs and was sho deep in our braave Plott, and had like to have bin after being slain upon a Gibbet, and been a great Martyr for de Plott, and dosht dou require a Reashon of mee ?

Elv. Why wou'd you escape ? You wou'd ha' done great service to the Church, by being hang'd for it, no doubt Sir a man of your Reverence.

Teg. I vill agree vid dee upon daat, but I do not caare for being hang'd, it dosh maake a Priest look sho like a Beasht and a Dogue indeed, and besides I vould not be hang'd but vid a with, as our Forefathers in *Ireland* us'd to be Hang'd.

Bell. Thou'rt a right Sanctified Man ; and Heav'n be prais'd for thy deliverance.

Teag. Ah good shoule dou vilt be a greaat Shaint indeed joy. I vil tell unto dee I did escaape because I did deshire to be a Caardinal, and by my Shoulwaation I tink I vill be a Caardinal before I vill have Death, dere has not bin one *Eerish* Caardinal a great while, I did Plot as well, and cou'd

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

hang as well as de best of dem, but if I be a Caardinal I know what I vill do.

Elv. Well I am corrected, I will never ask a reason of you more, I wou'd as soon beg of a *Spanish* Souldier.

Teg. Do not, for de Church is infaallible, and de Pope is infaallible, and de Caardinals are infaallible, and I vill spake more unto you, de Prieshts are infaallible too. And I shay blesh dy shweet Faash from patches, dou hasht a pretty Faash pull of dese Spots,

He pulls them off and Chucks her under the Chin.
I wou'd not veare patches upon my faash for de Worl'd indeed joy, no fait would I not. By my shoul she's a brave Lady—— *aside.*

Elv. The wisest may sometimes be loosers by their scruples.

Teg. I do not caare for all dat I vil be content vid mine own Faash, vid out patches fait and be Abo'o! dou haasht shome upon dy breasht joy I vill put dem off.

He presses her breast, she resists.

Elv. What do you do, hold off.

Bell. Oh wicked Child! do you resist the good Man?

Teg. By my shoul I vill take dem off, Mash it is gallant Flesh and Blood, Ab'oo, I cannot bear it, farewel I will meet dee upon de prado!

Bell. Go to, you have angered the good Man, *Grycia!*

Enter Grycia.

Gryc. Madam.

Bell. Get our Vails, we will make visits to the Saints at several Churches.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter Luscindo, Hernando.

Luscin. Put on thy Hat *Hernando*, thou hast been too long my Fathers good Servant, not to be my Companion, and art to have the next Commission that falls in my *Flanders* Regiment.

Hern. I shall ever be your Servant: but Sir.

Luscin. Thou mutterst and art angry with me, prithee speak thy mind with freedom.

Hern. I am angry with you because I love you.

Luscin. Thou hast wit and courage, and I know thou lov'st me.

Hern. Pox on this insolent Curtezan for me.

Luscin. Wilt thou not allow me one folly.

Hern. Not when that folly allows you nothing of your self. Doat upon a Wench, jealous, vex'd, and disquieted for a Wench!

Luscin. Speak with more Reverence of a Wench, why from *Mexico* to *Japan*, is there such a joy, such a comfort as a Wench: What do Kings War for but for power, and power for what? To have what Concubines they please, there's the end. What do we Officers fight for, but for Money

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

and a little Honour, to get a Wench ! what have Priests, Bishops and Cardinals profits and Dignities, but to procure Wenches ? Is there a man in *Spain*, Lay or Spirititual without a Wench, who has Wit or Money enough to get one ? And then to speak thus irreverently of one !

Hern. Pardon me Sir,— I wou'd have a Wench to please me, but not to trouble me.

Luscin. Of all our Art and Industry, our toyl and hazard, Woman's the sweet end ; who wou'd give a doyt to govern Men, but by that means to have power over Women ?

Hern. A Gentleman may have a little innocent lust, or so, but to fall in love, and with a Mercenary thing.

Luscin. Thou art no Philosopher *Hernando*, prithee what is Love ? why nothing but great Lust.

Hern. Oh fye Sir ; Your true Lover sighs and pines, and seeks out shady Groves, and murmuring Brooks, and tells his mournful tale, with Arms a cross to Eccho, and never thinks his Mistriss is a Woman, but a Goddess.

Luscin. No where but in Romances, why there's no diversion or conversation in *Madrid*, but with a Curtezan. The men are too grave (not to be uncivil and say dull) and the honest Women are lockt up ; besides none in *Spain* are so well bred as your Curtezans, *Hernando*, no more.

Hern. Why will you put your self in pain because you think another Courts this *Levia*, and she is wavering, there are others as handsome in *Madrid*, see her no more.

Luscin. Pain is bit a relishing bit, to make us taste our pleasure better ; she has made me jealous, which spurs up my restive Love, that wou'd have Jaded otherwise whilst she lov'd only me, I cou'd have lov'd another, but now she loves another, I can love none but her.

Hern. A very pretty riddle, make her believe you love another and she perhaps may then love none but you.

Luscin. I have it in my Head, come along with me to her, thou shalt see me use her scurvily, and try what that will do.

Hern. You know how angry your Father will be.

Luscin. Let what will come on't, I will go through.

Hern. I have stood by you when Bullets have whistled about our Ears, and will not leave you now.

Luscin. Come on.

[*Ex. Luscinde and Hernando.*]

Enter Gremia and Levia.

Gre. Are you stark mad Neice, by your extravagance to lose the finest, properest, kindest and most liberal Lover in *Madrid*.

Lev. Come Aunt, you understand not my business.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Gre. Go to Mistress ; I not understand a Womans business with a Man, that's fine.

Lev. Nay I must confess you have been us'd to bring the Young together, and make meer strangers Friends.

Gre. Oh cry you mercy, have I so, I'll breed no bate nor division between young People, if they agree not in their Youth, they'll hardly be brought together in their Age.

Lev. You can procure the beginning of Love ; but know not how to make that Love continue.

Gre. Marry come up, you shall keep School and teach new tricks to Widows above Fifty, did not I take you a poor sorry Girl, out of your Mothers hands, rest her Soul, she little thought what preferment you wou'd come to ? did not I bestow all Accomplishments of good breeding to fit you for a shining Mistriss in *Madrid* ?

Lev. Well Aunt.

Gre. And has not Heav'n blest my endeavours, and made you a very Paragon. And you with your extravagance to cast away the fruit of all my care and Prayers for you.

Lev. Why so froward Aunt, what all Age, and no Gravity ?

Gre. You will make me Gray with sorrow.

Lev. *Luscindo* began to cool upon my fondness, and seek out new Adventures ; and I'm resolv'd to plague him for't.

Gre. You say you Love him ?

Lev. Yes, with such madness as admits no rest.

Gre. And will you anger him ?

Lev. Yes, therefore, if we don't season our love with anger sometimes, 'twill be too luscious, and men will surfeit of it.

Gre. Well I have another Neice who shall obey me, but pray make ready to Mass, you will consider the day I hope ; I shall never live to neglect good days, how can we look for a blessing upon our endeavours else. Here he comes, why Neice.

Enter Luscindo and Hernando at one door, Doristeo and Finardo at the other.

Levia. Let me alone, by Heaven I will have my own way, *Fa, la, la, la,* are you there, were you sent for ?

Luscin. No, had I been so, 'tis ten to one I had not come.

Levi. Y'are very haughty on the sudden Sir.

Finar. Where is the pretty Miss that I must treat for ?

Gre. Bless me do you know what day 'tis, and what week, you make me tremble, will you make no difference of days, *Benedicite* ?

Dorist. A very pious Bawd.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Gre. Upon a Holy-day in a Holy week, have you no conscience, have you no grace left?

Finar. Be not transported, good Madam.

Gre. Ne're tell me, I must serve Heaven sometimes as well as Minister to the necessities of young Gentlemen.

Dorist. Be not so hot, but hear me but one word.

Gre. 'Lass I must confess Gallants will have occasion sometimes, but then they must be sure to choose fit days.

Dor. Madam, I must be possest of *Levia*, I cannot live without her, she is younder, she seems fall'n out with her Gallant, and has of late given me some hopes.

Lev. My love like the wind shall never stay long in a Corner.

Luscin. I am pleas'd so it never blows on me again.

Lev. What does he mean? I'll try him to the quick. *aside.*

Luscin. Did you give her my Letter, *Hernando*?

Hern. Yes, and she Kiss'd it as eagerly as if she wou'd have swallow'd it.

Luscin. What was she doing?

Hern. Singing to her Guittar, with such a ravishing Melody I know not which exprest more skill, her Voice or Fingers, but they both excell'd all I have ever heard, her Face, her Mine, her Shape beyond all paralell.

Lev. Thou ly'st, base parasite and pimp, she is some Dowdy *Quean*.

Luscin. Good, she resents it to the full, and cannot bear it.

Lev. What have I done? I shall blow up my whole design by showing Anger; Ha, ha, ha, this is a pretty tale indeed, Ha, ha, ha.

Luscin. For old acquaintance sake, I cou'd not conceal my good Fortune from you, and now you know the reason of my coming I shall take my leave.

Lev. And as a sign that I have been provident, behold? kind *Doristeo* excuse me: the parting with a tedious old friend whom I shall ne're see more, has made me not so civil to my new one as I ought.

Dor. My dear, my sweet, I am transported.

Finar. Pox on't, where's my Mistress; I'd fain be transported too.

Lev (aside). Ha, ha, ha, this touches him I see. (*to Dor.*) Let your Coach attend here after Mass, we'll see the Pictures which came from *Rome*: And in the Evening we'll drive in the Parado.

Luscin. Death shall I bear this?

Hern. S'Heart Sir are you mad? will you spoil your own design by being angry, laugh Sir, laugh, ha, ha, ha.

Lev. Aside. Walk this way a little. *To Doristeo.*

Ah *Luscindo*, I have thee fast upon the Hook, and I will play with thee. [*aside.*]

Hern. Madam, there is a Lady will revenge our quarrel.

Lev. Ile not do thee the honour to laugh at thee.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Gre. Come, where are you young Gentlewoman? to Church, come on.
Minia. Here Madam.

[*Exeunt Doristeo, Finardo, Gremia, Levia and Minia.*]

Hern. This haughty Curtezan by her Pride, is a Mistriss fit for none but *Lucifer* himself?

Luscin. I am provok'd to the disordering of my Temper: But I shall not want occasion of that, Don wants not Courage.

Hern. 'Life Sir fear nothing, you may be sure of her Love, by her anger; she swell'd at what I told her like a *Dutch* Trumpeter, she had fire in her face, and flames in her Eyes.

Luscin. Let's see which way they go.

Hern. Sir if you dog her, you're undone; in Love as in War, they that strike first, have the worst on't: You must dodge like an Old General.

Luscin. Well she shall not be too hard for me, I will have my will on her.

[*Exeunt Luscin and Hernando.*]

Enter *Belliza, Elvira, Rosania.*

Bell. Why Daughter, Oh wicked Girl, what wandering eyes you fling about you, whom wou'd you entangle? Why *Rosania*! you wanton Minx, you are staring up at every Window, like an *Indian* who had never seen a City. A modest Maid shou'd have no other object but the ground.

Elv. The Earth is a prospect for Beasts, and Heaven for us Madam.

Rosa. Wou'd you have me always look upon my Nose, and learn to squint?

Elv. If you always look'd upon the ground, how did you get a Husband?

Bell. By the reputation of my modesty, I was indeed forc'd. My inclination was to a Nunnery, why *Rosania*?

Rosa. I was only looking at a Balcony to see a young Gentleman play with a Ladies Fan.

Bell. How now, have you your distinctions already, and observe who is Young and Old.

Enter *Father Tegue and Lay Brother.*

Bell. Oh Father, we walk'd softly, waiting for you here.

Teg. I vill tell de Laady what I have seen indeed, all dee Shaints are in dere besht Apparel, and are very braave Joy, arrah my Lady, it vould do good to your Heart in your Body, to shee dem dat I have sheen.

Elv. This is a very silly Fellow, *Rosania.*

Teg. A Shick Taylor, has shent a very braave Pettycoat to Shaint *Clare*, and by my Shoul she does look very gallantly.

Bell. Well that good Taylor may be an Example to us all, who ever he be, I'll warrant him a good Soul, and a devout Workman.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Teg. Oh yes, Taylors are very honest, phen dey be very sick introt.

Bell. What else Father have you observ'd ?

Teg. Why Shaint *Teresia*, has new habitts from *Cap a pie* shent from *Paris*, I tell you she is now ash fine and braave, as e're a Shaint in *Madrid*, no dishpraise to any ; she may show her Faace before dem all ; phat vill I shay more ?

Bell. I'me glad on't, for to say truth, 'twas a shame to keep her so poor and Thredbare upon Holy days, and I may say in private, without shifts of under Linnen.

Elv. Now she's Dead, and can neither work nor beg for her self.

Teg. Dou shayst vel Daughter, it vas a great pitty and a shaame and a great Faable too.

Enter Doristeo and Finardo.

Rosa. Cousin, Cousin, methinks yonder is the finest Gentleman I ever saw.

Dor. I have order'd my Coach to be here about, and I must wait for my humorous Mistress, she may be as slippery as an Eele for ought I know.

Rosa. Did you ever see so delicate a Man ?

Elv. Oh yes, many a one.

Rosa. I am sure you never did, it is impossible.

Elv. Ah ha Cousin art thou thereabouts ?

Finar. Who can that young Lady be, that fix'd her Eye upon you, as if she wou'd dart you through.

Dor. I cannot imagine, she has the brightest Eye I ever saw, and a Mine beyond any of the Sex. I am resolv'd I'll have her dogg'd, but let us not seem to mark them.

[*Ex. Doristeo, and Finardo.*]

Rosa. He minds us not.

Elv. Sure I shall be so happy to have one sight of my Love, at some of the Churches.

All this while Bell. is kissing the Friars Beads and paying great Reverence to them.

Enter Luscindo and Hernando.

Luscin. Pox on this Curtezan, she vexes me at heart.

Elv. Ha, this is he, there's no other like him.

Rosa. Can you not guess Cousin, what fine Gentleman that was ev'n now ?

[*Elvira minds her not.*]

Luscin. What shape, what motion's there ? If her face be answerable, she threatens Death to all who look on her, she seems to observe us !

Elv. I am resolv'd to try if my face can conquer him, who with such force has vanquisht me.

Luscin. If I could get but one glimpse of her face.

Elv. I'll drop my Handkerchief, sure he will take it up and give it me.

[*Drops her Handkerchief, Luscinda takes it up.*]

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Luscin. Madam, vouchsafe a moment but one look.

Elv. What is your meaning Sir ?

Luscin. Be pleas'd to accept this little service, this Handkerchief dropt from you Madam.

Elv. From me Sir, you are mistaken, sure, I'll search ; the truth is Sir, mine is missing, but I think mine had not so fair a Lace.

Luscin. It can be none but yours Madam.

Elv. I'll put it up in hope it may be mine ; but if you hear of one who has more right to't ; I live in *Garden-street* at the Blue and Gold Balcony, near the House of *Don Bernardo*.

Luscin. He is my Father, most Divine Creature.

Elv. His father ?

She steps from him.

Bell. Why *Elvira*, where are you ? There are Gallants here, bless us, Temptation is approaching, Fly.

Rosa. Ah Cousin, I find something, that I had not this way to give a sample of my self ! *aside.*

Luscin. By Heaven she is the brightest thing I ever saw.

[Exit Bell. Priest, Lay Brother, Elvira and Rosania.]

Hern. If ever any Angel wore a Petticoat, this may be one.

Luscin. The World has not a Beauty like her, I am all on Fire.

Hern. And Sir I can tell you some news which may make well for you ; your Father is resolv'd not to return to *Flanders*, but to Marry the devout Widdow *Belliza*, who undoubtedly is this Ladies Mother, what think you now of *Levia* ?

Luscin. Name not that paltry thing, this beauty came from Heaven.

Hern. And truly the other Beauty is going to Hell.

Luscin. As suddenly as Lightning she struck, and as soon vanish'd, she has kindled in me in a wild and desperate flame ; and I am resolv'd I will possess her or perish in the attempt. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belliza, Elvira, Rosania.

Bell. CAST not your wandring Eyes on either hand, Ile lead, pray follow one another singly ; and look strait forward thus.

Enter Doristeo and Finardo, and Servant.

Elv. Like Mules in a Draught.

Rosa. Look forward thus, quoth she, wou'd my Aunt have one of us look like her.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Elv. Indeed 'tis a little unreasonable.

Bell. D' yee hear young ones.

Dor. What wou'd I give to have one glimps of this unknown Mistriss, or to find who she is.

Finar. I thought your known Mistriss might have been enough for you for some time.

Dor. There's no comparison betwixt an adventure and a purchase, especially where the Mistress seems the Aggressor.

Finar. Yes, for an Adventure you may have your Throat cut, for your purchase you are safe.

Bell. Come follow me as I direct you.

Rosa. I am ruin'd, the sight of this young Cavalier has put me into wildness and confusion :

Bell. Why you Minx, I see you there ; whither do you throw your wicked Glances ?

Dor. She is her Daughter by the authority she exercises over her.

Rosa. What e're come on't he shall see my Face. [*She stumbles and falls down on her hands and knees, Dor. steps in and helps her up, she shows her Face as if by accident.*]

Dor. Tho' I'm sorry for your misfortune, yet I'm glad I was so happy to have the honour to serve you, Madam.

Rosa. Your Civility deserves my thanks Sir, which I heartily return and wish it in my power to requite.

Bell. Oh Heaven, Complements and showing her Face to a Man the Saints defend us, you are defiled, get you gone Huswife before me ; I shall set a Watch upon you ; avoid Sir, come not near.

Dor. Blame not common Civility Madam, if I had given her a fall you might be angry, but not for helping of her up when she was down.

Bell. Fly, fly. [*Exit Rosa. Elv. and Bell.*]

Dor. She is the most surprizing Beauty I ever saw, she has struck me to the heart ; *Sancho* follow at some distance till you find where she goes in.

Sancho. I need not do it I know her Mother, it is *Belliza* the Biggotte Widow that lives at the Blue and Gold Balcony, in *Garden Street*.

Dor. She shall soon hear from me, and as I guess it will not be unacceptable, this *Levia* will tarnish and grow dull upon my hands ; I ne're knew Love before this day, these killing Beams have pierced me thro' and thro'.

Finar. For my part I'm for good safe Wenching, without Knight errantry.

Dor. Thou hast a gross unelevated fancy, 'tis difficulty makes the pleasure high and racy.

Finar. Well I can eat my Venison without venturing my Neck to Hunt it down, 'tis want of appetite that requires such circumstances.

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Dor. If I cou'd enjoy the whole Sex as easily as one Wife, there would be no pleasure in 'em all ; the whole Sex wou'd be but one Wife.

Finar. Then farewell *Levia*.

Enter Gremia.

Dor. No, I may have a long Journey to this Paragon, and must be forced to bait by the way. Besides in this Race I have Rival strains against me, and I'm resolv'd to whip and spur against him.

Gre. Are you so, this is fine what will become of my reputation, what scandal will be brought upon me and my yet unblemisht House ; for two of you to fall out like Ruffians, and perhaps Murther one the other, for a Damsel of my bringing up ; but Ile prevent you if I can, Oh wicked men upon such a day too !

Dor. Ile hear no more teasing, yonders my Coach attends on *Levia*, lets away.

[*Exit Dor. and Finar.*]

Gre. Oh she's a wicked Girl, and breaks my heart with obstinacy.

Enter Tegue o' Devilly and Lay Brother.

But let me see here's, the good *Irish* Father, I will endeavour to interest him in my affair ; good Father stay and let your reverence attend my story which concerns your Function.

Teg. Out and awoyd my presence I vill loose my Reputaation, if I vill be after spaaking vid dee in de Street indeed.

Gre. I defie any one to say black's my Eye, I beseech your reverence come into my House.

Teag. Dy Houshe is of ill report, and day shay dat young People of different Sexes meet dare for Carnal Recreation indeed by dy appointment, and Assignation Joy.

Gre. Alas Father, every Gentleman and Cavalier cannot Marry ; it is fit they should be supply'd, and I have now and then bred up one with Civil Education for that purpose.

Teg. Dou shayst vell.

Gre. But I defie all my Neighbours to say that e're we miss our Church, or that ever I suffer any Man to come within my doors upon a Vigil or Fast ; and ne're a Woman in *Madrid* observes *Lent* and Fish days more strictly.

Teg. Dou dosht spaake like unto a good pious voman indeed, if dou dosht observe dy *Lents*, dy Wighs and Embers, dou dosht vell.

Gre. I wou'd not break one of 'em for the World.

Teg. I believe dou art a very good Laady, and dosht love de Church, vel joy, as dou shayst every one cannot Marry ; and Fornicaation is Venial but vee vil pass by some Peccadillo's as Shwearing, Wenching, and Lying and de like ; in dose who love de Church indeed. Are dese young

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Gentlewomen handsome dat dou dosht breed up for de Occaasions of de young Cavalliers Joy.

Gre. The very Parragons of all the City, and they Dance with Castanietto's most Charmingly and Sing to the Guittar most Melodiously.

Teg. By my Shoul, a shivil and a good Pious Voman, and I vil go vid a good Priesht my Friend a gallant Man indeed, and vee vil Fornicate and Absolve, Absolve and Fornicate by turns every day at her House, vel I vill come and spaake vid dy Damshels and inshtruft dem joy, phaate vil I shay more.

Gre. Bless your Reverence, I beseech you go with me now and hear my story there is like to be Blood shed, which I would intreat you to prevent ; it is about a wicked Neice of mine.

Teg. Vel since dou dosht observe dy Wigills and dy Fashts, and dosht love de Church I vil go vid dee Joy.

Gre. Thanks Holy Father, follow me.

Teag. Now I vil be after having a very good Strumpett, and I vil maake hashte to *Donna Belliza* too. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Elvira, Rosania.

Elv. with a Pocket Glass. Well you have found me out, I'me in Love all over Love ; but dost thou think thou art conceal'd.

Rosa. Perhaps I might be in Love, if I shou'd see that gallant Cavalier often ; but now I know not who he is, or whether ever I shall see him more : He is the most Charming Man that e're was seen.

Elv. Pish he a Charming Man Oh my *Luscindo*.

Rosa. Pish too good Cousin, there's no comparison betwixt 'em.

Elv. No, Ile be sworn is there not, do not provoke me to forget my Friendship and Relation.

Rosa. Pray Cousin do not anger me, who am as much concern'd for one, as you can be for the other.

Enter Belliza, and snatches the Glass from her.

Bell. Bless me, ungracious Girl, are you always at your Pocket Glass, you are resolv'd to be no stranger to your countenance, if this be a true intelligencer.

Elvir. Wee shou'd know our selves, Madam.

Bell. How Mrs. Pert, what by a Looking-glass, this comes of your *Novella's*, they put fine thoughts into your head, how to please a Man, and all dressing, patching, and curling is at a Man ; the Saints defend us.

Elvir. Did Saints never use Looking-glasses.

Rosa. If they did not, they were scurvily drest I warrant 'em.

Bell. You Mrs. Male-pert, I hear you have not been at Confession this

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fortnight : I will make you confess, Huswife, to Father *Tegue* who will be here soon : withdraw, and prepare your self for it.

Rosa. Why shou'd Old fellows know the Secrets of the Young ? But it must be so, I cannot help it. [Ex. *Rosa.*

Bell. Now Vanity, this is to inform you, what force and strength your Beauty hath to conquer men with, and if you pursue that Train of thoughts: Heaven bless us ! whether do they carry us ?

Elvir. Sure 'tis lawful to adorn our Faces, and we had better have our own Opinions, than our Maid's in the matter.

Bell. Yes, what d' yee think when you adorn, as you call it ? But to please some Man with that, and its appurtenances. A modest Maid shou'd hide her Beauty from the World.

Elvir. To what purpose, is it given her then ?

Bell. I'll take care, your Jewel shall be a Prisoner in my Closet.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, *Don Bernardo*, the great Officer lately come from *Flanders*, bid me say he has business with you, and desires admittance.

Bell. With me ! it cannot be ; alas, I have given over all Business.

Gry. 'Tis true Madam, I assure your Ladyship.

Elvir. I can tell you more, my Maid had it in a whisper from one of his Servants, that he is become your Lover.

Bell. My Lover, Ha, ha, ha, No, no, didst thou say so *Elvira*.

Elvir. I protest Madam, 'tis true.

Bell. Good lack, how troublesome Men are.

Elvir. There's no such Inconvenience in the Match, He's rich, and a Man of Honour.

Bell. Nay I should be loth to do any Man wrong by too hasty an Exception, what manner of Man is he, I never saw him ?

Gryc. A goodly proper comely Gentleman.

Bell. To think of me, good lack a day, a Widow of my long abstinence.

Elv. Why so Mother, you are in the prime of your Age.

Bell. That's true, but on the sudden, when I am so ill drest ; where have you left him ?

Gry. In the drawing Room, what shall I say to him Madam.

Bell. Perhaps he did not mean to surprize me, say Ile attend him soon ; what manner of Glass is this ? *Exit Grycia.*

Elv. A very true one Madam.

Bell. That's the reason you make so much on't, ha.

Elv. 'Tis to examine our defects ; but you have none, pray give it me.

Bell. No no, if that be the use on't, 'tis good to Examine our defects. [She looks in the Glass.

Elv. Let me hold it Madam.

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Bell. Lord how like the Image of Negligence shall I look, there's no elegance at all in my Dressing.

[*Bell. makes ridiculous Grimaces, and prinks her self at the Glass.*]

Elv. I'll put your hair in order.

Bell. Do Daughter, we shou'd be orderly.

Elv. You see Madam, Glasses sometimes may be necessary.

Bell. Yes, to set out our selves somewhat, to stir up or provoke a Person to Conjugal affection, prithee how do I look to day humph?

Elv. Your Face is very powerful, exceeding moving.

Bell. Really it is truly! fetch my best scented Gloves, my Pastils and Pomanders?

Elv. And a little health to lay in your Cheeks.

Bell. By all means.

Exit Elvira.

Love to me, blessing on's Heart, to me! but I must contain my joy.

Re-enter Elvira.

Elv. Here Madam.

[*Gives her the things and smiles.*]

Bell. Why dost thou smile Girl?

Elv. To think how little you car'd for a Young Husband at my years, that grow so warm at the approach of an Old Collonel at yours.

Bell. Go to, Mistriss you're too bold, very pious women may fall in Love; this Man is Rich, Wise and Grave: My House and your Honour both need a Man of Reputation to guard 'em.

Elv. Methinks a Husband should guard my Honour better than a Father-in-Law.

Bell. Why, who knows but the addresses the Father makes to me, may breed in time some good Occasion between the Son and you.

Elv. Well chanc't, as if you knew my heart good Mother.

Bell. Farewel, I'll lay Red on at the Glass in my Chamber, be sure be not you seen.

Enter Tegue o' Devilly.

Teag. Shweet Laady the Shaints blesh dee.

Bell. Good Father I'm busie.

Teg. Busy, phaath vidout me,

Exit Belliza.

I vil not bear this, no fait will I not, to put contempt and Indignaaion upon me.

Elv. What's the matter Father?

Teag. Dee matter! dosht dou not shee de maater; she did slight my Salutaation and vou'd not spaake a vord to me, and by my fait she hash put de outshide of de door upon me.

Elv. Indeed it is very hard.

Teg. By my Soulvaation is it. I vil go upon my faash in de business

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vith her, and vill speak plaain vords to her very Teeth, and her Faash too ; I do not caare for her, if she vil put de out-shide of the door upon me.

Elv. She has great business, for Collonel *Don Benardo* is come to make Love to her.

Teg. Ha, boo, boo, boo, vil she taake dose toughts of Flesh upon a Fish day indeed, phaate vil I shay ? By my Shoul I vil make Pennance unto her, that vil make her groan upon dish occaasion.

Elv. May a Woman not think upon a Husband on a Fasting day ?

Teg. Is not a Husband Flesh indeed, you do not take him for Fish do you you must not put Flesh into any part of your Body upon a Fish day indeed : But I vil spaake no more ; have I done so much for de Caatolick Church, and am I thus affronted in this plaash.

Elv. Why what have you done for the Church ?

Teg. phaate vil I shay unto you dere is my Paaper that vil maake Testification upon me, and I believe I vil be a Caardinal, or a Shaint at least indeed.

Elv. What's this I can't read it.

Teg. I vil reshite it unto you, it is a Lisht of Heretiks names that I did reconshile phan I was in *England*, and I vil speake a proud vord unto any Jesuits faash dat shimple as I shtand here, I did bring over more than any shix of them. [Reads.]

Imprimis, Of Chambermaids dat vas maade vid Child by their Laadies Husbands, or, their Laadies Sons. Two and Taarty.

Item. Of Caash-keepers, dat did run away vid de money, and some broken wing'd Shopkeepers. Eighteen.

Item. Three Masters of Colleges, and shix Fellows.

Item. Of Whores, Eighty two.

Elv. That's a jolly Number indeed. I see you kept ill company, Father.

Teg. It was for deir shoules, indeed Joy.

Item. Of Teives de housh breaktief, de shtreet tief dat do's Robb upon de Pockett, de pad teife of de Road, and de horse teife, de Sodomite, and de Murderer ; just as day vere going to be hang'd. Nine and Fourscore.

Elv. Did you make all these good Catholicks ?

Teg. Yes, braave Catholicks, gallant Catholicks Fait and Trott.

Item. Of ancient faat women, day call Bawds, Thirty shix.

Item. Of Knights of de posht. Fourty.

Elv. What are those Knights of the Post ?

Teg. Phy it is a great Order of Knighthood which they have in *England*, but day shwarm in *Ireland*.

Item. Of Cookmaids. Two.

Elv. How comes that number so small ?

Teg. De Cookmaid find de greaat trouble in dressing de Fish, and day

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do not caare for fish days. All dese have I reconshile, and to be thus affronted ; I vil go and meditate upon Revenge, and my Nature is Vindictive. [Exit.

Elv. I long to steal into the wooing between this mighty Collonel and my Mother. *Ex.* Elvira.

Enter Bernardo, Hernando, Belliza, Rosania.

Bell. Good noble Collonel be more considerate, this is not like the Spanish Conversation.

Bern. No Madam, I have learn'd better things in *France*, and in the *Netherlands* : We men of War are not for words, I love to march up close to friends of foes, 'tis all one to me.

Bell. By your carriage, I know not which you take me for.

Bern. I take all for Foes, till they have yielded.

Rosa. Hold hold, good man of steel, pray keep the Peace.

Bern. This I suppose is your Trinket ; *Hernando*, entertain her nimble chopps.

Rosa. Your man, know Old Gentleman I'm too good for his Master.

Bern. Old Gentleman ! peace Child peace ; had the proudest Grandee in *Madrid* call'd me Old, he had, by my beard, e're this fallen by my hand.

Rosa. Pray, let your Valour spare my Aunt and me.

Bern. Her Neice, ha ! I will not mind her. (aside)

Bell. Pray be not so pert, young Gentlewoman.

Bern. This young Bud interrupts us ; be pleas'd to require her absence.

Bell. How Sir, shall a sincere widow of my Reputation, be in Company with a Collonel alone ? you have leave to speak, Sir ; do you minx, hold your peace.

Bern. You must excuse the heartiness of men of my profession, when I charge I love to charge home, as all *Europe* knows.

Hern. Home, ay Madam, my Master always charges thro' and thro', routs every party, and levels all that are before him, he loves no Musick like the whistling of Bullets, and no perfume like the smoke of Gunpowder.

Bern. I was ever given to Valour, and Magnanimity from my Youth upwards, and ever lov'd to take a Fort or Cittadel by storm, therefore consider Madam, what you do.

Rosa. He intends to make Love with fire and sword, Madam, have a care of him.

Bern. Again, my little Blossom.

Rosa. Stand off, what would you fight my Aunt ?

Bell. Peace Huswife, I doubt not, but you are a gallant Commander as I have heard, but what is all this discourse to me ?

Rosa. He talks of his Valour, why they are always beaten by the *French*.

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Bern. Voto, have a care, provoke me not, here stands the man, that always stood, and never ran, as can witness *Monts, Seneff, Stratsburg, &c.* my Regiment of Horse of four hundred.

Hern. Being at least, Eight and Thirty effective men.

Bell. What's all this Valour to me? (*aside*) He mentions not one word of Love.

Rosa. You hear Madam he can praise himself sufficiently, but cannot find in his heart to give your Ladyship a good word.

Bern. But come sweet Widow, what do we trifle for?

(*He stands up close to her.*)

I hate this pickeering; Let's lay aside our forlorn hopes, and let our bodies joyn.

Ros. Help, help, my poor Aunt.

Bell. Sir, Sir, methinks you are too abrupt; this is not civil.

Bern. In Affairs of Love, he that shews most Love is most civil; and we cannot show it more than by eagerness and haste: Treaties of Conjugal Affection are always short and pithy. A word to the wise: *Don Bernardo D' Alcantara* would make *Donna Belliza* his Spouse, and enjoy her Person incontinently: hah, Widow, sayst thou, hah?

Bell. Sir, this roughness of your carriage is somewhat unusual with me; but I suppose this is a fashion of speaking you make use of to many Ladies.

Ros. Now my Aunt comes home to the point.

Bern. 'Ounds, do you not take me for a man of honour? *Bernardo* is known all over *Europe* to be a man of honour: Not take me for a man of honour!

Bell. I hope I may, Sir; yet men are frail and fickle.

Bern. What, love another besides you! You take me for a monster, sure: I'd have you know I'm none of those that are all Love, and no Conscience.

Ros. Good Sir do not beat my Aunt, I beseech you.

Bern. Sweet Prattle-basket be quiet; peace little one, or I shall grow passionate. In short, *Belliza* is young, handsome and rich, *Bernardo* is rich, brave and honourable, active and sprightly, yet grave and civil.

Hern. The Widow melts like Snow before the Sun.

Bern. I have summon'd you; your Flag of Treaty is hung out; we have parley'd: Speak quick, Do you yield, or no? Know, I never had man or woman stand long before me.

Bell. You are a valiant man, I must confess; but your Valour does very much surprize and disorder me.

Bern. We must not loyter in Love, what we do we must do heartily.

Bell. In truth he seems a hearty Gentleman; Are you in earnest, Sir? Sure you dare not swear what you profess.

Ros. That's home indeed.

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Ber. Yes, if your house be strong built, though swearing may seem a little uncivil at my years ; yet when my Constancy is touch'd : Let me see, is your main beam strong ? let me see : Ay, 'twill do : now have at you ; By all the——

Bell. Hold, hold, Sir, do not swear, I beseech you.

Bern. Not swear when my honour and constancy are in question ! *Voto*, I will out-swear the deepest Gamester in *Madrid*.

Bell. In professions of conjugal Love swearing may be lawful.

Ber. By the blood of all my Ancestors, by the unblemish'd Honour of my beard.

Ros. Oh horrid Oaths ! you make my hair stand an end. (*Ex. Ros.*)

Ber. Silence : By all——Heaven ! who is this ? (*Enter Elvira.*)

Bell. You are free, Sir, to go on.

Ber. By all the beards of *Arragon*, an unknown Star.

Bell. Daughter, ha, what make you here ?

Bern. Is she her Daughter ? what ignorant Devil led me to the Mother ?

Bell. You shou'd have stay'd without, I shou'd have told you all.

Bern. I am Plannet struck ; this is the beauty I must worship : A Pox on the Widow for me ; I must get off from my wrong Visit with speed before she expects me to swear again.

Bell. How are you, Sir, not well ?

Bern. A sudden indisposition ; I am troubled with a Fit of——a——
Madam, good night.

Hern. What a Devil ails the Old Fellow ?

Elv. Sure this great Souldier has been wounded often in the head, his brain seems somewhat tender. (*Exit Ber. and Her.*)

Bell. No, Girl, his wound's in the heart ; his heart is tender. Good lack ! I did not think my poor remaining beauty had that power.

Elv. Pray Madam be civil after mischief, and bring him to the Stairs.

Bell. You are so forward ; pray keep your distance. (*Exit Bell.*)

Enter Rosania.

Ros. Oh Cousin, I am transported with joy, too mighty for me, I cannot bear it. (*She kisses a Letter she has in her hand, very often.*)

Elv. Prithee don't run mad, *Rosania*, thou hast none of the strongest heads.

Ros. Look there, read, read, and be happy, for every one who touches that Paper must be so.

Elv. Love-madness is the same in all ; let me see, this is to me. *To the fair Daughter of Belliza.*

Ros. Look within, the happy messenger that brought it, said, it was for the Lady that fell down ; from the Gentleman that help'd her up.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Elv. reads : Madam, The Adventure, as you came from Church, though of little danger to you ; yet is like to cost me my Life : The wound I receiv'd by your beauty is mortal, without your help, to

*From my House,
in St. Jago-street.*

*Your Miserable,
DORISTEO.*

Elv. This is short, but very much to purpose : How came you by this ?

Ros. By an holy woman that belongs to the Sisterhood of St. Clare. I'll tell you more, he mistakes me for the Daughter ; and unless you give me leave to carry on this Intrigue in your Name, I am a lost creature.

Elv. Thou art far gone, I see, poor Rosania, I may trust thee with my Name, thou wilt use it well.

Ros. I'll write instantly. Farewell. (aside.) Ex.

Elv. Oh dull Luscindo, cou'dst thou not apprehend me, or dost thou not like me ? Thou, in both cases, art unworthy of me : but I understand his signs too well to think the latter, I wou'd he understood mine as well,

*Oh how cou'd Love in any shape e're be
Disguis'd so much to make it strange to thee. Ex.*

Luscindo, Hernando.

Lusc. Oh, Hernando, I am mad till I have discover'd my Passion to my Mistress : 'tis plain enough she made advances : And what a dull Clod of Earth must she think I am who have not design enough to let her know my Love.

Hern. Have patience, Sir, some few hours, and if your Father, who is the most vigorous Wooer I ever saw, makes not way for you, I'll do't.

Lusc. How, Hernando ? for if I find not some way, I'll storm the house, but she shall know I love her.

Enter Doristeo, Finardo, Levia, on the other side of the Stage.

Lev. The Sun is set, and the Prado is cool and pleasant ; but I am all on fire. (to her self.)

Dor. I never saw a finer Evening : we shall have some curious Fruits, Confections and Lymonades, will you honour me to taste them ?

Lev. With all my heart.

Dor. My Servant waits yonder : but ; dear Madam, be pleas'd to add to the pleasure of the Evening by charming me, and all the company, with a Song to the Guittar.

Lev. If you can endure it, send for a Guittar.

Fin. We have one ready. (she sings.)

Lusc. There she is, that's her Voice.

Hern. How the Devil can you think of her ?

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Lusc. Revenge, revenge : I am resolv'd to conquer her, then laugh at her. But where's the Lady *Estifania*, you promis'd should be here ?

Hern. At hand, Sir ; she is my Mistress, but shall be yours at present, and pray use her civilly ; and d'hear, Sir, be sure to let me have her again untouch'd.

Lusc. Pox on't, this Farce will never take, and if she discovers it, she'll triumph most unmercifully.

Hern. Play you your part, as well as I mine, and I'll venture my Life on't : Come here's your Lady *Bright*, your Mrs. *Estifania*.

Enter Estifania.

Lusc. Ha, she by this light may guess at me, but can't distinguish you.

Hern. Gently, Sir, this way. *(They advance near the Company, they are*

Lusc. My dearest *Estifania*. *moving towards the Musick, Levias steps aside towards Luscindo.*

Lev. 'Tis he, he calls her *Estifania* : all my Arts are suddenly turn'd upon my self : Hell take him, court her before my face !

Dor. What means this sudden, and this strange Distemper, Lady !

Lev. If he discovers my disgrace, he'll turn a Rebel too. *(Aside)* I feel a sudden faintness in my Spirits, pray help me to some water from yon Fountain.

Dor. I'll run and fetch you some. *[Exit Doristeo.*

Lev. Sir, I beseech you step for some strengthening Spirits, I find cold water will be too weak a Remedy.

Fin. You shall have them instantly. *[Exit Finardo.*

Lev. Musick, though you are in tune, I am not : There's your Cordial, jog off. *(She gives them Money. Ex. Musick.*

Lusc. Sweet *Estifania*, wonder of all Widows, Mirrour of thy Sex, thou brightest thing on Earth.

Estif. You find you are dear to me, who venture my Life and Honour for you. Name not my Name once more ; shou'd any one o're-hear it, and carry it to my Brother, I were lost : think on his Quality.

Lus. Thou art dearer to me than my Life, and I'll defend thee better. My Passion now exceeds all other mens, as thou out-shin'st the rest of all thy Sex.

Lusc. Oh that I knew thy Brother.

Estif. I warrant you have said as kind things to *Levia*.

Lus. Brand me with infamy, if ever I consider'd her, but as a wandering wench, a trifle, only fit for too much leisure.

Lev. Thou lye'st, thou Villain, thy tongue is black and rotten, as thy heart ; I'll have another hand for my revenge on thee, but on this Serpent mine shall serve the turn.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Lus. Do you know the quality and tenderness of this young Lady ?

Lev. P'le give her marks to be known by.

Estip. Pray keep your Nails in, beshrew your heart for never paring 'em.

Lus. Stand off, what will you rob her in the dark ?

Esti. Death ! the Jade scratches like a Griffon. (*Lusc. leads her off.*)

Enter Doristeo with a glass of Water, after him Finardo with a Vial.

Dor. Here's the water, Madam. What d'ye mean ?

(*She snatches it, and breaks the Glass.*)

Fin. Here's the Cordial. *Finar presents the Cordial, she does the like.*

Dor. What is it has inflam'd you thus ?

Lev. No Cordial can relieve me, nor Water cool my Flame ; Nothing can quench it but the Traitors blood ; 'tis no time to dissemble now : I esteem'd your Passion, but had no power to answer it, I was so madly engag'd to *Luscindo*, the worst of men.

Dor. I have spent my time well the while. (*Aside.*)

Lev. I frankly own I have dissembled with you, to urge his Love by jealousy.

Dor. A very pretty account of all my Money. (*Aside.*)

Lev. Now I detest him, and if you'll aid me in revenge, by Heaven you shall entirely govern me.

Dor. What can he now have done so to provoke you ?

Lev. He had the impudence to court a Lady here, even now, before my face, and talkt of me with scorn and hatred.

Dor. Do you know his new Mistress ?

Lev. Nothing of her but what I over-heard ere they were aware on't : He call'd her *Estiphanian*, and Widow ; and she talkt of her Brothers Honour, Quality, and her apprehension of his Rage.

Dor. Furies and Hell, *Finardo*, this Description can agree with none but my Sister.

Fin. It cannot be, she is a woman of Honour.

Dor. Woman and Honour, pish, Womans Honour is a Bulrush.

Lev. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, that you so soon shou'd interest your self in my Revenge.

Dor. Yes P'le revenge : (*to Dor !*) Shall he think because I make Love to a Courtezan here of his, to wound the Honour of my Family ? His Life shall pay for't.

Lev. I see you are wound up to high Resentments of my injury, I shall from this moment entirely love you, and for ever detest him.

Dor. Pox on this Courtezan, I cannot think on her, my Honour ! We'll wait on you home, and then revenge.

Lev. Dear *Doristeo*, now I find you are a Man of Honour.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Belliza, Elvira, Rosania.*

Bell. IT is not fit *Elvira* that we trust this impertinent Girl with any Love affair, for I intend her suddenly for a Monastery : Her Fortune then will come to me. [*To her self.*] *Rosania* quit the Room.

Ros. I go Madam.

[*Ex. Rosania.*

Bell. I wonder Girl at the disorder of the Collonel, that my Autumnal Beauty shou'd so wound him ; indeed my Coyness made your Father fall into fainting fits, but now alack, alack.

Elv. Sure Madam, he is infinitely taken with you ?

Bell. He is the heartiest Lover in *Madrid*, I'll say that for him ; and I have him fast, and as soon as he recovers shall have a visit. The Son may make a very good Husband for you.

Elv. I shall have no need of a Husband, having such a Father-in-Law.

Bell. Come, come, you know not how you will like him.

Elv. Too well, I know it ; would Heaven that he lik't me as well. *aside.*

Enter *Grycia.*

Gry. Madam here's a Letter from *Don Bernardo.*

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, I told thee *Elvira* I had fired him.

Reads. *You are like to have me from Generation to Generation, you first possess my Love, then it succeeded to your Daughter.*

What do I read ?

Reads. *My Estate is your Daughters if she'll make her claim, while I am in perfect senses, which I find I am now, because I have the Judgment to Love her.*

Perfidious Wretch !

Elv. What can be the matter ?

Reads. *But if she takes not pity on me, I shall dye distracted, and my Testament will not stand good in Law. Therefore, let me make one Visit before I depart, in adoration of her, who is your beautiful Image.*

Your most humble Servant *Bernardo.*

Is there no Constancy in vile Mankind ?

Elv. What swift change is in you, or in the Collonel ?

Bell. Let me see, his admittance may bring his Son into the House, who they say is a fine handsom Gentleman ; who perhaps may be glad of my Person and Fortune. [*To her self.*

Elv. Madam you seem disorder'd.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Bell. Surpriz'd I am, but cannot be troubled since you are so concern'd, this inconstant Collonel has transplanted his affection from me to you. Read that.

Elv. reads to her self. Out on him Vile Apostate, and can he think I wou'd be false to my dear Mother?

Bell. Me! No, no, Girl think not on that, *Bernardo's* Rich; and if he presses for a Marriage yield to him.

Elv. How Madam!

Bell. It will be convenient, I will have it so, dispute not with me; I'll retire and send him his Answer, take him at first, you need no other argument of his Inconstancy than his leaving me. [Ex. *Bell.*

Elv. What Miracle's this that she can so easily part with a Lover!

Enter Rosania.

Ros. Oh Cousin this wicked *Duoena*, this *Grycia* suspects the good Woman who brought the Letter, and has forwarn'd her the House.

Elv. I have consider'd this matter, and your using my Name may breed dangerous Consequences.

Ros. Say you so, 'tis now too late, I have settled the correspondence; but I intend not to tell her how: I have observed a loose Board in our Balcony, and, for fear the Woman shou'd be discover'd, have order'd my dear *Doristeo* to take his Letters there, and put his Answers under every Night. [To her self.

Elv. Have you written to him?

Ros. I have.

Elv. Some way must be found out to retrieve this business; the least air or this mock Love may ruin me with *Luscindo*.

Ros. Since you will have it so, I'll rectifie the Error and let *Doristeo* know who I am.

Enter Tegue O Devilly.

Teg. Come little Daughter! dy Mother sent me to dee to Confess dee.

Ros. To avoid you her self, she sent you to me.

Teg. I vill maake de heart in her Body beat, and aake for dat indeed gra. [To *Elv.*] Daughter do you awoyd de Plaash. [Ex. *Elv.*

Now little Pretty Daughter dou must approach vid humiliation, and vid reverence unto mee to dy Confession, and dou musht give dy shelf up unto me gra.

Ros. I do Father.

Teg. Begin den, and I vill spaake unto de fait and trot she is a braave young Laady indeed by my Shoul I vou'd I vere aafter being in bed vid her. [To himself.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Ros. With great sorrow and grief of heart, I Confess I told my Aunt two lies since I confest last.

Teg. Indeed dosh two lies vere one offence gra, arrah Daughter dou musht say Forty *Aves* and Two *Paters*, and dou musht faasht tree Holy days for daat indeed joy, dou shou'd Equivocate and maake use of mental Reservaation and keep dy lies for shome great and pious occasion.

Ros. I saw a fine Embroider'd Petticoat, and I wisht for it.

Teg. No great matter, yet it is a kind of a Shin too.

Ros. But Reverend Father I beg Heavens and your Pardon, I have laught at you several times.

Teg. Aboo, boo, boo, maake laugh upon me, why didst dou laugh upon me? arrah dou shalt maake great Pennance for dat, dou musht kneel vid dy bare kneesh Naaked upon a cold shtone, one of de longest hours in de phole tay gra, but perhaps I vil taake off daat too. I vil not anger her too much [*To himself.* Now I vil spaake unto dee. Dousht dou not taake great pleasure vid dosh pretty eyes to maake shweet looksh upon shome man or anodder I warrant you.

Ros. Oh yes Father, and I was transported this day at the sight of a fine young Cavalier.

Teg. Peash den, dat is very vel, I vil inshite and provoke her. *aside.* And dou dosht desire shome communicaation in bed some night or anodder vid him I warrant you gra.

Ros. Not for the World unless I were Married to him, and then I must confess I shou'd desire it.

Teg. But hold I predee dosht dou not dream shometime of a Man and art pleas'd? by my Shoul her eyes doth worke Fascinaation upon me.

Ros. Yes Father, I do dream very often.

Teg. Daat is vel indeed, phaath dosht dou dream?

Ros. I dreamt last night that a fine young Gentleman came and took me by the hand.

Teg. Very vell, and I warrant dee he did shtroake dy Ame to dy Elbow, dush dush.

Ros. Yes indeed I dreamt so.

Teg. And he did squeesh dy shweet hand, and kish it hard dush? dush, dush Joy.

Ros. Hold, hold, Father, what d' ye mean?

Teg. I do only maake demonstraation phaath dis young man did unto dee trot. By my shoul she has maude great inflamaation upon me, and if she vil not agree and beat under me, I vill maake a raape upon her Body.

Aside. But predee spaake didst dou not dream shomphat further?

Ros. Yes, Heaven forgive me, I did dream that he took me hard about the waste, and did kiss me.

Teg. Vell gra, an dou vert not angry vid him Joy?

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Ros. No, no, I was too well pleas'd Heaven help me.

Teg. Phaat he did taake de about middle and did kish de, dush, dush, dush, dush, dush.

Ros. Hold, hold, hold.

Teg. Peash de kish of de Priesht vil absolve de propaane kish of de Lay Maan, vell and he did trow dee downe upon de plaash, I vill show de how.

Ros. No, no, I dreamt not so far.

Teg. He did, dou dousht not spaak right, and I vil show de how by my Shoul; I vill maake a Raape upon her. [He lays hold on her.

Ros. Help, help, help, help, ah, ah.

Enter Bell.

Bell. Heaven, what's the matter here? Why, Father!

Ros. Help, help, help.

Tegue. O dear Daughter, help me to hold her, she is poshesht, or obshesht vid an evil Shpirit.

Ros. Oh Madam, I am not possest, he is a wicked wretch, and if you had not come, wou'd have ravisht me.

Tegue. Oh help, help, how de foul fiend dosh spaake vid in her, vid a hollow woysht?

Ros. This is beyond all impudence and wickedness, Madam, Madam.

Tegue. Listen how hollow and terrible is dee woysht of de fiend.

Bell. Avoid, Satan, a dreadful hollow voice: Peace fiend, peace.

Tegue. I vill carry her into de next Room, and exorcise her. Laady, dou maysht retire, I varrant de I am shtrong enough, de fiend begins to know me; he vill frighten dy Ladyship.

Ros. Madam, for heaven's sake hear, he is the most wicked Villain.

Bell. *Benedicite*, Avoid Satan, thou malicious fiend, to blast the holy man thus.

Tegue. Look, look, he appears, and peeps out at her mout, indeed in de shape of a Polecat, dost dou not shee him.

Bell. Oh, yes, plain; oh what a misery is this, and what distraction will it cause in our Family? *Don Bernardo* is with my Daughter, and is to be her Husband, let him not hear this.

Tegue. I vill turn him out in a moment, *conjuro te Demonem*.

Bell. Get her into some Room at a distance, where the fiend may not be heard, while I retire, and watch the Collonel. (*Exit Bell.*

Ros. Madam, Madam, are you out of your wits, hold, hold.

Tegue. By my shoul I vill conjure upon her. (*He struggles with her, to run*

Ros. Oh, help, help, ah, ah, murther, murther. *her into another Room.*

Tegue. By my shoul, Joy, I vill not murder dee.

Ros. Oh impudent Devil!

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Tegue. Aboo, I have losht dis braave occasion ; (*She gets loose, and runs,*
now phaath vill I do for anodder ? *he runs after her.*

Enter Bernardo, Hernando.

Ber. Wonder not, Madam, at my fierceness, we Military men never whine and make love like Ladies eldest Sons, who have been bred out of harms way, but like Cocks of the Game, and are all for dispatch ; besides Madam, your Mother and I am agreed.

Enter Rosania *in haste.*

Ely. How now Cousin, what haste ?

Ros. Oh Cousin ! this *Tegue O Divelly* is the wickedst Villain you ever heard of, I'll give you an account by and by.

Bern. Hah, my little twig of Beauty are you there ? But pray Madam, let her not stop my course of Love, for if it has not vent with me, tho ribb'd with Iron I shall crack.

Ros. What love to my Cousin ? Why she's a young Lady.

Bern. Ay, Gad take me, why do I make love to her else ? But prithee sweet blossom, contain that nimble Instrument thy tongue.

Rosa. What, a Reverend white-headed, white-bearded old Gentleman with one foot in the grave, make love to a fine young Lady ?

Bern. Old ! because I'm white ! why all our Family are so by that time they are of Age, we are known by it, as the house of *Austria* by long chins, thick lips, and lank flaxen hair. *Hernando* do you back what I say.

Hern. I warrant you, if any man out lyes me, then I am a Baboon. My Master, Madam, was grey at sixteen ; I have known some of 'em grey at Seven : nay some of 'em have been born grey.

Bern. Ounds ! the Rogue will ruin me with his lyes, this 'tis for a fellow to lye that has no discretion.

Ros. He is pure White and Red, White on his Head, with his Nose full Red, like *Ætna's* top, that still is flaming with the Snow about it.

Bern. I shall grow chollerick, Madam : for all these white hairs, I did last Campaign, without Pole, or any thing in my hand, leap a Moat of 20 foot wide, over a Fauxbray.

Her. (aside) from thence to the Parapet, at the next standing leap, next to the *Glacis* of the Counterscarp, and then whipt over the *Pallizado's*.

Bern. Oh, Rogue, have a care.

Hern. Pish, they understand me not : you shall see, he took the Counterscarp about his middle, and the Bastion in his hand, and, whip, he took the Town in a twinkling.

Bern. A Pox on this Rogue, why sirrah.

Hern. And I will not lose my life for any man living, Madam, my

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Master is a man of the greatest activity of any man in the Army ; I am sure he will put off the *Spanish* gravity when he runs away. (aside.)

Ber. He tells you true, Madam, I was noted for it all over the Camp.

Ros. Can you creep through a Hoop, Sir ?

Hern. He shall do't with any man in *Europe* ; I'll go see for a Hoop, he shall do it presently.

Ber. Why sirrah, impudence.

Hern. Or, Madam, he can leap over Three Joint-stools one upon another ; you have them in the Room, Madam, you shall see that done presently.

Ber. Rogue, saucy Rogue, I'll cut your throat, wou'd you have me play the Tumbler ? (He goes to set the Stools.)

Her. Madam, have a care of the Old Gentleman, my Young Master is the finest Gentleman in the world, is desperately in love with, and must perish without you.

Elv. Oh blessed news, but I must contain my self. (aside.)

Ber. What say you to the Lady, you insolent Rascal.

Her. Are you angry, Sir, that I speak a good word for you.

Elv. Be not offended, Sir, nothing in the world cou'd have pleas'd me better than what he said to me.

Ber. I am glad, Madam, any thing said in my behalf cou'd please you ; your hand upon't, Madam, is it a match then ?

Elv. You know in *Spain* our Wills are not our own, our Parents have 'em in keeping for us.

Ros. Why, Cousin, are you mad, will you marry shat Emblem of Mortality, that Death's head ?

Ber. Thou little sprig of Envy, avoid, or I shall be furious.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, you must go to my Lady.

Ros. Is the Priest gone ?

Gry. He is.

Ros. Come on then, I'll venture. (Ex. Grycia and Rosania.)

Ber. The vigour of my Love can bear no delay.

Elv. There must be some time allow'd me in decency : But, Sir, since you begin to grow so particular, I must tell you a secret which concerns us both ; have you not a Son nam'd *Luscindo* ?

Hern. What does she mean now ? (aside.)

Ber. A Son, Madam ! I have a stripling, a tall boy, but he is very young, he is not above sixteen.

Hern. Madam, my Master mistakes, he is but fourteen.

Ber. I was married at thirteen, and had him before I was fourteen.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Hern. Sir, you were married at eleven, did not I live with you ? He was married before I was born :

(*aside.*)

(*Bern. bites his Thumb, and makes signs to Hern.*)

Ber. Curse on the Rogue. 'Tis true, Madam, but I had no Children till I was fourteen.

Elv. 'Tis not for that I mention him, but if he be so Young, he is very forward, and I desire you will give a check to his ambition of serving me.

Ber. Hell and Furies ! he dares not offer you his Love sure.

Elv. Yes, he has endeavour'd to corrupt my Maid, with this Heart of Ruby set in Gold : do you know it, Sir ?

Ber. No : but by the largest Whisker in *Madrid*, (Gad forgive me for swearing) it shall cost the owner the best blood in his body.

Elv. Be not rash, proceed with calmness : if some fool has taken his Name upon him, bid him, from me, endeavour to find the Owner, which will be no hard matter, that I may know who has injured me ; and if it be he, advise him to leave no more Letters under a loose board in our Balcony.

Ber. Cannons and Culverins ! have you a Letter of his ?

Elv. No, I tore it in indignation.

Ber. *Voto*, I helpt to bring him into the world, and I'll send him out again.

Elv. Have a care, Sir, Extremities will fill the Town with noise, and hurt my Honour : I conjure you, let a private Rebuke serve.

Ber. Well, Madam, I'll obey, I kiss your hands ; I'll find him instantly.

Her. Fare thee well, thou art an Angel of thy Sex. *Ex. Bern. and Hern.*

Enter Tegue O Devilly, Gremia and Luscindo.

Grem. Was ever such a Tyrant ! you draw a flood of Tears from my poor Eyes, to see you use my Niece so savagely : Did ever woman write so passionate a Letter, did ever Lady so bewail her fault ? With sobbing and tears, upon her knees, she ask'd your pardon.

Tegue. Dou hasht a Rock inshtead of a heart indeed : I did maake a cry upon her phen I did she her, vid dee poor Laady.

Gre. How are we all oblig'd to this good Man !

Lusc. Ha, ha, ha.

Tegue. Phaats dosht dou maake a graat laugh upon me, gra, arrah ; I vill tell de now dou art very wicked, if dou dosht not taake pity upon de Laady, fait and trot.

Lusc. *Doristeo* will pity her.

Tegue. I tell unto you, she dosh not caare for dat fellow ; Joy, phaats vill I shay more ? Hasht dou no Consence, by my shoul ?

Lusc. Thou wert an excellent Pimp in *Flanders*, I see thou hast not forgot thy faculty here.

Tegue. I do love to maake peash indeed between man and man, and man and voman ; I do not know phaats dou dosht call Pimp, indeed.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Lusc. I laugh at her.

Grem. O wicked wretch ! wilt thou not hear the good man ? So, here's the Rival, now we shall have fine work.

Enter Doristeo and Finardo.

Tegue. Peash voman, I will spaake to him, I musht be aafter shpaaking vid de gra ; I vonder dou hasht no more Religion in dee, den to offer to taake anodder mans Mistress from him ?

Dor. A Pretty Habit, for a He-Baud.

Tegue. Lay it upon dy Conshence ; is not *Levia Luscindo's* Laady ? phaath hasht dou to do vid her ? De *Casuiſts* are clear in de point, it is a graat Shin, and a graat Faable.

Dor. I am too nearly concern'd to have time for fooling, I am glad, Sir, I have met you. (*To Luscindo.*)

Enter Hernando.

Lusc. Have you ought to command me, Sir ?

Hern. Ha, what's the matter now ?

Dor. Having wounded my honour in so sensible a part, you must repair it by fighting with me.

Lusc. With your favour, Sir, you invaded my Right, but I have consider'd the matter, fighting is a solemn thing, and little Competitions about a Courtezan are not worth it.

Gre. Good Father, as you love Heaven, prevent their fighting.

Dor. Sir, you have not carried your commerce with my sister so subtilly, that I am ignorant of it.

Lusc. Your sister ! upon my honour this is the first time I ever heard you had one.

Dor. I am not to be trifled with, you know not *Estiphanía*, the Widow, nor her quality ? you walkt not invisibly in the *Prado*, nor did you talk so softly, but your Discourses came to my Ear.

Lusc. Is that it ? ha, ha, what say you, *Hernando* ?

Dor. Have you courage ?

Lusc. Ha, then 'tis no time to talk. (*They draw. Hern. comes between them.*)

Gre. Now Father.

Tegue. No, I vill fly now ; we Priests maake dee world fight, but we do not caare for it our shelves. (*Exit Tegue O Devilly.*)

Enter Levia.

Fin. Guard your self.

(*To Hernando.*)

Grem. Hold, hold, hold.

Hern. For Heavens sake hear me ; is it true that the Lady *Estiphanía*, whom *Luscindo* entertain'd in the *Prado*, was your sister ?

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Dor. Why am I so concern'd else ?

Hern. I did not think my Mistress had been so well allied, her Mother sells fish, and she is little better than a Bulker.

Dor. Death and Hell, do you continue your mockery ?

Hern. By heaven 'tis true : I gave her a sounding Name, to put a trick upon *Levia*.

Lev. Oh Rascals, Villains, Poultrons ! O Coward *Doristeo*, dare you not cut his throat ? will you believe this lie ?

Grem. Hold, hold, ungracious Niece. *(She flings Gremia down, who*

Lev. Avaunt thou Bawd. *shrieks, and halts out.*

Gre. Oh my huckle-bone, my huckle-bone, ah, ah, ah.

Dor. Sir, you are a man of honour, and I must believe you ; I ask your pardon for the trouble I have given you : pray give my friend and me leave to be your humble Servants.

Lusc. Sir, I shall be glad to serve you, and if that can do it, I give you all my interest in that Lady.

Lev. Ah Coward, I'll dispatch the Villain my self.

Dor. Hold, hold, *Finardo*, help. *(She snatches Doristeo's Sword, and runs at Luscindo.*

Sir, your humble Servant, I must endeavour to quiet this Lady.

Lev. Let me go, Coward, Rascal ; I hate thee of all mankind : Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Her. How cou'd you think on this creature ? *(Exit Dor. and Fin.*

Lus. I am reveng'd, and now I have done.

Her. Oh, Sir, I have the best news for you, *Elvira* is infinitely in love with you.

Lusc. What say'st thou, dear *Hernando* ?

Enter Bernardo.

Hern. Here's my Master, I must not be seen with you.

Lusc. Now has he heard of my Visit to *Levia*, and is come with a dull wise Lesson. *(Hern. retires.)*

Bern. You stripling, I am come to tell you of a crime, which if you have the impudence to persist in, I'll make you the greatest Example of my fury that ever fell by this Arm.

Lusc. Is it such a crime, Sir, for a Young Man in the heat of his blood, to love a handsome Wench ?

Ber. Do you capitulate, Rascal ? I'll make you know there is a difference of persons, sirrah.

Lusc. I hope I may pretend where others are freely admitted.

Ber. How others ?

Lusc. Yes, others ; if you have better thoughts of her, you are much mistaken, I assure you, Sir.

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Bern. Death, you villain! dare you blast the honour of so innocent, so vertuous a Lady?

Lusc. She innocent and vertuous! ha, ha, ha.

Bern. Peace, thou abominable Varlet, or I shall forget my blood, and pierce thy heart.

Lusc. Sir, are these terms fit for a Son?

Bern. Dogbolt, to blast the honour of my Mistress; by my beard thy Mother ne're was a chafter.

Lusc. Heaven forbid, Sir; if so, it wou'd be doubtful, whether I owe you that Respect I pay you, Sir.

Bern. Audacious Coxcomb, her innocent freedom is above ali malice, which join'd with her Wit and Beauty, has made her worthy of me, of *Don Bernardo*.

Lusc. What a Devil will the old man commit incest?

Bern. I tell you, sirrah, she is your Mother-in-law, I am contracted to her.

Lusc. What do I hear! she my Mother-in-law! you will not prostitute the honour of our family, by marrying a Courtesan.

Bern. Abandon'd slave and lyar, she a Courtesan! Earthquakes, inundations, roaring Seas, and thunder! thou Puppy-dog, thou diest for't.

Hern. Hold, hold, Sir, your Dagger, *Bern. draws his Dagger,*
drawn upon your son! *Hernando enters.*

Bern. Let me go, sirrah.

Lusc. Sir, I beseech you hold, there's some mistake.

Bern. Can any thing be so plain as thy blasphemy against *Elvira*? I will chastise thy black mouth'd insolence with Death.

Hern. Hold, hold, Sir.

Lusc. Hell and Furies! is she contracted to him? then let his Dagger pierce my heart: but sure it cannot be. *(aside.)*

Bern. Abuse my Mistress *Elvira*! does your guilt alarm you?

Lusc. 'Twas *Levia* I meant, what have I to do with *Elvira*?

Bern. And what have I to do with *Levia*? shall that excuse?

Lusc. By heaven, Sir, I thought you had all this while spoken of *Levia*, the fine Courtesan, from whose house I now came: and do you think I ought not to be transported to hear you speak of marrying such a creature?

Bern. No, no, Mr. Jackanapes, you know not *Elvira*, you, you?

Lusc. Not I: how, where, or when shou'd I know her? I can't guess your meaning.

Bern. You know not this neither, which you gave her Maid, to corrupt her to your interest. *(He gives him the Ruby.)*

Lusc. Not I, I never saw it till now.

Bern. Know, Young Coxcomb, she has made another-guess choice, nor you left no Letters under a loose board in her Balcony?

Lusc. I cou'd as well understand you if you spoke *Arabick*.

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Bern. She dispises you, bids you leave no more Letters : and if that Gem be not yours, she wou'd have you use all diligence to find the Owner, which will not be hard to do, that she may have satisfaction from him that has injur'd her : and I swear by all my former Atchievements, and magnanimous Deeds, I'll see her have it.

Lusc. Thou dearest creature upon Earth, I admire thy Wit as much as thy Beauty. *(to himself.)*

Be pleas'd to tell her, I will never rest till I see the owner, and that I resent this injury so, that I am resolv'd she shall have full satisfaction.

Bern. Now you say somewhat : come prepare your self, I'll carry ye to see your Mother, and you shall ask her blessing.

Lusc. 'Tis in her power to give me the greatest in the world. *(to himself.)*

Bern. I'll carry you to her, because I'm resolv'd the day after to morrow you shall go to *Flanders*, while I settle here. Sirrah, *Hernando*, I have not reckon'd with you for your damn'd Lies, Rogue, but go now and tell *Belliza* we are coming to wait on her.

Hern. I will, Sir.

(Ex. Hern.)

Bern. Come stripling, follow me, I'll get some Pasteels, and stiffen my Whiskers, and so go.

Lusc. I follow, Sir.

(Ex. Bernardo.)

For *Flanders* ! I'll see it under water, or, which is worse, all under the *French King*, e're I leave my Dear, my sweet *Elvira* ? *(Ex. Lusc.)*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Bernardo, Elvira.

Bern. **I** Hope, my Dear, thou hast not afflicted thy self for my absence : it seems to me an Age since I kiss'd this fair hand : Your Mother and I have seal'd and dispatch'd, and now thou'rt mine, my Dear, when shall a *Domine* do the Office ? by my hilt and blade, I am all on fire for consummation.

Elv. No haste, I beseech you, Sir.

Bern. By my honour, but there is haste on my side, why, I am in a Fever, in a fiery Fever.

Elv. What noise is that ?

(A flourishing of Fiddles.)

Bern. Some Musick, my Dear, I have provided for thee, though I must confess I delight in nothing but Haut-boys, Trumpets, Drums, Kettle-Drums, Whole Cannon, Demi-Cannon, Culverin, Half-Culverin, Musquet and Pistol, neighing of Horses, clattering of Arms, Groans of dying men, and such magnanimous military noises, fit for *Hero's*, yet I have provided

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

softer Musick, befitting your soft sex : come in and sing a Love-Song, ye Scrapers, fit for the occasion.

Enter Fiddlers.

Elv. Sure this vapouring old Fool must be a coward.

SONG.

*The Fire of Love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brush-wood,
But for a moment burns,
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise,
It crackles, and to vapour turns,
And soon it self destroys.
But when crept into aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a sullen heat,
Like fire in logs it glows, and warms 'em long,
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.*

Bern. Love in aged Veins, you damn'd Fiddlers, you Scoundrels of Rosin and Catgut, what have I to do with aged Veins, you Caterpillars, Vermine, most confounded Minstrils, I will crack your empty Noddles, and demolish your squeaking Fiddles, that you shall not be able to play before a Maypole. *(He kicks and beats the Fiddlers out.)*

Enter a Drummer.

Elv. Methought they sung very well, what made you so passionate ?

Bern. Uncivil Rogues, did I chuse them to entertain my Mistress, and must they Lampoon me with aged veins ? *aged*, quoth they. But come, Madam, I'll entertain you with a heroick Song of my own, and I had provided this Drum to sing to, which is better than a Theorb, or Harpsycord.

Elv. Pray bless my Ears with it.

(Drum beats.)

Bern. I will, my Dear, strike up.

*The bullets are roaring, and Cannons are flying,
With a thump, a thump, thump, thump, thump :
Cheer up my lads, ne're think of dying,
With a dump, a dump, dump, dump, dump.
Fall on my brisk boys of the blade,
With a dub, a dub, dub a dub.
Tara, tan, tan-tara, ra.
This is the Soldiers Trade.*

Play the Ritomells. There's a Song, if you talk of a Song.

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Elv. 'Tis admirable.

Bern. I see, my dear, thou hast Judgment : Go on. *(Drum beats.*

Enter Belliza.

Bell. Hold, hold, must my devout house be taken for a lewd Garrison ? Thou creature of most military noise, be gone, must this wicked rattling be heard in my house ?

Bern. He shall go, but I take it ill you should call it, a wicked noise which the *Hero* loves above all pitiful effeminate Fiddles.

Hern. Sir, your Son waits without.

Bern. Call him in : now my dear, thou shalt see thy Son-in-law, he is very young, and somewhat wild, he takes like his Father for that. He denies every thing thou dost tax him with, and knows nothing of the matter. *(Enter Luscindo.*

Come Youth, come forward, and pay your Duty to your Mother-in-law.

Bell. Is this your Son, Noble Sir ? *[Bern. goes to present Luscindo to Elvira.*

Bern. It is, Madam.

[Belliza interposes.

Bell. Sir, I am your most obedient servant, and you are welcome, and ever shall be, under my Roof.

Lusc. You honour me exceedingly.

Bell. He is a most excellent accomplish'd Person ; oh heav'n ! how my poor heart pants and throbs at him.

Bern. Is he not prodigiously tall of his age ? Simple as he stands there, he is bare sixteen years old.

Her. Madam, my Master speaks too modestly, he is but between fourteen and fifteen.

Bell. Good lack, I never saw the fellow of him.

Bern. Rogue, will you never take warning ? Sirrah, get you out. Indeed, Madam, I thought he had been sixteen. *[Ex. Hern.*

My dear, this is your Son-in-Law.

Elv. I shall be proud of my Relation to him.

Bern. Let him do his Duty to you. *[She pulls off her Glove, he kisses her hand and puts a Note into it.*

Lusc. Madam, 'tis already a blessing to have kiss'd your fair hand, but I aspire at another benediction.

Elv. You shall not fail of all that I can give you, Sir.

Bern. Fair hand, I like not that expression ; his eager kiss, and his fix'd looks. Come, Madam, give him your blessing ; I have appointed him his business, he must be gone. *[He kneels down, she lays her hand on him.*

Elv. Under a loose board, in our Balcony, you shall find an answer this Night. Heaven bless you.

Bell. He is a sweet young Gentleman, I am enamour'd to the last degree, and methinks he looks amorously upon me.

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Lusc. Heaven let me contain my joys.

Bern. His smooth Chin must be out of my way. Come, stripling, be gone, be gone.

Bell. Hold, hold, Noble Sir.

Bern. No, no, be gone, be gone.

He thrusts Luscindo out.

Bell. Ah, me! *Elvira*, is he gone? What will become of me, I shall faint?

Bern. I have appointed him to go towards *Flanders* the day after to-morrow: He shall go where Honour calls him, while I stay here and sacrifice to Love.

Bell. O Daughter, help me to stop his Journey, or I am a lost Woman.

Elv. Is she caught already? Well, these melancholly devout Women, are the lovingest Worms upon occasion. Pray entertain my Lover, while I peruse a Note, wherein I have set down the things I must have before Marriage, and I'll endeavour to serve you.

Bell. Good Noble Sir, one word with you.

Bern. With all my heart, a hundred if you please.

Bell. You seem too severe to this sweet young Gentleman your Son.

Bern. Not at all, Lady, he is a pert Boy, and will be too forward if I use him otherwise.

Elv. reads. Dear Madam, no passion ever equal'd mine, I adore your Beauty and your Wit, and am infinitely transported that you are pleas'd to let me know my happiness; but all this serves but to heighten my misery, unless your power, and your Mothers, can prevail with my Father to stop my Journey into *Flanders*, which he has resolved shall begin the day after to-morrow.

Enter Hernando.

Hern. Sir, one of your *Flanders* Officers has extraordinary business with you; he is at your House.

Bell. But why so soon for *Flanders*? methinks you should be pleas'd to have him in your sight, as I my self am.

Elv. I beseech you let him be present at my Wedding. [To him.
I am sure he shall be so. [Aside.

Bern. When he has perform'd as many brave actions as I have done, he shall think of peace, but now Honour calls and he must go.

Elv. Does Honour call so soon?

Bell. I beseech you, Sir, let me have interest enough to prevail with you for his stay till my Daughters Wedding.

Bern. No, Madam, I have reasons to dispatch him away which I do not express.

Bell. And I have reasons to stay him here which I do not express.

Bern. My dear good-by, afflict not thy self for my absence, I'll see thee again e're bed-time; I kiss thy hand. Farewell my beauteous Mother-in-Law.

Ex. Bernardo and Hernando.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Bell. Oh I faint, I die, my dear *Luscindo*.

Elv. Why Mother, Madam, Madam, this is a mighty Love-qualm : she recovers.

Bell. Ah, my *Luscindo*.

Enter Tegue O Dively, who stands by unseen.

Elv. How, Madam, your *Luscindo* ?

Bell. Come, Daughter, 'tis in vain to endeavour to hide that Passion which has thus, in spite of me, betray'd it self : but 'tis wonderful to observe the power of Love, and sympathy, and all that, but to lose this sweet Young Man.

Elv. Trouble not your self, I'll bring all about yet ; I spake even now of a Note, it was not what I told you, but a Ticket from *Luscindo* to me.

Bell. To you ! ah me, ah me ! you are another mans wife, will you give ear to him ?

Elv. Hold, Madam, mistake me not, he begs me to be his Advocate of Love to you.

Bell. Ah, my dear child, to me, say'st thou ?

Elv. He is infinitely taken with your person.

Bell. With me, that am wholly spiritual ! but this sympathy of Lovers hearts is a great secret in Nature, enough to puzzle all Philosophers. But where's the note ?

Elv. I tore it, lest his Father should spy it, who is ignorant of all. Know, Madam, I am now your Mother-in-law by a double way, and will not bate an ace of my prerogative.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, dear child, thou art an arch one, I profess : well, go thy ways.

Elv. Take notice then, Daughter *Belliza*, you must be at your Balcony between Eleven and Twelve, and *Luscindo* will entertain you there, while I stand Centinel at the Wicket, and watch who comes by.

Bell. Oh blest news ! I am transported. (*aside.*) You make me angry, Daughter : I entertain a man at midnight, when I should be at my Beads ! (*to her.*)

Elv. Come, Daughter, I will have my Title, and use my Authority : I advise, nay, command you as a Mother.

Bell. Well, thou art a wag, I vow.

Elv. There's no fear, I your Mother-in-law will take care of you.

Bell. Well, Daughter.

Elv. Daughter.

Bell. Mother, then since thou wilt have it so, I give my self up wholly to your conduct.

Tegue. Aboo, boo, boo, vilt dou sho joy, arrah, I vill put Excommunication upon dee, art dou not ashaam'd, and dosht dou not tremble to look

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me upon de faather, gra, didsht dou not maake Vow unto me, never to commit marriage, and like a pioush Widow, to give dy eſtaate unto de Caatolick Church ; Joy Trot, I vill maake dee know it is a mortal sin to maary, and I vill give dee up unto shaatan for dis gra.

Bell. Heaven, what shall I say ! I am confounded.

Tegue. Dou dosht behaave dy shelf gaallantly by my shoulwaation, how didsht dou dare to put dee out-side of the door upon me, hoh ?

Bell. Good Father hear me, I would marry to perswade my Husband to give his Eſtaate to the Church.

Tegue. Den dou voudsht be a pious Laady indeed, Joy, but he vill be aafter keeping dy Eſtaate and his own too an be.

Bell. While he thinks to have power over my Eſtaate, he is deceived ; for I have by a private Deed put it out of his reach.

Tegue. It is very laudable and pious, if dou dosht cozen him to a holy and good end gra, but I will maake de groan under dy pennance indeed, for talking of deese fleshly matters upon a fish-day.

Enter Rosania.

Ros. Ah, who is here ?

Tegue. Ah, by my shoul have I caught dee again in my clutches, dou art possesht, I vill exorcise dee now.

Rosan. Stand off, let me go, thou beast, thou Swine. [*Belliza sneaks out.*

Tegue. Dosht dou hear ? dee fiend speaks in her body, and calls a Priest a Swine indeed. I vill conjure dee, phaate is dee Widow gone ? aboo, boo, she hash put dee out-side of de door upon me again : Daughter, awoyd dis plaash dat I may exorcish.

Rosa. Help, help, Cousin, I vill tear his eyes out.

Elvira. Be gone, you luſtful Villain, we will complain to the Fathers of the Inquisition.

Tegue. By my shoul I vill maake a great laugh upon dee, de inquisition is for de rich Jew, and de Heretick dog ; come into another Chamber, Joy. Hold, hold, hold, dy wicked nails. (*Rosania scratches him, and gets loose.*

Elv. You a Priest ! a Devil. Be gone.

[*They tear his Hood and Habit, and beat him out.*

Tegue. Murder, murder, I vill excommunicaat, I vill excommunicaat.

Rosa. Let's follow him, and see him out. [*Exit Priest.*

Elvira. My mother threatens to send you to a Monastery to morrow.

Rosa. To a Monastery ! I am for ever lost.

Elv. Let's retire, and consult how to prevent it ; it grows very late, and it will be time to write, and lay my Note under the board in the Balcony. *Rosania* shall write it, that if my Mother should chance to find it, I may disown it : fear not, *Rosania*, I will contrive thy escape.

Rosa. A thousand blessings on thee. (*Exit Elvira and Rosania.*

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Levia, Gremia in the street, Levia in Mans Habit.

Gre. Will you never go home? Though you care not for your Reputation, I will not lose mine.

Lev. Again thy stale advice, thy Reputation! thou art a Bawd, and a foolish one.

Gre. Ah me, that I should live to see this hour: I a Bawd! out on thee, thou art a Whore, and a silly one, to run up and down in this lewd manner, at these wicked hours; canst thou not be a Whore, and keep thy Reputation?

Lev. In short, good impertinent froward Aunt, either follow my directions, or we will part for ever.

Gre. What shall I do if she leaves me? I am ruin'd. You know my good Nature too well, you will make me grey with sorrow.

Lev. Come, come, be a good towardly Aunt, and I'll pass by all; but do you hear, fail not of getting admittance to *Belliza* and *Elvira*, and tell them the story I have instructed you in.

Gre. You ever make a fool of me thus. [*She cries.*]

Lev. Too well I know now *Elvira* is the cursed Object of *Luscindo's* Love, and the cause of his deserting me.

Grem. I see you love him still.

Lev. I hate him beyond all aversion, and will be revenged though I perish with him: Where are my Rogues? Oh, are you come?

Enter Six Bravo's:

Bra. I never broke my word in my life, do you think I have no honour in me?

Lev. Fire this house, the Villain will then come out, and you may dispatch him.

Bra. We will dispatch him, but no firing of a house; that were to make a light to be caught by.

Grem. O heaven, will you commit murder? I have contributed towards the making of many a man, and cannot in conscience consent to the destroying one.

Lev. Stir not, nor oppose me, if thou dost, by heaven I'll have thee kill'd.

Gre. Well, well, I'll say nothing, do what you will.

Lev. Here will I stand a statue at his door till he comes forth. Gentlemen, go ye and wait at the corner of the street, and when I whistle come. Stand close, Aunt. [*Ex. Brav.*]

Enter Elvira in the balcony, with a Ticket in her hand.

Elv. Go thou, dear Paper, and good luck attend thee. (*Which she lays under a board, then Exit.*)

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Enter Luscindo and Hernando in the street.

Lev. Here comes company, I shall be discove'd before my time ; let us retreat to our Main-Guard. (Ex. *Gremia and Levia.*)

Luscindo, Hernando, with a Dark-lanthorn.

Lusc. Place the Ladder here. (He goes up to the balcony, finds a Note.) Oh, here's the sweet Paper, away, dispatch, and hide the Ladder. [*Hern. carries out the ladder, and re-enters immediately. Luscindo reads by his Dark-lanthorn.*]

Lusc. What do I read ! I am transported beyond my self.

Reads. Joy of my Soul, The thoughts of our Separation are insupportable, which to prevent, I have perswaded my Mother, That you wrote, conjuring me by the Kindness of a Mother-in-law, to propose you in Marriage to her, which took as I could wish, and she has, at my request, consented to entertain you at her balcony at midnight ; fail not to be there with Hernando : She cannot know your voice ; your statures are alike, and 'twill be too dark to distinguish Faces. If Hernando has Wit enough to act his part, and entertain my Mother, I shall have you free to my self at the Wicket, where we may provide for our happiness : And if my Art succeeds not, for your stay, assure your self, I will not stick at the boldest resolution you shall fix upon,

Yours intirely,
ELVIRA.

Lusc. Was there ever so charming a creature ! Ah, dear *Elvira*, each minute is an age, till I have got thee within these arms. Time runs too fast for every other man, but for expecting Lovers is too slow, dear happy paper.

Hern. We shall have you transported here, till your Father finds you.

Lusc. Thou say'st right, let's in and bustle, as if we were putting up my Goods for *Flanders*. (Ex. *Luscindo and Hernando.*)

Enter Rosania in the balcony, and puts her Note under the board.

Rosa. Go, thou dear Messenger of Love, and fall into the hands of him, who alone can deserve it.

Her. You need not go in, I'll bring you word if your Father be in bed. [Ex. *Hernando.*]

Lusc. Do so, Oh *Elvira*, let me kiss this Relique in absence of my Saint, my Joy is too great to bear.

Enter Hernando.

Hern. Your Father is fast, he snores as loud as the Drone of a Bag pipe ; an Alarm would not awaken him.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Lusc. To our business quickly, the Balcony-door opens, 'tis near midnight.

Belliza and Elvira in the balcony.

Bell. Will *Luscindo* never come? I profess this is the longest night.

Elv. Hold, hold, I hear some coming this way, it must be he and his trusty *Hernando*.

Bell. Lord, how my heart does heave and pant, my breath grows short, and every part of me is affected with the Passion.

Hern. Is my most divine and adorable Lady there?

Bell. Divine and adorable! I warrant him a fine spoken man. [*To her self.* Hither your own, and your Mother-in-laws importunity has brought me, noble Sir.

Hern. May I not have the liberty of entertaining you alone?

Bell. (*To Elv.*) Go down to the Street-gate, and entertain *Hernando* at the Wicket, while *Luscindo* and I confer about our vertuous ends; and if any company comes by, give a hem.

Elv. My dearest Saint of a Mother, who would not have trusted me with a Cat, now delivers me up, for her own ends, to a Young Man in the dark. (*Ex. Elvira.*)

Bell. I shall never hold out without some *Aqua Mirabilis*, I grow so chill, and quake. Hold, I hear *Rosania's* Guittar; if she discovers me I am ruin'd.

Her. Thou Cordial of my Soul, art thou alone?

Bell. Yes, my dear, but I hear some up in the house, I'll go and secure them, and wait on thee in a moment. (*Ex. Belliza.*)

Enter Elvira.

Lusc. (*At the Wicket*) My most incomparable *Elvira*, I know not which to admire most, thy Wit or Beauty, they are both so Angel like, thou dost so much transcend the rest of all they Sex, that they appear but splendid trifles when compar'd to thee.

Elv. I know my self too well to apply this; all my hope is, that you have love enough to deceive your self; and since all happiness is but imagination, 'twill serve your turn as well as truth.

Lusc. 'Tis so real a blessing, and so great an honour, that to be King of *Arragon*, is a less title than the love of *Elvira*.

Elv. This is the foolish dialect of lovers, which one who is not in love, would laugh at, and never think it were in earnest.

Lusc. By heaven, I am so much in earnest, that all the happiness you have rais'd me to, will prove my utmost torment, unless you take this opportunity to compleat it. (*He offers to embrace and kiss her.*)

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Elv. Stand off, mistaken young man, I confess my loose carriage has deserv'd this, but know *Luscindo*, that though my inclination was head-strong, that by indecent ways I sought to make my person and my passion known: Yet tho I have as much Love as ever woman had, I have as much Honour too, and the first minute of your attempt to lessen that, this poignard shall make the last of your life and mine.

Lusc. kneels. Dearest *Elvira*, by this I find but what I knew before, That your Vertue and Honour were equal to your Wit and Beauty. I beg a thousand pardons for my rash offer, but beg you will not too far mistake me; for when I once have so impious a thought as to attempt your honour, my poignard should do you Justice on me.

Elv. Sir, pray rise, this posture does not become you to me.

Lusc. Should my love to you have the least mixture of dishonour in it, I should hate my self as much as I love you.

Elv. May I believe you?

Lusc. Upon the honour of a Cavalier, the compleating of the happiness which I desired, was our instant marriage; a man can no more love *Elvira* with dishonour, than he can love heaven, and be vitious; it were a contradiction.

Elv. Then my dear *Luscindo*, I ask thy pardon, here take this chaste Embrace, and with it heart and soul; I am thine, nor is it in the power of Fate to alter me.

Lusc. Hold heart, my joys come now too thick upon me.

Elv. But oh, *Luscindo*! I fear that all mine, and my Mothers Arts, will prove vain to procure a respite of your Journey.

Lusc. Then I am lost, unless your Love be strong enough to carry you to the Noble resolution of——

Elv. What Resolution? Can you doubt my Courage?

Lusc. The resolution of making an escape, and flying to some distant place.

Elv. Your faith so plighted as it is, leaves no room for doubt, in such a heart as mine; I am resolved to run all fortunes with you.

Lusc. My Saint, my Angel, let me adore thee.

Elv. Come, come, talk like a Mortal, and consider of our escape.

Hern. So, I have conn'd enough, and have all my piteous Love-sick language ready. Let me see, Suns, Moons, Stars, Planets, Lightning for Eyes: Roses, Cherries, Crimson, Scarlet, *Tyrian* Purple, for the *Spanish* Wool upon the Cheeks: Snow, Lillies, Milky way, for the Skin: Rubies and Coral for the Lips: And Gums, Pearls Oriental for the Teeth: Sunbeams and Golden Tresses for the Hair, that's sandy: Fire, Flames, Fry, Burn, Wounds, Pistols, Daggers, Halters, for my self; and there's an end on't.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Enter Belliza in the Balcony.

Bell. I have secured all, and am return'd Noble Sir, and if you please you may proceed.

Hern. My most venerably amiable, and amiably venerable *Belliza*, I am come to lay my heart before you.

Bell. Most transcendently generous, and generously transcendent *Luscindo*, I must thank you for the passion which you bring.

Hern. A Pox on't, I do not know what to say to her. Let me see, I'll make Love in Rhime, out of Heroick Plays ; 'tis even as natural here as upon the Stage.

Dearest Ursa Major,
Which signifies a Bear.

[To himself.

*I am so dazled with your radiant Eye,
That like the silly, and unheedful flye,
As sweetly the Heroick Poet sings ;
At that bright flame I've sing'd m' advent'rous wings.*

Ha, that runs well enough.

Bell. My Noble *Lindamour*, I find you are an errant Courtier ; now you cannot see my lustre in the dark.

Her. *Can it be dark, Ursa, while those eyes
With such fierce beams my feeble sight surprize ?
You shine so brightly that the vigilant Fowl,
Sacred among the Athenians, call'd the Owl,
Keeps in his silent Cloyster with the Batts,
And conscious of the light, the sullen Cats,
Forbear to Caterwaul, forget their passions,
And fail their sev'ral scratching assignations.*

Bell. He has a bewitching Tongue, but comes not to the point.

Lusc. Here's company coming ; at Ten to morrow Night I'll not fail to have a Coach in the back-lane. Joy of my heart, farewell.

Elv. My Life, my Soul, farewell : Hem, hem.

Bell. Good lack, she calls, I must be gone.

Lusc. *Hernando*, here let us retire.

Enter Doristeo, Finardo and Sancho.

Doristeo. My dearest friend, I am infinitely obliged to you for your assistance.

Finar. Not at all, it is the duty of a friend.

Lusc. Who are these ? they go towards the Balcony : 'Sdeath ! he is going up, I'll stop his proceedings. (*Doristeo gets up on his mans shoul-*

Dor. Here's the dear Note, let me read. *ders, and takes the Note from the balcony.*

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Reads. *Life of my Soul, my Mother threatens me with a Nunnery as soon as it is light, and except you come and rescue me, I am lost to you and all the world ; for you are all I value in it.*

Yours wholly,
ELVIRA.

Lusc. Let me draw, and see who this Traitor is, and punish his insolence.

[He opens his lanthorn.

Ha, Doristeo.

Dor. What lanthorn's that ? let us retire.

Enter Levia and Gremia, with Six Bravo's.

Lev. This is the Villain, fall on.

(*They fight, Doristeo, Finardo and*

Lusc. What Villains are these ?

Sancho come in to Luscindo, they beat the Bravo's off.

Grem. Ah, ah, murther, murther.

[*She runs about squeaking.*

Lev. Ah, cowardly Dogs.

[*Ex. Levia.*

Dor. Hah, Luscindo, I am glad it was in my power to assist you against these Villains.

Lusc. (*aside*) Sir, I must confess I owe my life to you, let me see if I can fairly discover this Intrigue : What lucky accident brought you hither ?
[*to him.*

Dor. You are a man of honour : I shall have need of your assistance : Elvira, the daughter of this devout Widow here, is my Mistress, and has left a letter, by appointment under a loose board in her Balcony, to let me know, that as soon as it is light, her mother intends to force her to a Nunnery, and conjures me to rescue her, I may have of so gallant a mans Sword, which I know you will not deny me ; there's the Note.

Lusc. Oh heaven and earth, it is her hand, the same with my Note ! O Devil can so much beauty have so much falshood ? Draw, and defend your self ; you saved my life, but have now forfeited your own : this Elvira is my mistress, whom if you resign not to me, you must die.

Dor. Your mistress ! resign or die ! Nay, then have at you. Sancho, stir one step, and I will cut your throat.

Lusc. Take your life, I now am even with you. (*Luscindo and Doristeo fight, and Finardo and Hernando : Luscindo and Hernando disarm the*

Dor. Accursed fortune !

other two.

Hern. Take your Sword, and say you are beholding to me.

Enter Bernardo in his Night Gown, with Servants and Flambeaux, and Swords drawn.

Bern. What clashing of Swords and fighting has been here ?

Dor. Let us retire from these lights.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Bern. Ungracious boy, is't you? whom have you fought with? what had you to do here? I'll pack you away for *Flanders*.

Lusc. I must confess I was somewhat late taking leave of my Mistress, and as I was coming home, I found a Gentleman, and Two with him, he climb'd the Balcony, and I not knowing but it might be to violate the honour of your Mistress, *Hernando* and I fell upon them, disarm'd them, and gave them their lives at present.

Bern. *Voto, Voto, Diabolo*, why did you give them their lives? let's follow, and murder them.

Lusc. They are fled out of distance, but I know the Gentleman, whom I will go to in the morning, and make him promise under his hand to make no more attempts, or I'll cut his throat.

Bern. Damnation, you foolish boy, why did you give him his life? Shall any Villain live who attempts the honour of *Don Bernardo's* Mistress?

Lusc. I gave him his life, because I ought mine to him; for just before, I was set upon by half a dozen *Bravo's*, and he fought gallantly, and relieved me.

Bern. How *Bravo's*! what a Devil's this?

Lusc. Let's in, Sir, and we'll consult what's to be done.

Bern. Come on, I am in a mist, I know not what to think on't.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Elvira, Rosania*.

Rosa. IF ever life or liberty were dear to thee; if ever love enter'd thy tender breast, and thy *Luscindo* has possession there, pity my sad condition. Must I be buried while alive with Melancholy and Green-sickness'd Nuns? your pious hypocrites and Chalk-eaters, and lose for ever my dear *Doristeo*? Upon my knees I beg thy help; if ever thou hadst compassion in thee, show it now.

Elv. I will, my dear *Rosania*, fear not, I will prevent thy going to this dreadful Nunnery.

Rosa. There is but one way left: thou art intrusted by my Aunt with the keys of the house, I have appointed *Doristeo* to be ready this morning, let me out, and I shall owe my life, my love, and all the world to thee.

Elv. I am intrusted, and would'st thou have me, false to that trust?

Rosa. 'Tis to be true to love, the greatest power upon earth, oh, be not false to that.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Elv. I must consult my conscience.

Rosa. Oh, look not, dear *Elvira*, to succeed in any of thy wishes, if thou deserteſt me now.

Elv. I will not quit thy intereſt.

Rosa. There is no way left but this, which if thou ſhould'ſt deny me, I am for ever miſerable.

Elv. How knoweſt thou *Dorifteo* is not wicked, and may violate thy honour ?

Rosa. I know firſt, that I will part with my life before I yield my honour ; beſides, he has the reputation of a gallant man.

Elv. Well, I will ſtrain a point for thee, and let thee out, and I wiſh thee all the happineſs fond lovers can imagine.

Rosa. Millions of bleſſings fall on thee, my dear, dear *Elvira*, author of my life and liberty ; haſte, haſte, leſt my Aunt, or the *Duoena*, ſhould ſurpriſe us. Farewel my dear, dear *Elvira*.

Elv. Adieu, my dear *Rosania*, (*Elvira unlocks the Wicket, and lets Rosania out.*)
thou art very near thy happineſs ; I would I had as little difficulty : but let it be never ſo great, I am reſolved to ſurmount all, for my dear *Luscinde's* ſake.

Enter Belliza.

Bell. What do you up ſo ſoon ?

Elv. My concern for you, daughter, would not let me reſt : I came out of my Chamber, thinking I had heard the door open ; did not you hear ſomething ?

Bell. Yes : which made me come out of my Chamber.

Elv. We were deceived, the door's ſhut, and I have the keys in my pocket.

Bell. Well, this *Luscinde* is a charming perſon, he ſo bewitch'd me with his Tongue, my Eyes have never come together, dear daughter.

Elv. Again, daughter !

Bell. Dear Mother then, take care of me, or I am loſt in the flower of my age. Hah, what knocking's that ? (*Knocking at the Wicket.*)

Elv. I know not : If ſome body has caught *Rosania*, and brought her back, both ſhe and I am ruin'd. (*aside.*)

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Madam, yonder's the *Irish* Father with a grave Old Gentlewoman at the door, deſire Entrance ; your Ladyſhip has the Keys.

Elv. Here they are.

(*She gives Grycia the Keys.*)

Bell. What can this mean ?

Elv. I know not.

Ex. Grycia.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Enter Tegue O Dively and Gremia.

Tegue. Good morning Daughters, the Saints bless ye ; here is a good pious antient and reverend Laady that would be after spaakeing vid dy Faaders child and dine own der gra arrah : She is a Gaallant Laady, and Lovet de Church, and is very dewout indeed, a Laady of great rank, and wertue.

Bell. Would your Ladyship have ought with me ?

Gre. Are you *Donna Belliza* ?

Bell. I am.

Gre. Your Ladyships most obedient Servant : and is this your Daughter, Madam ?

Bell. It is.

Gre. I am your Ladyships most humble servant to command.

Tegue. Do you not she now she is a graat Laady of great solidity, of much breeding, good behaviours, and formalities and be ?

Gre. You are then the mother, and she the daughter ; good, I have somewhat to impart to both your Ladyships, which concerns me and both of ye.

Tegue. She is a fine-spoken Laady as any in *Madrid*, no dispraise, I tell you Joy.

Gre. There is nothing so dear, so precious in the world to a Lady as her Honour and Reputation ; very well ; and my concern for this is the occasion of my waiting upon you now : do you conceive me ?

Elv. Not I, Madam, truly.

Gre. Go to : I have a Niece whom I have educated from her first budding, till she is become mature, as I may so say, and ripe for gathering, good.

Bell. She has a fine tongue truly.

Tegue. Did I not shay sho to dee gra ?

Gre. In this Niece did I place all my Joy, having brought her up to all the rules of strictest Vertue ? right ; do you understand me ? Now this Niece, de conceive me, is one of the greatest beauties in *Madrid* ; de see ? well.

Elv. What is her Name ?

Gre. *Henrietta de Sylvia*.

Tegue. Aboo, by my shoul she is aafter telling a great lye indeed. (*aside.*)

Gre. Now there is a Neighbour of your Ladyships, one *Don Bernardo*, and he has a Son named *Luscindo*, very good, as fine a person as the Sun e're shined on, a person, de understand me ? but to go on.

Bell. Whither does her discourse tend ? pray heaven he be not inconstant. (*aside.*)

Gre. Now this *Luscindo* is a man of shining honour, by his Deeds in

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Arms, de conceive me now ? what does me this *Luscindo*, I say, what does me he do ?

Elv. What does this impertinent creature drive at ?

Gre. I say, what does me he but prune himself, and strut before her window with amorous contenance and mien ? very well : dogs her when she goes to Church, whispers in her ear at Mass ; de see : Serenades her every night : good now, what does me she.

Tegue. She has a raare shilver tongue, fait, an be, she dosh talk gaallantly by my shoulwaation.

Gre. I say, what does me she, alas, good Ladies, you cannot but conceive, that we of the frail Sex are liable, and so forth, de understand me ? Good, my Neice, my poor frail Niece, alack, alack ! I cannot speak for tears.

Bell. My mind misgives me ; I am miserable ; I scarce dare stay to hear the fatal Story. *(aside.)*

Gre. I say, what does me my Niece but become amorous of this young charming person ? well, gives him a meeting, signs a contract as he to her, and since he has left her for this young Lady, and has the impudence to own his new Passion. My poor Niece lies distracted tearing of her hair, bound in her bed.

Bell. Ah, ah, ah.

Elv. Oh, savage Monster, I'll not bear this vile affront ; she tells it so naturally it cannot be feigned.

Tegue. I vill maake testification upon Oat, dat all dis is true and shartain, fait and trot gra.

Bell. Ah, ah, *Luscindo*, *Luscindo*. *(Belliza falls into a fainting fit)*

Gre. Ah me, help, help my Lady, cut her Lace, cut her Lace, get some *Arsa fatida*, blew Inkle, or Patridge Feathers, and burn under her Nose. I hope I did not occasion this.

Tegue. By my shoul I vill fling shome holy vater in her faash, and cross it, and it vill maake cure upon her. *(He pulls out a bottle of Holy Water, and sprinkles some upon Belliza's face, and crosses, and mutters.)*

Dey call dese fits, but by my shoul dey are de evil Spirits dat vill get in at de mout, if vee do not taake great caare of dem.

Bell. Oh, vile *Luscindo* ! but heaven has justly punish'd me for leaving my Beads for the vanity of Love : Oh, holy Father, 'tis you must give me comfort, I wholly resign my self into your hands, and will ever give my heart to heavenly matters, and retiring from the world.

Elv. Retire, Madam into your Chamber.

Bell. I will, follow me holy man.

Ex. Bell. and Tegue

Gre. I am sorry to find I am the cause of so much disturbance in this good family, but I thought I was as well concern'd for the Love to my Niece, as in honour to you, to let you know of *Luscindo*'s contract ; and so I kiss your hand.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Elv. Farewel Madam.

(*Ex. Gremia.*)

O vile *Luscindo*, thinkest thou that I can be content with a false title to thee, with a heart that's mortgaged to another? I will revenge this base indignity by instant marriage with thy Father this morning: Oh, false, false *Luscindo*!

Ex.

SCENE, *Bernardo's* House.

Bernardo within.

Bern. Why, *Diego*, Sirrah, Drone, Bear, Dormouse, stir, Rogue; by my beard I think an Earthquake would not wake thee: why sirrah, are you in a dead sleep?

Enter in his Morning-Gown, and Diego to him.

Diego. Oh, oh, I was, Sir, till you were pleas'd to call me to life, but to a wearisome one, if you will not suffer me to take out my sleep.

Bern. Thou would'st out-sleep the seven sleepers: 'tis broad day.

Diego. I see that as well as you, Sir, and better too; for my eyes are younger.

Bern. Lazy Rascal, the Rising-Sun upbraids thy sloth.

Diego. I am sure he went to bed before me.

Bern. But sirrah, leave your prating, and tell me, did I not hear the Wicket open?

Diego. How can I tell whether you heard it? you can resolve your self much better of that than I.

Bern. Peace, thou son of a Strumpet, what have you a mind to be witty? I am confident I heard it: this lewd boy of mine has been abroad all night; I shall never rest till he be in *Flanders*: Sirrah, go see if my Son be in his chamber, and bring me word.

(*Ex. Diego.*)

Enter Luscindo, Hernando and Diego.

Luscin. Tell my Father we have been packing up my Goods for *Flanders*.

Diego. I will Sir.

(*Ex. Diego.*)

Lusc. Is't possible *Elvira* should be false? How can it yet be otherwise? this Note to *Doristeo* is too plain a proof to leave me any room for doubt; Was e're misfortune yet like mine.

Her. There must be some mistake, it cannot be.

Enter Grycia.

Gry. Sir, there is a Letter for you from my Young Lady.

Lusc. For me?

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Gry. Yes, Sir. *Hernando*, which is *Don Bernardo's* apartment?

Hern. Go in there.

(Ex. Grycia.)

Lusc. Hah, this is another hand.

He reads, *You may spare your self and friends the pains of coming to carry me away, your falshood and unworthiness shall be revenged by my instant marriage with your father, nor will I ever see you more in any other quality than that of your Step-mother,*

Elvira.

Ha, what means she by my falshood? This may be her mothers hand, they are afraid this dishonourable falshood with *Doristeo* should take air, and her mother would marry her instantly to my Father: I will go to her, and do whatever jealousy and fury may prompt me to.

Enter Bernardo, Grycia, Diego.

Ber. Ho there, call all my Servants, bid 'em be ready for my Wedding, which is to be out of hand this morning. Oh my sweet *Elvira*. Now Youth, Stripling, now you shall see my Wedding, and let the Young Coxcomb break his heart: what care I? (*aside*) bid all my Servants come in to me, and sirrah, *Diego*, bid my *Apothecary* come, I will have a strengthening Cordial to enable me to carry my self like a man of honour. (Ex. Luscindo.)

Her. What good will that do? she will soon find you out.

Bern. Gad take me, if I pay down a lusty Fine, she shall be content to bate of her Rent. De hear? let me have Musick, and do you get me good Kettle-Drums and Trumpets, I will have pomp as well as dispatch: Away, let all the rest of my Servants come to me.

(Ex. Bernardo, Hernando, and Servants.)

Gremia and Levia in the Street, Elvira in the Balcony, veil'd, and standing close.

Elv. I'll watch him coming out of his Father's house, and see how my Letter works on the perfidious man. Who's yonder? the old Lady with a Young Genman; I suppose he is the brother or the Kinsman of her injur'd Neice.

Lev. I am extreamly pleas'd that your story caused such distraction in the family: Now you are a good Aunt.

Gre. Ay, too good for you, how can I be rewarded?

Elv. Here he is: can there be falshood in that charming person?

Enter Luscindo in the Street.

Levia. Here comes the Villain: Stop, Hell-hound, stop.

Gre. Oh heaven, what now will her madness prompt her to?

Lev. Now look me in the face.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Lusc. Take it away, I like it not.

Levia. Audacious wretch, take that. *(She gives him a box on the ear,*

Lusc. A fair Ladies hand can give no affront. *Gremia steps between.*

Elv. What, a Coward too! nay, then all must be true I have heard of him. I'll see no more, I am distracted: would I had seen a Basilisk when I saw thee.

Ex. Elvira.

Lusc. If you give not over, I will expose you to the last degree of infamy.

Levia. Poor fool, I'll have thy Life, or make *Madrid* too hot for thee.

(Levia and Gremia retire.

Lusc. Whither will my despair hurry me? Now to my cruel and my false *Elvira*.

(Ex. Luscindo.

Enter Elvira in Belliza's House.

Elv. Unhappy creature, to what miseries have my too fatal eyes betray'd me? Had I never beheld this false *Luscindo*, I had rested, and undisturb'd, enjoy'd my quiet sleeps, and all the wonted calmness of my Soul; but Love, vile Love, disorder'd all my frame, and had no sooner taken possession here, but I must turn him out again. But, Oh! What sharp convulsions must I suffer, ere I dispossess this most distracting inmate? Oh Heaven! What's this!

Enter Luscindo with his Dagger drawn.

Lusc. Ah, Madam, fear not me, I can commit no violence on you: This is to execute whom you condemn: Your cruel Falshood and your Tyranny, might do it soon without the help of this.

Elv. My Falshood, vilest of men, how dare you accuse me of a black Crime which I detest and scorn, as much as I should thee, who art so evidently false, that thou hast forced me in a just resentment, to execute my self, and bury all my Youth in thy loath'd Fathers arms for my revenge.

Lusc. I false! witness ye Saints in heaven, how I am injur'd: Had a blest Angel said this, I would have pronounced it a false and evil Spirit; but *Doristeo* has confess'd your falshood, show'd me your Ticket, at which I fought with him, and being sever'd in the streets, I kept your Billet to upbraid our falshood with, which here behold. And I suppose you have found this *Doristeo* false! and fling your self upon my Father.

Elv. Doristeo, ha, ha, ha.

Lus. Am I become your scorn, as well as your aversion? then 'tis time to fall.

Elv. You do not, Sir, from me, deserve a serious answer, that bring a heart already vow'd to another, *Henrietta de Sylvia*: you find you are discover'd. I am to blame in holding this long commerce with so perfidious a man as you.

Lusc. By heaven, and all the powers above, I never once heard of her

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Name till now ; but you can write, and make a sacrifice of me, the most passionate and faithful Lover your Beauty e're shall gain, to *Doristeo*.

Elv. Though you deserve not any satisfaction, in vindication of my honour yet I do avow 'tis not my hand.

Lusc. Nor this ?

(*Showing her other Note.*

Elv. Nor that.

Lusc. 'Tis well you had your Confident to write, that whensoever you pleas'd, you might disown it : Falshood to the height, then this is yours.

Elv. It is, and you deserve it from me ; and I resent your injury so much, I have condemned my self to misery, perpetual misery, for my revenge. Ah ! think then how I could have loved.

Lusc. Could you ? By Heaven, and all its Powers, I am not false, nor ever heard the Name you mention'd.

Elv. Did you not even now, part with her Aunt, and a young Gentleman, who I suppose is of her kindred ? But what can I expect from one so mean, as could receive a blow ?

Lusc. Oh Heaven and Earth ! I am the vilest Wretch, the basest Miscreant, if that young Gentleman be not one *Levia*, a famous Courtezan ! The other Person is a Baud, her Aunt. This Courtezan unfortunately cast her love on me, and has for my neglect, and scorn of her, pursued my life.

Elv. Father *Tegue* introduced her Aunt to my Mother and me, and vouch'd her for a Lady of Quality, and all she said for truth.

Lusc. Did you once know the vileness of the Priest, you would as soon believe the Devil.

Elv. I know he is a Villain.

[*aside.*

His story looks like truth ; indeed, I cannot on second thoughts believe that he could take a blow from any man. I fear I've been too rash, and am undone. To my own honour this is due ; the last Nights Note, to you, was written by my Cousin *Rosania*, if my Mother found it I might disown it to her. That to *Doristeo*, was from, and for her self ; he fell in love with her, took her for the Daughter, me for the Niece ; and *Rosania* has carried on her correspondence with him in my Name ; and this the Powers of Heaven can witness is all true.

Lusc. O Heaven, what fatal accidents have hurried me even to the brink of Ruine ? Low on the earth, and at your feet I will for ever lye, till you shall pardon me my base suspicion that you were false, and will believe me true.

Elv. Rise, Sir, I do.

Lusc. Then am I happier than all the prosperous Monarchs of the Earth : I was plung'd into the lowest Gulf of Darkness, and now am raised to visit Light again.

Elv. Hold, not too fast, I see no prospect yet of a clear light, but Clouds

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

and Storms about us. Our most unfortunate mistakes, have carried me so far to make the engagement to your Father, and I can see no way to break it.

Lusc. How, *Elvira* ! Those fatal Words contain my sentence, since you can be so unkind as now to think of quitting me, to make my Father happy,

*And give that Heart to him engaged to me,
This fatal Instrument shall set you free.*

Elv. Hold dear, and more than ever dear *Luscindo*, I am intirely yours ; nor Fate, nor Time, nor Death, shall sever us.

Lusc. Let me for ever hold you within these Arms, and let our Love, like to a broken limb, grow stronger.

Elv. We have no time for Raptures, no escape can now be made ; the Streets are full, and we shall soon be forced from one another.

Lusc. It remains that we must do what cannot be undone, and find a Priest to join us instantly.

Enter Tegue.

Elv. Here's one at hand, I must confess, a wicked one.

Lusc. Most opportunely come, I'll make him do it. Father, let us withdraw, we have some business to consult your wisdom in.

Teg. Come den, I vill do phat I can for your Fauders Child, joy ; and I vill employ all my visdom upon you gra. *[Exeunt.]*

Bernardo in his House, with his Servants in the Barbers hands.

Ber. Are all my servants ready, to wait in their best accoutrements ?

Diego. They are without, Sir, and *Hernando* is gone for a Priest, and Musick, and Kettle-Drums.

Bern. This is a joyful day, and I will celebrate it with all the pomp I can : come Washball refresh my countenance, and take off the superfluous crop ; but as thou lovest thy Ears, or Nose, that bolt-sprit of thy face, prophane not my inviolate Whiskers : for every single hair thou shalt diminish there, I will lop off from thee a member, sirrah.

Barber. I warrant you, Sir, I know the value of a Whisker in *Madrid*.

Bern. Come, Snip, Snap, begin. *(He puts his Cap and Cloath on.)*

Enter Levia.

How now, Springall, who art thou ?

Levia. Pardon, Sir, my abrupt intrusion. I doubt not but you are so much a Cavalier as to protect a Gentleman in distress.

Bern. I am as much a Cavalier as any man ; my manifold atchievements witness for me, the world rings of 'em ; and one thing, sprig of honour,

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

I tell thee, no man in *Madrid* has more *Castilian* blood running in his Veins than I.

Lev. I am happy to fall into the hands of such a gallant man.

Bern. Thy story, Lad, thy story : thou art as safe here as in the Castle of *Millain*.

Lev. I'll tell it, Sir, in whisper and in short.

Ber. Stand back all.

Lev. I have been several times of late dog'd and assaulted by *Bravo's*, and by the confession of one of 'em, whom I took, I found that they were hired by a Young Lady of your Neighbourhood, *Elvira*, daughter to *Donna Belliza*.

Bern. How say'st thou, stripling ?

Lev. And which makes me apply my self to you, they say your Son *Luscindo* joyns with her in the bloody business ; and except you can take him off, and get him to prevail on her, one time or other I must fall a sacrifice to their fury.

Ber. *Diabolo*, *Elvira* and my Son !

Lev. By heaven 'tis true, the fellow is here ready to testify it ; but did you know me, my honour would pass with you.

Ber. But hold stripling, why should they pursue your life ?

Lev. You are a man of honour, and have promised me protection, and I'll hide nothing from you ; the truth is, *Elvira* is my Mistress, I have enjoy'd her, and she has sacrificed me to *Luscindo*.

Ber. Hell and damnation.

Lev. Her barbarous usage, and your generosity, will clear my honour for revealing this, they thinking that they cannot enjoy themselves in freedom while I live, endeavour to dispatch me, and but last night.

Ber. Last night ! Furies and Devils, this must be true. I thought he had not known her.

Lev. I saw him this morning sneak into the house ; she let him in, and there he was even when I enter'd here.

Ber. Where's my Sword ? Come Youth, by *Belzebub* and all his host of Devils, thou shalt see 'em both fall by this arm, come along.

Barb. Shall I take my Clothes off.

Bern. Damn thee Nit.

Diego. Will you not put on your clothes, Sir, Sir ?

Ber. I'll cut thy throat, Dog, follow me all. (Ex. Omnes.)

Belliza, Elvira, Tegue O Dively in Belliza's House.

Bell. Oh his good man has fix'd my wandring mind,
And set it all on Heaven, and things above :
How had I given the reins to Vanity,
That I should suffer Love to enter here,

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

And jstle out devotion ? Holy Father,
I am resolv'd to expiate my crime,
The remnant of my life within a Cloyster :
Ah, what a sound comfort shall I find ?
Daughter, I am glad that thou art resolv'd so soon to marry ; and I will
leave my House to thee.

Tegue. (*to Elvira.*) She tinks not dat I am after maaking *Luscindo* and
you one ; and now I have revenged her contumely upon mee, in putting
de out-side of de door upon me. Daughter, phen dou dosht die, dou vilt
be a gallant Saint indeed.

Elv. A brace of Hypocrites well met. Is this wicked woman here ?

Enter Gremia.

Gre. Oh, Ladies, upon my knees I humbly beg your pardon, I apprehend
the mischief I have caused ; I was wrought upon by my wicked Neice to
tell you a story, every word of which was false ; *Luscindo* is unblemish'd.

Bell. How ! is *Luscindo* true ?

Elv. Yes sure, but you are resolved for a Monastery.

Bell. Who tells you so ? that was on supposition of his falshood.

Luscindo true, then I am happy.

(*aside.*)

Elv. Did not you say, all was true ?

Tegue. 'Twas for a pious end dat I speake it.

Enter Grycia.

Grycia. Oh, Madam, I am undone, ruin'd, Mrs. *Rosania* is fled, gone
out of the house, and no where to be found.

Bell. Oh heaven, I am undone, I should have sent her this day to a
Monastery. Ah, who is here ?

*Enter Bernardo, Levia, Hernando, and Servants holding him, his Sword
drawn.*

Bern. Let me go, Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Caterpillars.

Bell. Call my men-servants to help to hold him. [*Grycia goes out, and
Men enter with her, who lay hold on Bern.*]

Bern. Where is this Strumpet *Elvira*, and this Son of a Whore *Luscindo* ?
They shall both fall a sacrifice to my fury. Let me go.

Bell. Hold him fast, he is distracted.

Tegue. He is possesht, let me alone vid him, Joy.

Bern. Are you there, foul creature ?

Tegue. *Benedicite*, dere is shome Holy Vater in de fash of dee. (*He flings
Conjuro te demonem Belzebub Satanam per Holy Water in his face.*)

*Cæsare camestres festino Baraco darapti
Felapton Disamis Datisi Bocardo Farison.*

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Bern. Let me go, dogs, and first I will exorcize you, Rascal. (*He beats the Priest, knocks him down, and stamps on him, who all the time roars out the Exorcism. They lay hold on Bern. the Priest gets up, and goes on in exorcizing.*)

Bell. O heaven, he is possessed, and has committed Sacrilege upon the good man.

Enter Luscindo.

Bell. Oh my dear *Luscindo*, art thou here?

Lusc. Hold, hold, what is the matter? unhand my Father.

[They let him loose.]

Bern. Ungracious Rascal, have at thy heart. Let me go. Oh Villain, had you and that Strumpet *Elvira*, none to put your vile affronts on, but on me? Must I marry your Wench, and one that was a Whore to another before?

[He runs at him with his Dagger. Hernando stops him.]

Bell. Oh save my dear *Luscindo*.

Lusc. If any man but my Father said this, it should be his death.

Bern. How now, Ruffian!

Tegue. Let me come, he is possesht I tell dee, *Exorcizo te.*

Lusc. Stand by, Fool.

Tegue. Fool! I tink dou art possesht too, Joy, and I must exorcise dee, to call a Priesht Fool, and be, aboo, boo, boo.

Bern. There's a Young Gentleman can tell, and you, base wretches, pursue his Life for't.

Lev. 'Tis all true.

Elv. Hold, let me speak; If you presume that I am such a creature, you freely will resign me.

Bern. Resign thee to the Devil; but think not I'll sit down with this Affront; I'll be patient for a moment.

Enter Rosania and Doristeo.

Bell. This is all false, the ancient Gentlewoman has confest it, and my *Luscindo*, my dear *Luscindo*'s true. Oh vile Girl, art thou there?

Ros. Yes, Madam, I am return'd, but with another Guardian, my *Doristeo*.

Dorist. I am come to wait upon you with my Wife; and since your denial cannot undo what is already done, I beg your consent.

Bell. I'll never give it while I live.

Levia. Hell and Furies, have I lost him too! (*aside.*)

Dorist. Pardon me, dear *Luscindo*, for my mistakes, and impute them to our evil fortune. You are a man of honour, and I beg your friendship.

Luscind. You have shown your self a Gentleman, and I shall take it for an honour to be call'd your friend.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Bern. I'll slit your Wind-pipe, and spoil your complements, sirrah.

Elv. Your fatal using of my Name, has caused such mischievous mistakes, as did go near to ruine me.

Bell. Now, dear *Luscindo*, we are free.

Elv. Since you are pleas'd to resign me, my Husband *Luscindo*, will own me with all my Faults.

Bell. Ah me, ah me ! Father stand by me.

Lusc. Own thee, yes, while I have life and motion, as my greatest happiness. Were this a man, I'd send his soul into another world, but 'tis a woman, a malicious one, and a Whore.

Lev. Heavens curses on ye all, here take my Life, and I shall thank you for it.

Lusc. Keep it to be a torment to thee.

Lev. Most violent Love, and invincible impotence, possess thee, and continual rage and jealousy her ; and so with curses on ye all, farewell.

(*Ex. Lev.*)

Bern. Devil, what has my rashness brought me to ? I could kill the dog ; but let me think on some firm and lasting vengeance. I have it.

Bell. Oh Father, I wholly now give my self up to a Cloister'd Life.

Tegue. Daat is my good daughter.

Bern. If you can forgive your poor Soldier, *Bernardo*, who finds that you alone are worthy of him, I return to my first Love, and am ready, dear Widow, to consummate, without more delay.

Bell. What says he ? are you in earnest ?

Tegue. Out, phat dosht dou do now ? dou vilt not hearken to the tempter gra.

Bern. Lady, I seldom kneel, Lady, but in this posture humbly beg you to receive me.

Bell. To show I am in charity with all the world, and can forgive, I receive you as my husband.

Bern. A thousand blessings on thee, my dear Widow, Sirrah, Young Rogue, I will get every year a child these twenty years, and make thy heart ake.

Lusc. I wish you Joy, Sir.

Elv. Much Joy, Madam.

Bell. Go, perfidious wretch, thee I will ne're forgive.

Tegue. Hold, hold, I do forbid the Baanes : dou vert espous'd unto the Church first, and that does *dirimere contractum, & irritum reddere sponsalia*.

Lusc. Well said Priest, with false *Latin*.

Bern. Sirrah, Priest, if you do forbid the Banes, I will cut your throat. Do you hear ? You that were my unlawful Pimp, and joyn'd me to many Whores in *Flanders*, shall be my lawful Pimp, and joyn me to one Wife in *Madrid*, or by Heaven I will exorcise you with a vengeance.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

Tegue. Vel, vel, shay no more Joy, I vill do phat dou spakest.
By my shoul I will pronounce the words of de maarriage without intention,
and den it is no maarriage, and all deir posterity vill be aafter being Bash-
tards, as all de School-men say ; and by my shoulwaation dere is a trick
for dem. (aside.)

Lusc. Now dear *Elvira*, may our mutual Love shine clear, without one
cloud upon it. Heaven let me but possess my dear *Elvira*,

And I renounce all earthly joys beside.
Thus Fortune kindly does for Love provide.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

M*Et*hinks I hear some Ladies nicely wise,
(I do not mean the vertuous, but precise)
Cry down us Spanish ones, and call us light,
Who entertain our Lovers at first sight.
But Ladies think, were you like us confin'd,
Alas ! you'd soon be of another mind.
You at the first fair game before you eye,
As fiercely as unhooded Hawks would fly.
Though Nature largely does for us provide,
Yet all its beauteous store, we're forc'd to hide, }
Which but by dangerous stealths is never spy'd. }
You can your Faces every where expose,
And throw your piercing Darts against the Beaux :
But we are wiser yet than you ; for we
Ne're wait a second opportunity.
You shall for Months your amorous glances cast,
And bring it but to Scandal at the last.
We never spread our loving Nets in vain,
We soon come to a point, and ease the pain :
Your Beauties you so oft in publick show,
That Gallants of your Faces weary grow.
So that before you're known, you are enjoy'd,
And Sparks, before they come to taste, are cloy'd.
To feed their Pride, not Love, some have a train
Of flutt'ring Slaves, to grace their stately Reign ;
Their sickly appetites are so diseas'd,
They make men jealous, and themselves not pleas'd,
We're seldom seen, and but by those we like,
And when the Iron's hot, ne're fail to strike.
But though we're wiser, you are happier still,
As if we had no Souls, we have no Will :
For our Tyrannick Countrey thinks it fit,
To Kindred or to Husbands we submit.
Whene're we are discover'd by ill chance,
A life is forfeit for a single glance.

THE AMOROUS BIGOTTE

*Your Sisters or your Daughters safely stray,
And with a Groom or Parson run away :
On this affront the Kinsmen never think,
But as they use to do, hunt on and drink.
For every Favour a poor Spanish wife
Bestows on her Gallant, she ventures life.
The wanton English ones need never fear,
By their good men they're ever held most dear, }
And none such hands over their Husbands bear : }
The Husband none so closely does embrace
As the sweet Gallant who supplies his place.*

VVell——

*Though on the Stage we Spanish women be,
Elsewhere we can use English Liberty.
Now for the Poet, I ha' nought to say, }
Has cast himself upon you, and ye may }
Do what ye please, or save, or damn his Play.*

THE
SCOWRERS.

A
COMEDY,

Acted by Their
Majesties Servants.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL, Poet Laureat, and Historio-
grapher-Royal.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown*
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. 1691.

Source.

THE *Scowrers*, a vivid and intensely realistic picture of contemporary London life, is entirely original, and Shadwell has here put on the stage with no mean skill exactly what he saw all about him. Langbaine writes : " How this Play succeeded on the Stage, I know not ; but I think 'tis far from the worst of his Comedies ; and I believe is wholly free from *Plagiarism*." The *Biographia Dramatica*, it is true, remarks " the character of Eugenia seems to be pretty closely copied from Harriet in Sir George Etherege's *Man of Mode*," but I do not conceive that there was in fact any such borrowing. Both Etherege's Harriet and Shadwell's Eugenia are lively high-spirited girls, and obviously there must be some traits in common.

It was to be expected that Shadwell would laugh at those who remained loyal to their King, and we are not surprised to meet with his " foolish *Jacobite* Alderman," played by George Bright, who was greatly esteemed as a comedian. D'Urfey in his *Love for Money ; or, The Boarding School*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the late winter of 1689, introduces Deputy Nicompoop " a softly sneaking uxorious Citizen," whose wife, Lady Addleplot, is " a Lusty flaunting imperious Lady, a high-flown Stickler against the Government, and always railing at it, in talking of Politics." Dogget acted the hen-pecked sneaksby, and Antony Leigh in petticoats the rampant virago.

Theatrical History.

THE *Scourers* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the late winter of 1690, probably December. "How this Play succeeded on the Stage," says Langbaine, "I know not." Downes, in a passage which is obviously faulty, catalogues it with *The True Widow*, *Sir Anthony Love*, *Greenwich Park*, *Cleomenes*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Caesar Borgia* as "succeeding but indifferently." Yet we know that *Caesar Borgia* was far from a failure and remained a stock play; Antony Leigh was justly celebrated as Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*, which thronged the theatre; Dryden in his Dedication of *Cleomenes* emphasizes the fact that his tragedy proved successful and even suggests that it may "survive to Posterity," moreover in the Preface he gives "Thanks to the Town in general, and to the fair Ladies in particular, for their kind Reception of my Play," whilst "the Town has generally granted that Mrs. Barry, always excellent, has, in this Tragedy, excell'd her self, and gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman whom I have ever seen on the Theatre." In *Sir Anthony Love* Mrs. Mountford achieved a triumph equal to that of Mrs. Barry, and the town declared, as Southerne has delightedly told us, "that they never saw any part more masterly played." Antony Leigh, again, excelled as the wanton Abbé. So when Downes gives us a list of exceptionally brilliant and applauded plays as "succeeding but indifferently" we are at a loss to know how to judge.

The Scourers, however, was laid by after some half a dozen years. And so at Drury Lane on 22 August, 1717, it is revived as "Not acted 20 years." Lacy Ryan, a "genteel and well-made" youth of four and twenty, played Sir William Rant; young Wilks, Wildfire; Bickerstaffe, an excellent comedian, Tope; Shepherd, famous as Captain Otter in *The Silent Woman*, Sir Humphrey Maggot; Joe Miller, Whachum; Quin, Mr. Rant; Mrs. Hunt, who had acted Favourite, an Abigail, in *The Gamester* with Betterton, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, Lady Maggot; the lovely Mrs. Seymour, preferred by Ryan to Nance Oldfield and Mrs. Porter, Eugenia; and Mrs. Willis, jun., whom Davies remembered as an actress of great powers, Clara.

Shadwell's comedy, however, does not seem to have been given in subsequent seasons.

Drammatis Personæ.

Mr. <i>Rant</i> ,	Father to Sir <i>William</i> .	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
Sir <i>Will. Rant</i> ,	} Scowrers.	Mr. <i>Mountfort</i> .
<i>Wildfire</i> ,		Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Tope</i> ,		Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Whachum</i> ,		Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
	A City Wit and Scowrer, imitator of Sir <i>William</i> .	
<i>Bluster</i> ,	} His two Companions, Scoundrels.	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> ,
<i>Dingboy</i> ,		Mr. <i>Cudworth</i> .
Sir <i>Rich. Maggot</i> ,	A foolish <i>Jacobite</i> Alderman.	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
<i>Ralph</i> ,	Sir <i>Will</i> 's Valet.	Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
<i>Jasper</i> ,	Mr. <i>Rant</i> 's Valet.	<i>Will Peer</i> .
Lady <i>Maggot</i> ,	Wife to Sir <i>Richard</i> , Mother to <i>Eugenia</i> .	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Eugenia</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Clara</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Priscilla</i> ,	Governess to <i>Eugenia</i> and <i>Clara</i> .	Mrs. <i>Cory</i> .
<i>Lettice</i> ,	My Ladies Maid.	Mrs. <i>Richeson</i> .
<i>Abigal</i> ,	Sir <i>William</i> 's Housekeeper.	Mrs. <i>Osborn</i> .
<i>Haughty</i> ,	} Two Whores.	
<i>Mavis</i> ,		

Glazier, Vintner, Drawers, Fidlers, Tradesmen, Duns, Constable,
Watchmen, Buttlér, and Footmen.

PROLOGUE.

*S*cowrers ! Methinks I hear some Ladies say,
 How shall we bear the lewdness of this Play !
 The Author begs the Title may not fright,
 Of what he does to vertuous Ladies write.
 Others for guilt may blush, or rage look pale,
 And, as they us'd, maliciously may rail.
 Tho he exposes Vice, the Play's so clean,
 The nicest shall not tax it for Obscene :
 Though some have been so ticklish in the Mind,
 They could find Bawdy, which he ne're design'd :
 Nor can he think he gave the least occasion,
 Wanting their Vigour of Imagination ;
 But they, their ends had in their false reports,
 And frightn'd whom he most would please, the Court ;
 To you he appeals, the Witty, Fair, and Good ;
 Whose sovereign power can never be withstood,
 To all the Audience he bid me say,
 He of the Gout lay in, and of this Play
 Not long continu'd his Poetick Fit,
 The other grief he cannot part with yet,
 But give him ease, and let who will have Wit.
 Your kind Indulgence sure he ought to gain,
 Who for your pleasure writes in spite of Pain :
 You have been kind to many of his Plays,
 And shou'd not leave him in his latter days.
 Though Loyal Writers of the last two Reigns,
 Who tir'd their Pens for Popery and Chains ;
 Grumble at the Reward of all his Pains :
 They would, like some, the benefit enjoy,
 Of what they vilely labour'd to destroy.
 They cry him down as for his place unfit,
 Since they have all the humour and the Wit,
 They must write better e're he fears them yet ;
 Till they have shown you more Variety,
 Of natural, unstoln Comedy than he,
 By you at least he should Protected be.
 Till then may he that Mark of Bounty have,
 Which his renown'd and Royal Master gave ;
 Who loves a Subject and contemns a Slave,
 Whom Heav'n in spite of Hellish plots design'd,
 To humble Tyrants, and exalt Mankind.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir William Rant in his Morning-Gown, and Ralph his Man.

Sir *Will.* I Am plaguy qualmish this morning, we drunk swingingly last night, what did we do? tell me the History.

Ralph. Must every Morning be spent in asking Questions? 'tis a fine life, you'll sin over Night, and I must come to Confession next Morning.

Sir *Will.* Sirrah, Know I will have no Wit nor Wisdom from you.

Ralph. I don't know what you call Wit, but certainly Wisdom will never agree with that hot head of yours, Sir!

Sir *Will.* You solid Lump of Massy Phlegm! there is no such blessing under Heaven, as a hot Head.

Ralph. 'Twill cost you and your Companions dear before you part with it; the Devil on't is, you are always the Transgressor, and I never fail of being the Penitent.

Sir *Will.* Sirrah, The Inside of thy Loggerhead will endanger the Outside, if thou begin not thy Narrative immediately; some Action in the forepart of night, I remember, but the latter part is all Darkness to me: Yet it runs in my head we had a Fray.

Ralph. And don't you feel it in your Shoulders? I am sure you've Reason, so have I.

Sir *Will.* Where was it?

Ralph. Why here, in *Covent-Garden*. You would needs have a Skirmish with some drunken Bullies, awkward, roaring, blustering Rascals: And Brigadier *Stokes* with a detachment of Quarter-Staves, and rusty Halberts fell in Pell Mell and routed both Parties.

Sir *Will.* That damn'd Quarter-staff Rogue would be universal Monarch of the Night: We must confederate and humble him, but what execution was there? Whose Skull crackt? whose Lungs pierced? or who lustily bruised.

Ralph. One of the Bullies has a good lusty flesh wound, the other are a little hackt, but all of them wer carryed Captive to the *Round house*, where they have solaced with Ale and Brandy all night long: Two of your Footmen with bloody Coxcombs, were likewise in Limbo: Two or three of the Watchmen have slight hurts, which they are ready to swear are mortal; But your Friends Mr. *Tope* and Mr. *Wildfire* are escap'd unhurt, save a little dry beating which indeed we seldom fail of.

Sir *Will.* An Evening very handsomely spent; I am glad the Bullies

THE SCOWERS

are maul'd. I would rejoyce as much to run an English Bully through, as an Irish Rapparee. The City ought to pay a certain number of Bullies heads a tribute to the Government, as the Welsh did Wolves ; but see my Footmen ransom'd.

Ralph. They are bayl'd by your Taylor, and dress'd by your Surgeon, and are ready to be drunk, and scower again, Sir, but that was not all, that happened last night, 'twould take a Volume to write the History of your Actions one week.

Sir Will. We should be diligent, I love an active life, but what more ?

Ralph. Why, in your retreat homewards you pick'd up a Strumpet ! I must needs say not very handsome, nor over well drest, nor extreemly sober, nor extraordinary clean, and made me put her to bed in your own Bed, I thank you, Sir.

Sir Will. Well, thou art a faithful Bawd.

Ralph. Bawd, Sir ?

Sir Will. Yes Bawd Sir, what a Devil dost thou think I keep thee for thy neat parts ? Indeed thou art a little stout.

Ralph. Any man but my Master, should find I were a great deal so, if he talk'd thus to me.

Sir Will. Well well Sir, but where is the Whore ?

Ral. I believe where she should be, at the civil Recreation of Hemp-beating.

Sir Will. Pox on your Impertinence ! How got she out ?

Ralph. Why truly Sir, after you had taken your wonted Nap in your Chair, recover'd a little, and came to your Bed-side, you puk'd at the sight of her, ask'd her how she had the Impudence to bring so ugly a Countenance along with her under your Roof : To all Entreaties were inexorable, you tore her out of the bed, flung her clothes out of the window, and made me turn her naked out of the house.

Sir Will. 'Twas a very impudent thing of an ugly Jade to come hither.

Ralph. She pick'd up her Clothes, but was in great want of a Tiring-room ; and most certainly fell into the enemies hands.

Sir Will. Well, and I have never a wench this morning ?

Ralph. Here have been five or six, they all said they'd come again.

Sir Will. Pox on 'em, come again ! but into whose hands may they fall before they come again ? I hate even a Rose, after it opens in the morning, and is ruffled by the wind.

Ralph. Your provident, prudent, and pious House-keeper has lodged two who came last night, for peace sake, in two several apartments of your Seraglio, not knowing which of them you would vouchsafe your Handkerchief to.

Sir Will. She has done wisely, I will have them both : Who are they ?

Ralph. Mrs. *Haughty* and Mrs. *Mavis*.

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Sir Will. Oh pox they'll never draw together. But go into my Closet and fetch me a bottle of Spirit of Clary, and a lusty Glass. *Exit Ralph.* Now is my Father I warrant grieving in the Country bewailing my lewd courses : To say truth, I cannot but love him, he has been very indulgent to me ; but methinks he should have the conscience to remember his own youthful gambols : *Tope* tells me he knew him almost as lewd a fellow as my self. But the worst of all is I am in love, most desperate most abominable love, the worst of all love, I am afraid honest love.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here's your Spirit of Clary.

Sir Will. Set it down, and see what confounded [A great noise of talking noise that is without. The Devil take 'em, must I be and knocking without. always interrupted in my rest or my pleasure ? a man had as good be a great man as a Drunkard at this rate. *Exit Ralph, and suddenly re-enters.* Well what's the matter ?

Ralph. The noise you are pretty well us'd to ; an assembly of Duns, Whores and Bawds, as there are every morning at your Levee.

Enter Tope and Wildfire.

Sir Will. Hail, hail my dear Companions of the night. *Jack Tope* and *Tom Wildfire.*

Tope. My dear Knight, my dear *Will Rant*, [thou art the Prince of Drunkards and of Scowrers ; thou art a noble Scavenger, and every night thou clearest the streets of scoundrel Bullies, and of idle Rascals, and of all Ale-tofts and sops in Brandy.

Wildf. And the Taverns of Trades-men and of sober Rogues of business, who should be at their cheating callings, or watching of their Wives at home.

Sir Will. I am glad to find you so hearty, and that ye suffer'd so little in our last nights rout.

Tope. I will not wear like a Bully my arm in a Scarf as a sign of battel past when perhaps the wound is no bigger than that of a Lancet in letting blood ; I have seen danger in my life time.

Wildf. Yes and felt it too to my knowledge.

Tope. Puh this is nothing, why I knew the Hectors, and before them the *Muns* and the *Titire Tu's*, they were brave fellows indeed ; in those days a man could not go from the *Rose Tavern* to the *Piazza* once, but he must venture his life twice. My dear *Sir Willy.*

Sir Will. Yes, and the Wine was better, and the Women handsomer ; you old fellows are always magnifying the days of your youth.

Tope. Old ! Gad take me, hem, hem ; here's a body sound wind and limb ! Old ! quoth he. Indeed I have drank off two generations, and

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intend to drink off three more yet. Why I wench'd, drunk and scowr'd with thy Father, *Will* : He was a pretty fellow in his youth, and I thought he would have come to something, but he married and run into the Country, left our noble cause, and grew a very wise, discreet, vertuous Country Jobbernoll.

Sir Will. Why you debauch'd with my Grandfather.

Tope. I knew him in his ebb : but thy Father, *Tom*, was a sober sot, a consumptive Scoundrel, and we could make nothing of him, he married like a Puppy, and grew most pitifully uxorious, but the comfort is few of that sort get their own Children : Thou art not like him at all.

Wild. Thank Heaven, I never remember him, Providence took care of me in good time.

Sir Will. Here *Ralph* fill. Gentlemen, a health to my Mistriss in a brimmer of Clary.

Tope. I defy mornings Draughts, besides Spirits will bring you from two pounds of Beef, to two poatch'd Eggs, trust an experienc'd Drunkard, thou will not live out half thy days, if thou tak'st these lewd courses of drinking in a Morning.

Wild. But we will live out all our Nights.

Tope. I have buried two hundred Mornings draught-men of my Acquaintance.

Sir Will. You may well kill 'em if you drink not fair with them ; but thou hast kill'd as many Evenings Draught-men too. Never Hero in Romance kill'd more in his Adventures.

Tope. Their Deaths be upon their own Heads, I preserved my self : why I have been walking two hours in the Park.

Wild. The Deaths of these men lie upon his Conscience, and he cannot sleep.

Sir Will. No, no, he wants the dear Balsom of his Youthful blood, that balmy sovereign Juice that sends kind vapours up to rock the brain ; Here, I will have my Mistriss pledged.

Tope. Thy Mistriss ! ha ha ha, why every one in a Petticoat is thy Mistriss, from humble Bulker to exalted Countess.

Sir Will. No I am particular, damnably particular, why I am fallen in love.

Tope. In Love ! What a Devil ! That is, thou hast a plaguy mind to some Wench ; I have known thee have that to many a Damsel, but when thou hast gotten her, thou never fail'st to leave either her, or a child by her, to the Parish.

Sir Will. Why those kind of Ladies come to the Parish at last, and the sooner they take care of them the better, it is a good settled kind of Life. But this is a Lady of Quality.

Tope. A pox of a Whore of Quality ; they are ten times more troublesome, and not handsomer than poor Whores.

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Sir Will. A whore ! this is a Saint.

Wild. A Saint ! ha ha ha, a world of Saints there are in these days, but very few honest.

Sir Will. I can scarce forbear to worship her, and call her Nymph ; divine, Goddess.

Tope. Nymph ! divine, Goddess ! ha ha ha, language for a young Coxcomby Chaplain to his Ladies waiting woman.

Wild. Love ! Faith I could never believe there was any such thing : I have had a furious Appetite to a new Face, like a greedy stomach to a new Dish, but I never made a very full meal, but I wish'd it off again.

Tope. Love ! Why what a Pox, I have had as many Whores as any of you ; but I never had one whom I car'd if she were hang'd or no.

Sir Will. Oh base, gross Appetites, of ill-natur'd Fellows.

Wild. Oh thou Flower of Civility, and good Nature ! I never knew you, or any Whore-master, but minded himself, and never car'd what became of the woman, why prithee don't we ruin all we have to do with ?

Tope. Some few keeping Coxcombs indeed are undone by them ; but that grows much out of Fashion, because keep what you can, Particular Whores will soon grow Commons ones.

Sir Will. Hence all such profane thoughts, this is a Lady, who has all the Beauty and Vertue of the Sex.

Tope. Pish, Sex sayst thou ? I warrant she is not over stock'd neither if she has ; but Beauty is frail, and Vertue is more frail, *Will.*

Sir Will. Away with your babbling, *Tom* here's to her, take a Glass.

Wild. Come, *Jack* her Health.

Tope. God not I ! I would not drink the *Queens* health fasting, not I ; charge a bill upon me, and I'll answer you in a couple of brimmers of Claret at *Lockets* at dinner, where I have bespoken an admirable good one for ye ; but my Wine shall always have something to feed upon.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here are a company of Letters, some are waiting for answers.

Wildf. From Whores, all Whores.

Sir Will. Hah ! they are so, some in distress I suppose : Like a true great man, I will put Petitions in my pocket and never read 'em.

Ralph. Sir the Duns are very noisy, and will not be kept out.

Sir Will. Obstinate Rogues that will fling away their precious time so.

Ralph. But there's a pert dapper fellow whom I know not, he will not be denied.

Sir Will. Let him in first. How now, who are you ?

[*Ralph lets in a Glazier.*

Glaz. And please your Worship I am a Glazier, and have an humble petition to your Worship ; your Glazier dyed within this hour, the bell

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now goes for him ; and I humbly desire I may succeed in your Worships work.

Sir Will. Thou art a very pretty fellow.

Glaz. I waited for this happy occasion, and hoped for't, so I made him drink like a Fish, and treated him with brandy. The man indeed was an honest man, but alack, alack ! he had little to do for a long time, till your business and your friends, Sir, brought him into request : He has had a fine time under you ; for your Worship I understand has to Shash-windows an utter aversion, Sir, when you are in beer.

Tope. A very pretty discreet fellow.

Glaz. Why Sir he bore Offices, maintain'd his wife with all things about her, and now dyes well to pass, and for all may thank your Worship. Now if your Worship will let me have the place, I shall see that all the Parish, when you please to break their windows, shall have as good goods as any man can furnish 'em with.

Sir Will. Let me see, this place must be worth Money.

Ralph. Let me speak with you, I can do your business.

Glaz. I will Sir ; but Sir do they sell places now adays ?

Sir Will. Oh no no, Heaven forbid ! thou shalt have it for nothing.

Glaz. Thank you, sweet Sir.

Ralph. Hum, hum, hum.

*Ralph holds his hand out behind him, the
Glazier puts money into it, and Ex.*

Glaz. Ay Sir, there and please you.

Ralph. A pox on him, a thirteen pence half penny ! but I'll after him, and squeeze the Sponge, I warrant him.

Sir Will. Come let in the Canaille, the Rabble of my Anti-chamber, my Duns, &c. Now will I behave my self statelily, impudently, and do no mans business but my own.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir *Humphry Maggot* has sent word he'll wait on you e're you go out.

Sir Will. That's the Coxcomby Alderman that marry'd my termagant Aunt ; her first Husband was my Fathers brother by the second venter. She has this dolt under correction, sweet Princess ; and has forced him out of *Mark-lane* to live in *Soho Square*. I warrant some old lecture from my Daddy. Let the Duns enter.

Enter 8 or 10 Duns.

Sir Will. Now Rogues, Rascals, Vermin, Catterpillers, Duns, come on ; I will use you so like Duns for plaguing me with so many dayly visits, I say, I will use you so like Duns.

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Enter Sir Humphry Maggot and observes them.

Tope. That is send them away without Money.

Sir Will. You silly impudent Puppies, to come to me for summs fit for Haberdashers of small Wares to pay, ridiculous, petty summs, come up to bulky ones, either in valuable Goods or Mony, fit for a Gentlemans consideration, and Security may follow.

Sir Humph. Here's a Spark, thank Heaven I have kept my Nephew at the Inns of Court, whom I bred up, free from his lewd Acquaintance.

Sir Will. Why I never pay a bill till it be as long as an account in Chancery, you Rogues, Dogs.

Duns altogether. Why we ask but for our own Sir. I hope a man may ask for his own Sir. My Goods were my own Sir, my own. Very fine a man must not ask for his own. Rogues for asking for a mans own?

Sir Will. And Rogues I will make you know this House is my own, which I will signifie to you by this Foot which is my own, and by this Cudgel which is my own. *Sir William kicks and cudgels them out.*

Duns. Fly, fly, Murther, murther. May not ask for his own, my own. Murther, Murther. For my own, help, Murther. *(In running out they run down the Alderman.)*

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, Help help.

Sir Will. Oh Sir *Humphrey* I cry you mercy, I was at my Morning Exercise, disciplining my Rogues, my Duns.

Sir Humph. Duns, *Sir Will.* *Rant?* let me tell you Duns may be very honest men.

Sir Will. Hum, so you Citizens are apt to think, but we Gentlemen believe no such matter. But come I know you have some wise Lecture from nown Daddy, or some such business, come out with it, I stand fair.

Sir Humph. Poor Gentleman! my heart bleeds for him, you make him miserable with your extravagant lewd Life, he writes me word you got the Parsons daughter with Child, when you were at home last, and now she is near her time she names you for the Father, this is the strangest thing that ever was.

Sir Will. Not at all, it had been strange if she had gotten me with Child; the Parsons are lusty, lazy, well-fed Fellows, and will be too hard for the Laity, if we don't take Letters of Reprisal upon them.

Sir Humph. Save us Heaven! I would not have my Nephew *Whachum* acquainted with you for the World.

Sir Will. Nor I with him *Sir Nump*, I keep somewhat better Company, you have seen my Friends here.

Sir Humph. Yes and heard them too, the Nation rings of 'em, my Lady my Wife and your Aunt is perpetually grieving and sighing for you.

Sir Will. Ha, good Lady! Nuncle look to thy City Forehead, there are those who can graft and inoculate.

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Sir Humph. She has kept her two Daughters (she had by your half Uncle) in the Country these five years, for fear you should come to her House and bring a scandal upon them.

Sir Will. But they are now in Town, to my cost I find it (*aside*) Oh that dear, sweet *Eugenia*, she has kill'd me.

Wild. Pox on this Blockhead he grows tedious; to your Cue: Has Monsieur *Catinat* given the *Vandois* such a bang?

Tope. Undoubtedly, there's a World of News in Town.

Sir Humph. Hold hold Gentlemen, I beseech you hold, News say you? have a little Patience *Sir William*, here's a Letter from your Father, I have had it ever since the last Post, and you have not been at home till this Morning. But pray Gentlemen what News is of Master *Catinat*? I love News extreamly, I have read Three News Letters to day, I go from Coffee-House to Coffee-House all day on purpose. I talk'd with as pretty a man, of a News Writer, as any in *London*, and of as neat parts, as bold a Fellow, he cares not what he writes. But he knew nothing of the *Vandois* this Morning.

Wild. They are soundly beaten, almost all cut off.

Sir Humph. Heaven be praised, they are damn'd Presbyterian Fellows, and hate the Church, for my part, had I my will, I would put all the Phanaticks in Christendom in pitch'd shirts, light them, and let them blaze like City Funerals. But hold, is it true that Prince *Waldeck* is dead of a Fever?

Tope. Oh yes, and he got it with scowring at the Canal at *Bruges*.

Sir Humph. Goodluck! *Teckely* and the *Cossacks* upon he *Ukrain* have totally routed Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, and cut his Army all to pieces, Well this *Louys* is the bravest King.

Sir Will. The old Gentleman is very prolix.

Reads. *Lewd courses—great affliction—hum: have I been so kind.*
Very well.

Reads. *Your wicked extravagance will kill me.*
Ha ha ha, kill! not these Twenty years, if Heaven takes no better care of me I shall be in a pretty case.

Reads. *But this Action of the Parsons daughter.*
Pray Heaven the old man got her not himself, for her Mother was my Mothers Woman. Pish pox this is stuff, I would the old Gentleman would spare his pains. *He tears the Letter.*

Sir Humph. Oh impious! what tear your Fathers Letter?

Sir Will. Yes when they are nothing to the purpose: I sent to him for a lusty summ of Money, and he sends me a parcel of wise Council that is not worth a Farthing.

Sir Humph. But Sir the other News you were speaking of.

Wild. Why 'tis most certain *Catinat* has laid a bridge over the *Rhine* and

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secured his passage into *France*, and another over the *Mosell* to secure his pass into *Italy*.

Sir Humph. Well that Master *Catinat* is a very pretty man, he'll soon destroy the Presbyterians and burn that Anti-christian Town of *Geneva*. Oh this *Louis* is a glorious Prince, what would I give to see him, I believe I might have a pass to go over to be touch'd for the Evil, He must needs do it rarely.

Sir Will. Well said old Grumble, have you no wise advice from my Aunt? she will have you under Correction if you deliver it not.

Sir Humph. poor Lady, she grieves that you should drink and roar, and beat the whole Town; and spend your Money upon ugly Whores. But pray what News of *Buda*?

Enter Mrs. Mavis and Mrs. Haughty at two several doors.

Ralph. Now they are both gotten up, Wars will ensue.

Sir Will. Hold hold Nuncle, ugly Whores say you? be you Judge, who keeps the uglier Whores my Aunt or I?

Haughty. Oh impudence! another in the House, oh oh. *They both fall in*

Mavis. Oh Devil I cannot endure this, oh oh. *2 Chairs in Fits.*

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, look to the Gentlewomen, look to the Gentlewomen.

Sir Will. Now my dear Friends let's go quickly now now, I love to leave Whores in Fits mightily. [*Ex. Sir Will. Tope, Wildfire and Ralph.*]

Sir Humph. Gad take me! hold the Gentlewomen, bring some cold water, and flower, burn some blew inkle and Partridge Feathers, 'tis my Ladies Medicine. *Two lusty Fellows hold them.*

Haughty. Is the Villain gone? *aside,*

Mavis. Is the Rogue fled? *aside,*

Haughty. Oh you Flirts I'll pluck your Eyes out. *They fight and*

Mavis. I'll tear you Limb from Limb. *tear one another*

Sir Will. Gad forgive me! help help, part them, they are incens'd Why Ladies, Gentlewomen, keep the peace, I charge ye in the Kings Name, I am of the Quorum. *They part them.*

Enter Housekeeper with her Spectacles in one hand, and the Ladies calling in the other.

Haughty. Oh Impudence!

Mavis. Thou common thing.

Haughty. Go Jezebel, go.

Mavis. Avoid paint and wash!

Haughty. Go pitiful Creature.

Mavis. Creature! creature in the very face of thee.

Haughty. The Town knows what thou art.

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Mavis. What am I, *Jone*? What do they know of me?

Abigal. In truth you are to blame, to disturb a civil well order'd Family thus, well were it not for good Books that comfort me, I could never bear such exorbitances.

Sir Humph. Ha, The Ladies calling, a very Matronly Gentlewoman truly.

Abigal. But these godly books quiet the Conscience mightily.

Sir Humph. Hah good Soul!

Haughty. Let me come at her.

Mavis. I'll tear her Throat out.

Haughty. Bawd, bawd.

Mavis. Thou art old enough to be my Mother.

Haughty. Let me come at her.

Mavis. Let me come at her.

Abigail. In truth Ladies you are much to blame, cannot you be civil? take them away separately.

Haug. Whore, whore, whore, whore.

They hale them out

Mavis. Whore, whore, whore, whore.

at several doors.

Sir Humphrey takes the House-keeper under the Arm, and leads her out.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Priscilla, Clara, Eugenia.

Pris. **W**Hat account shall I give of my Charge, and Guardianship? my Lady sends you out under my prudent conduct, as I may say, to look after Commodes and Top-knots, with a flat Injunction not to see this lewd place, the Park.

Eug. Did she so old Mumpsimus?

Prisc. And you in Contempt of her sovereign power, and my lawful authority under her, presume to come hither, what shall I do? what shall I say?

Clara. Can flesh and blood forbear this sweet, this most delicious place?

Pris. Flesh and Blood! Yes, it is a place fit for the carrying on the designs of flesh and blood indeed.

Eug. And what dost thou take us for Spirits, Woman?

Pris. Come come Gentlewomen, my Lady is a wise woman: This is the Exchange for Lovers: Here they meet, and if they absent themselves are

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lookt upon as broken ; nay worse, it is the Rendezvous of Fornicators and Adulterers.

Clara. Tis the Rendezvous of all who have sense enough to love the delicatest place on Earth.

Pris. But I have a secret to tell you, it concerns you Madam *Clara*, I have found from Sir *Humphrey* your Father in Law, that he has made a match between his Nephew Mr. *Whachum* and you.

Eug. The Devil he shall ! there's a mechanick thing, there is not such an odious creature as a City Spark.

Pris. Don't you trouble your self, his Uncle says you are not sober enough for him.

Clara. Nor I fool enough for him, I thank Heaven, a filthy City wit, those Fellows are as lewd as the Gentlemen every whit, only more impudent, foolish and ill-manner'd.

Eug. Dear *Clara* thou art in the right, when a man is lewd with a *bon Grace* there's something in it ; but a Fellow that is awkwardly wicked is not to be born.

Pris. He wicked ! why he is a Student of the Inns of Court, Madame *Eugenia*.

Eug. Well you had a great secret for my Sister, and I have one for you : In short we are both resolv'd not to endure any longer the intolerable Yoke of Arbitrary power, under which we have so long groan'd, if you will comply, one or both of us will provide for you.

Clara. And preserve you from making Night-caps or footing Stockings in a Garret, the pitiful remnant of thy decrepid Life.

Pris. Oh times and manners ! will you break loose from all Government ? I shall be undone, what will my Lady say, if she knows that you saw your Cozen *Rant* here yesterday ?

Eug. Mutter no more under thy Gums, old *Sybil* I did see my Cozen yesterday, and I hope to see him this day, and every day of my life ; keep your distance, we that are resolv'd to cast off my Mothers Tyranny, will no longer suffer thy Insolence.

Pris. What will become of poor me ?

Clara. We are true English women, Co-heirs of two thousand pounds a year, and are resolv'd to assert our Liberty and Property.

Eug. Does my Mother think she shall mew us up any more, at her Jointure house, old Doe-little ?

Clara. Amongst poor innocent country things, who never stir beyond the Parish but to some Fair.

Pris. Did she not bestow good breeding upon you there ?

Eugen. Breeding ! what to learn to feed Ducklings, and cram Chickens ?

Clara. To see Cows milkd, learn to churn, and make cheese ?

Eugen. To make clouted cream, and whipt Sillabubs ?

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Clara. To make a Caraway Cake, and raise Py-crust ?

Eugen. And to learn the top of your skill in Syrrup, Sweat-meats, *Aqua mirabilis*, and Snayl water.

Clara. Or your great cunning in Cheese-cakes, several Creams and Almond-butter.

Pris. Ay ay, and 'twere better for all the Gentlemen in *England* if their Wives had no other breeding, but you had Musick and Dancing.

Eug. Yes an ignorant, illiterate hopping Puppy, that rides his dancing Circuit thirty miles about, Lights off his tyred Steed, draws his Kit at a poor country creature, and gives her a Hich in her pace, that she shall never recover.

Clara. And for Musick an old hoarse singing man riding ten miles from his Cathedral to Quaver out the Glories of our Birth and State, or it may be a Scotch Song more hideous and barbarous than an Irish Cronan.

Eug. And another Musick-master from the next Town to teach one to twinkle out *Lilly burlero* upon an old pair of Virginals, that sound worse than a Tinkers kettle that he crys his work upon—we'll ha' no more on't, we are come up to *London* and common sense, and we defy thee and thy works.

Clara. Keep distance.

Eugen. Avoid thou that think'st because thou art old thou must be wise.

Clara. Avaunt we'll have no more to do with thee.

Euge. Attend.

Clara. Obey.

Euge. Be under good Discipline.

Clara. Be a towardly old Governess.

Euge. We are free from this minute.

Clara. Never more to hear thy wise advice.

Eugen. Thy old Saws, and foolish Sayings.

Clara. We will pare our Nails on any day of the Week.

Eug. And do what we will upon Childermas day, oh my dear Sister ! How happy are we to come to this most blessed Town, and these most heavenly walks.

Clara. This Paradise of the world.

Eugen. Oh this Cozen of ours, he is the prettiest man my Eyes e're yet beheld.

Clara. But sure *Eugenia* thou art mad.

Eug. Yes I am mad, stark mad, in love with him, and will be mad.

Clara. Thou art mad indeed, in love with so wild a man ?

Eug. Wild, never trouble thy self for that, my dear ! I warrant thee I'll tame him, the wilder the better.

Clara. This is stark staring madness, why this lewd Cozen of ours, they say, has had all the women in Town that are to be had for Love or Money.

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Eug. Sayst thou so my Child? then will my conquest be the greater, and I shall triumph over all them he has had, and he will be the more likely to be constant to me whom he never had.

Clara. A short Triumph 'twould be, till he can meet with another weak enough to be taken.

Eug. I would not give a Farthing for her that cannot secure the Conquest she has made: I will have him, and I am mistaken if he be not as fierce upon me, as I am upon him.

Clara. Thou art a mad Girl, I would not fall in love with a wild Fellow of the Town, if he would Jointure me with the *East-Indies*.

Eug. I could not, would not, but have fallen in love with this wild Fellow of the Town, to have been Mistress of all the Gold and Jewels in both *Indies*.

Clara. Heaven defend me.

Eug. Thou art only fit to be Spouse to some Ladies darling, who has been cocker'd with Cawdles by his Lady mother, bred under a very humble civil Tutor in the house, who is always in most profound awe of his Pupil, from whence to the University he goes, where Divines (for the great respect they have to some Livings in his gift) flatter and indulge him in what he thinks fit.

Clara. You are very merrily dispos'd.

Eug. From thence the Fop comes home, and sets up his rest upon Horses, and Dogs, rides for a place, grows a most furious *Nimrod*, and hunts perpetually.

Clara. Will the Alarum of your Tongue never be down?

Eugen. Come let's walk, and see if we can spy this same dear, dear, wild, very wild cousin, come along.

Exeunt Eugen. and Clara.

Prisc. Mercy on me, the World's turn'd topsy turvy. My Lady will kill me: She is a very Fury, and when provok'd, nor man, woman nor child can stand in her way.

Exit Priscilla.

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Whach. My dear Rogues! Dear Dogs! *Bluster* and *Dingboy*! you are the bravest fellows that ever scowred yet.

Blust. Dear Squire *Whachum*! If ever there was such scowring in *High-Holbourn* since 'twas built, may I never taste *Nants-Brandy* more at midnight.

Ding. The Nation will ring of us; such Exploits! such Atchievements! Not a window left in all the Inns of Chancery; those Hives of Attorneys, those Suit-breeders, those Litigious Rogues, the Sons of Court-hand, Copy Paper and Green Wax.

Blust. Not a Tavern window in all the street has a Quarrel in it.

Whach. Then how we scow'd the Market people, overthrew the Butter-

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women, defeated the Pippin-Merchants, wip'd out the Milk-scores, pull'd off the Door-knockers, Dawb'd the gilt Signs !

Ding. But a pox on't, we were confoundedly beaten by the Hellish Constable and his *Posse* of Scoundrel Dogs.

Blust. That most Damnable Inflexible Prig that bound us over this morning must be toss'd in a Blanket.

Ding. Slit in the Nose, and suffer other operations not very agreeable to him.

Whach. No, let's be brave, but not too brave, I'll pay for the Windows and all ; my Head's broken, but no matter I'll not be dismay'd ; Well, never men laugh'd and roar'd more : This same Flipp and Punch are rare drinks.

Ding. Nay, I'll hang for't if there be a knot of better Laughers in England.

Whach. We'll laugh with e're a gang in *England* for a thousand pound. Why laughing's all the joy of a mans life.

Blust. Then we have scowr'd so magnanimously these three nights, that we were taken for Sir *William Rant* and his company.

Whach. Sir *William* ? no, no ; oh Sir *William* is the finest, compleatest Gentleman that ever wore a head.

Ding. There are others, Squire, that shall be nameless.

Whach. Oh no, never talk on't : there will never be his Fellow. Oh had you seen him scowre as I did, oh so delicately, so like a Gentleman ! how he clear'd the *Rose-Tavern* ! I was there about Law business, compounding for a Bastard, and he and two fine Gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteely turn'd us all out of the Room, and swing'd us, and kick'd us about, I vow to Gad, 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.

Blust. I'faith did he ? ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Brave fellows ! ha, ha, ha.

Whach. Aye, was't not handsome, ha, ha, ha. And in a minutes time clear'd the whole house, and broke all the windows, beat the woman at the Bar, and swagger'd by themselves. Ha, ha, ha.

Blust. Ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Ha, ha, ha.

Whach. Peace, peace ; hold, hold ! Here he comes, with his brave Friends. Stand by, and observe. Look you there, look you there, there's a fine person ! there's a compleat Gentleman !

Enter Sir William Rant, Wildfire and Tope.

Blust. A good pretty man.

Ding. The man's well enough, but Squire *Whachum* I say for all that.

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Whach. O fie fie, Pretty-man ! well he shall be my pattern while I live, an't please Heaven. You shall see him, oh if did you but hear him swear and curse you'd be in love with him ! He does 'em so like a Gentleman, while a company of ye here about the Town, pop out your Oaths like pellets out of Elder Guns. They come so easily, so sweetly from him, even like Musick from an Organ-pipe.

Sir Will. What do they lay more upon us than we did ? who the Devil should these be that scowre so to be taken for us ?

Wildf. Puh, pox these must be some Scoundrels that prophane our noble actions with vile bungling imitation.

Tope. A man wou'd think we need no imputative wickedness.

Sir Will. These Mushroom Scowers had best see they do it handsomely, and bring no disgrace upon us, or we may chance to whip some of 'em thro' the Lungs about that business.

Whach. Do you hear *Bluster* and *Dingboy* ? Oh if Fate, and my own Industry, could ever make me like this Dear, this gallant *Sir William*, I were at the end of my Ambition.

Wild. 'Tis a hard thing to scowre naturally, and handsomely.

Tope. Every Puppy, now a-days, presumes to set up for a Drunkard ; but there are more good qualities requisite to a Drunkard than to a Minister of State, or a deep Divine. I'll pick up fellows fit for great men every hour in the Street, but a Drunkard.——

Sir Will. Well said, *Jack Tope*, thou art in the right, he must be of Mien and Person not ungraceful, of pleasing Speech, sharp must his Wit be, and his Judgment solid.

Wildf. He must be chearful, easie, and well temper'd.

Tope. He must be well bred have seen the World ; learn'd, knowing, and retentive of a secret : He must have Truth and Courage.

Sir Will. In short, he must be just such a fellow as thou art, if it be possible ; while all the Contemporaries have either Dyed, or left off, and grown sober Sots, thou still persevere'st in generous Lewdness.

Wild. He is only to blame a little, to brush up the Ladies so much, when he's an Ancient Gentleman, and knows his own ability.

Tope. Prithee Stripling, trouble not thy self with what I can do, I can make love enough to make a Husband or Gallant Jealous, and that's as good as any thing thou canst do.

Whach. Look you there now ! Well, all *Europe* cannot show a knot of finer Wits, and braver Gentlemen.

Ding. Faith, they are pretty smart men.

Blust. The Gentlemen, I must confess, are pretty Gentlemen ; but time shall try. I'll say no more——

Sir Will. Gentlemen, I have an adventure will separate us for a while ; but this shall be our *Rendezvous*.

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Wild. 'Tis not fit for a Gentleman to be without an Adventure in this place, *Jack Tope*.

Tope. Pox o' your Whores ! I come here to venture for a good Stomach to my Calvert Salmon, and my Turbot ; your lazy fellows lose the pleasure of the Park, you shou'd be here in a morning, and observe crowching Spaniels hastning to some great mans Levee, whom they wish hang'd ; and lean, assiduous knaves of business running from Office to Office, to get all they can under the Government they hate.

Wild. How many Villains that wish the Government destroyed, yet crowd for places in it.

Sir Will. Such Rogues can do the Government no harm if they be kept out. But *Tope*, if thou growst politick, and troublest they self how matters go, thou art too solid for a Drunkard, and must knock off.

Tope. I knock off ! Gad I scorn your words, I'll bury two or three hundred of you. Hem, hem, I'll scowre in the *Mall* now, if you will, without the help of Spirit of Clary, fasting, and in cold blood : Come on, fall on, I need no provocations to Lewdness.

Sir Will. Hold hold, a Sayl ! a sayl ! Each part, and cruise about.

Wild. Adieu for a while.

Tope. A while ! a pox o' your damn'd Caterwauling : Think on the Turbott and the Calvert Salmon at *Lockets*.

Sir Will. Two a clock be the time. *Ex. Sir Wil. Rant, Wildfire and Tope.*

Whach. Let's follow at a distance and observe 'em. They are the bravest Blades, and purest Witts in Christendom.

Ding. But hark you Squire, by their discourse, even now, they seem to be Whiggs.

Blust. Damn'd Whiggs methinks.

Whac. I am afraid they are a little Whiggish ; really 'tis a thousand pities, they have kept ill company.

Enter Sir Humphry Maggot.

Cods me, here's my Uncle ! Great souls contain your selves.

Sir Humph. How Nephew ! What you are never to be found in your Chamber of late : How will your studies go on at this rate ?

Whach. I was not well this morning, and came to take a little air.

Sir Humph. Air, say you ? Is there not as good air in *Westminster-hall* ? Yes, and a profitable air some find it. I went thither expecting to find you upon a Cricket, civilly taking Reports, I think they call 'em.

Whach. In good time Sir.

Sir Humph. In good time ! Come mind your business, I have made a match for you with my wives second daughter ; the first is a Mad-cap, I'll have nothing to do with her ; but the second for my money. I have agreed with her Mother that you shall give 5000 *l*.

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Whach. I am for the eldest, she is for a mad fellow : She will fall in love, with me, and I'll marry her for nothing. *Aside.*

Sir Humph. How ! What Companions are these ?

Whac. Students of the Temple Sir, hard Students, very hard Students.

Sir Humph. Students of the *Temple* ? they look like Students of *White-Fryers*.

Whac. Have a care what you say Sir ? your words will be actionable they study hard all nights, lye rough, and seldom go to bed.

Sir Humph. Have they read the Year books ?

Whac. Read all all.

Ding. The Devil o' bit, read quoth he ?

Bluster. Year books ! I never read any thing but Gazettes, those are the week books.

Sir Humph. Well Gentlemen de'e hear any news ? I hear the Pope and the King of *France* are agreed.

Ding. We hard Students never mind News, but that's very good.

Sir Humph. Hold I see one that owes me Money, stay I'll come to you here and tell you more, I hope we are all honest.

Whach. Oh aye.

Sir Humph. Do you and they come dine with me then. *Exit Sir Hump.*

Whac. A pox on him, he has hindered us observing these fine Gentlemen, let's walk, we shall lose them. *Exeunt Whachum, Dingboy and Bluster.*

Enter Lady Maggot, after her Tope.

Lady Magg. Are there no Gallants left ? poor gentle love is now neglected, and all mens heads lye towards Knavery and Business. I have walk'd the whole length of the *Mall* alone, on purpose for an amorous Adventure, and met none ; nor have had any observe me except this old Red nos'd, batter'd Drunkard, and yet my shape and habit are enough inviting, besides some Jewels which I seem to conceal, and yet take care to expose, shew my Wealth and Quality sufficiently.

Enter Sir Humphry.

Tope. What solitary adventure is this ? she is richly laden, I'll lay her on board with my two Pounders and my Patereras.

Sir Hump. That must be my sweet Duckling—I know her by her pretty waddle in her Gate—besides I have had a sight of her Rump Jewel : I know it—my Dear, my Chicken I know thee well enough.

Lady Mag. Unlucky Omen for a Lady to be pick'd up by her own musty Husband first ? How now, what old Fellow art thou ?

Sir Humph. Come Chicken ! don't think to bob thy own Dear, don't I know that Jewel ?

THE SCOWERS

Tope. Ha ! This is the Aldermans Wife, I'll cuckold him, that's certain : I have not cuckolded an Alderman these 7 years. If honest *Jack Tope* should live to be kept in his old Age ? Hah !

La. Mag. Well *Sneak-goose* what then ? what do you come poking hither for ?

Sir Humph. Come Chicken, I'll take a walk with thee.

La. Mag. With me ! I faith but you shall not, when did you ever see a Lady of my Quality walk with her own Husband ? well I shall never teach a Citizen manners. I warrant you think you are in *Moor-Fields* seeing Haberdashers walking with their whole Fireside.

Sir Hum. Prithce Chicken be appeas'd :

La. Mag. Chicken ! you are very familiar, what you would have the world believe you Jealous ?

Sir Hum. Who I Jealous ? Heaven forbid.

La. Mag. Besides a Lady of my Quality, that have so many great people of kin to me, to be seen with a pitiful mechanick Alderman. I have disgrac'd the Ancient Noble Family of the *Rants* enough already in marrying you. Be gone I say out of the Park.

Sir. Humph. Well Chicken, thou wilt have thy own way, be not offended no more, I am gone. *Exit Sir Humphry.*

Tope. So now have at her, pray Heaven she be sound—she's of Quality—hah ! may be ne're the sounder for that neither—Hail solitary Damsel ! by thy pensive walking I find thou art in Distress ; and being a true Knight Errant, come to offer thee the succour of my person.

L. Mag. Not in so much distress neither.

Tope. These Vizards have all gotten a road of talking pertly and impudently, they learn it of the Beaux ; come, I know what 'tis thou want'st ; I am ready to pay a Bill at sight.

L. Mag. What do you think I have a mind to drink a Bottle or two ?

Tope. No, thou perverse creature ; thou know'st my meaning well enough ; if thou wilt have me speak broad I can bear it, have at thee.

L. Mag. Hold, hold, methinks you seem to be an Ancient Gentleman.

Tope. Ancient ! Gad take me, I am tough, and well season'd ! All this last Generation were but half gotten, and have the Rickets.

L. Mag. Do not grow troublesome.

Tope. Troublesome, Sweet-heart, be not foolish : Ah ! thou know'st not what's in me.

L. Mag. Yes, I suppose last Nights lewd Dose, and two Bottles this Morning : That an old Gentleman with one foot in the Grave should be thus lewd.

Tope. Ounds ! I cou'd find in my heart to kick her ; she has provok'd my choller more than ever she can raise my love. But I will dissemble,

THE SCOWERS

a whore she is, my whore I'll make her, that I may revenge the indignity, and use her scurvily. Come, my Dear, thou dost not take me for a Milk-sop, to accept of one denial——Have at her.

——Women born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

La. Mag. Old Gentleman be civil.

Tope. Old agen! you women are for the young stripling that switch, and spur a short race like Citizens on *May-day* in the Park, but we solid Lovers are for the whole course, come come I know what you come for, and you shall not go without it——I'll carry you to a Friends Lodging——and I gad I'll, I'll——no more to be said.

La. Mag. You are a sawcy old Fool, and I'll have you kickt.

Tope. Come, come, you shall go, no matter for that.

La. Mag. Help, help, help!

Enter Wildf.

Wild. A Lady in Distress! Do you want my assistance? I am at your service——How now *Jack*, what Ravishing?

La. Mag. I see you are a man of Honour, a thousand thanks for delivering me from the Assaults of this Libidinous Goat. He is the finest Gentleman I ever saw. *Aside.*

Wild. So fine a Lady shall never want any Service I can do her.

La. Mag. Sweet Sir, really your manner is so obliging.

Tope. These damn'd young Fellows, like Dutch Capers, will snap up all Adventurers, they have the better of us at cruising, we have no game to play at but ready Whore, ready Money.

Wild. You do me too much honour.

La. Mag. O I am charm'd with him—— (*aside*) You have so infinitely oblig'd me, that Sir I assure you I shall be always proud of it, and hope to see you at my house in *Soho* Square.

Wild. You make me blush at my little service: Alas that Gentleman may say what he will, he puts on a rough outside, but he is a very harmless man to a Lady as can be.

Tope. Prithee, now I see her Face take her and make your best on't.

La. Mag. Was there every so rude a Person?

Wild. You know where you are Sir.

Tope. What Sir?

Wild. Prithee *Jack Tope* dissemble a little, there's a trick in't, it shall turn to thy good.

Tope. Pox on her? I care not if she were hang'd. *Exit Tope.*

Lady Mag. Sir I beseech you engage not your Person in my Quarrel, if any hurt should come on't, I should for ever hate and curse my self.

THE SCOWERS

Wild. Not on my honour——this is *Maggot* the Aldermans wife, she has two pretty Daughters come to Town, and great Fortunes ; besides tho she is declining, she is but a little on the other side of the Hill, and looks well and lusty.

Lady Mag. Sir I fear you are meditating on Revenge upon that old Ruffian ; I shall wish I had never been born, if I should engage so fine a Gentleman in danger, for that reason let me desire the honour of your walking with me while I am in the *Mall*, and afterwards if you please to protect me to my House ; I shall there be able to make in some measure a return for this signal favour.

Wild. I am your Slave Madam, wholly at your disposal.

Lady Mag. Oh lucky adventure ! this was the happiest moment of my Life. *aside.* Who's here, my Daughters Governess.

Enter Pris.

Caytiff what dost thou from thy charge ? where are my Daughters ?

Pris. My charge, they have broken loose from me and defy'd me, and you too : They forc'd me to the Park, here they are taken up by a wild Fellow ; who bid his Footmen seize on me and toss me in a Blanket.

Lady Mag. Oh vile wretch ! I'll strangle thee, I'll tear thy Windpipe out, where are they ? speak, speak, speak.

Pris. Hold off your hands, you choke me, I can't speak.

Lady Mag. Where where, you old *Judas* ?

Pris. At the further end of the *Mall*.

Lady Mag. Forgive my indecent passion, and let me beg your assistance——follow Beldame.

Wild. I wait on you Madam, this was a happy opportunity. [*aside.*
Exeunt.

Enter Sir William Rant, Eugenia and Clara.

Clara. Dear Sister, Let's go, I tremble every Joynt, Oh if my Mother should see us ?

Sir Will. Dear pretty Cozen know thy power, and defy the Tyranny of thy Mother.

Clara. The only man my Mother has perpetually warn'd us off.

Sir Will. Ha ! I am glad of that, she could not possibly have contriv'd better to bring us together. [*Aside.*] But dear *Eugenia*, thou sweetest creature that the Earth e'er bore ! consider thy own confinement, and my misery : There is not in a Dungeon such a wretch as I should be without thy kindness.

Eugen. What you take me for a poor weak country thing, as ready to be caught as any Fool you ever ruin'd yet ; I'll make you know I am above your Arts.

THE SCOWERS

Sir Will. You are to me what e're you please to be, but I to you must be the truest, and the heartiest Lover that ever Beauty was too hard for yet.

Eugen. You talk as if you were serious, can you imagine this will pass, how smoothly you rehearse it?

Sir Will. Tear out my heart and thou wilt find thy Image there.

Eugen. Fustian! rapture! said to a hundred tawdy things in a week. Can you think me so mad to fling my self away upon so notorious a lewd creature? 'Tis a certain ruin to be seen with you.

Sir Will. I am struck in a moment, you have already converted me, I will be as remarkable in my penitence, as ever I was in my wickedness, Parsons shall write books of it, and preach upon it while I am living.

Eugen. A very pretty piece of Raillery.

Sir Will. Raillery! by Heaven and Earth!

Eug. Nay, nay, no swearing, your Bead roll's long enough already, you shall have no Sin added to it upon my account.

Clara. Sister, dear Sister lets be gone.

Sir Will. All the Sins I ever shall commit will fall upon you, I shall run mad, stark mad, most furiously mad.

Eug. What madder than you have been?

Sir Will. My former life will be thought an Anchorets to what will follow, if you refuse me. I am resolv'd to use all the ways that e're were try'd to gain a woman,—and did the world depend on me, I'de ruin all before I'de lose you.

Clara. Oh fearful, I dare not hear him any longer.

Eugen. Softly good Sir, he that dares make love to me must undergo a Task too hard for you.

Sir Will. Name it, there's nothing too hard for such a Lover.

Eug. I must have my weekly Tribute of Sonnet and Madrigal, full of sacred, divine, Nymph and Goddess.

Sir Will. It shall be done.

Eug. And my daily offering of humble, and disconsolate billets deux about the Lustre of my Beauty, the light of my Eyes, &c.

Sir Will. And this.

Eugen. I must have all former women sacrific'd to me, and he must not dare to look upon another besides me.

Sir Will. All all, if I had ten thousand.

Eugen. All lewd Company must be deserted, and Wine abolished save three Glasses at a meal, and he must be the pattern of Vertue for the whole Town, consider now, and tremble.

Sir Will. All this shall be done, I have considered, and will consider no more, nor think, nor live any longer than I shall call *Eugenia* mine.

THE SCOWERS

Enter Lady Maggot, Wildfire and Priscilla.

La. Mag. Oh Heaven they are here with my Nephew, the lewdest wretch that ever breath'd this wicked air, but hold !

Clara. What delicate man is this ? He is a most surprizing creature, Heav'n ! would I had not seen him ! *Clara looking about, spies Wildfire first.*

Wild. What Angel's this ? I ne'r saw Beauty till this minute. She has struck me under the left Pap.

Clara. Oh my Mother.

La. Mag. Do you start you Baggages ? were it not in the Park, I'd make you such Examples of my Rage—come along—I'll rout you out of this place. Go, go packing through St. *James's* house : I'll bring up the Rear. Follow 'em you old Gipsy, Governess. Nephew how dare you commit this outrage, this insolence upon me ! Avoid my presence, and never more come near me or my house.

Wild. This new Beauty has fir'd me, and blown me up.

Sir Will. Look thee, my Termagant, Masculine, He-Aunt, if thou usest me or my Cousins thus, I will scowre, and roar thee out of *Soho-Square* into *Mark-lane* again : And that will break thy heart.

La. Mag. I will consider of that. Sir, if you please let me still hold the honour of your company ; haste, haste. *To Wildfire.*

Wild. Why how now *Tom* !

Sir Will. Peace *Will* peace, I'll keep my time. [*Ex. Wild. and Lady Mag.*]

Tope. What a Devil has *Tom Wildfire* taken up my Aunt ?

Enter Tope.

Tope. How now Knight Errant, have you done adventuring for Surgeons work ? 'tis almost Dinner time, I long for Brimmers, did you see who went off with your Aunt ! is she given to stumble ? will she take a stone in her Ear ?

Sir Will. She comes of a good strain by the Males, but come along with me we'll make 'em a visit, what Rogues are these ?

Enter Whac. Ding. and Blust.

They have dog'd and star'd at us ever since we came into the Park, one looks like a tawdry Spark of the City, and the other two like Bayliffs followers.

Whac. Sir, I understand Sir, that you are Sir *William Rant*, Sir.

Sir Will. I am, what then ?

Whac. Nay no offence, my name is *Tim Whachum*, Alderman *Whachums* Son deceased, and Alderman *Maggot* your Uncle in laws Nephew.

Sir Will. It may be so.

Tope. What would this Puppy be at ?

THE SCOWERS

Whach. I have seen your Person before, and admir'd you, I have seen you scower so rarely, Sir I have had a mighty Ambition for the honour of your acquaintance ; For my part, Sir, I am a very mad Fellow as any wears a head, and I conceive Sir you love a mad Fellow.

Sir Will. A very pleasant Rascal.

Whach. I have heard Sir, that you delight much in drinking, whoring, scowring, beating the Watch, breaking Windows and serenading, and the like Sir.

Sir Will. Was there ever such an awkward Rogue, to make a man out of love with Lewdness.

Whac. Now if there be madder Fellows about the Town than I, and my two Companions—Why we have been bound over to the Sessions three times this week. I suppose you may have heard of our roaring about *Holbourn, Fetter-lane, Salisbury-court, &c.*

Sir Will. Yes I have Sir, and you are most gallant, and magnanimous Fellows. Now all's out *Jack Tope*, we will so swinge these Rogues, Here's a Fellow of this Nuncles breeding.

Whach. Now good noble Sir if you please to honour us with your Acquaintance, I vow to Gad Sir, I shall be as proud Sir, as proud Sir as—

Sir Will. Sir 'tis much to my Advantage, and I embrace the honour most greedily.

Whach. Well here's the finest Gentleman that ever beat a Constable, let him be whom he will ; Sir, Sir I am most infinitely overjoy'd, be pleas'd to know my Friends, Godsookes, they are as gallant Fellows as ever walk'd the streets at Midnight.

Sir Will. Your Servant Gentlemen.

Ding. Your most obsequious Spaniel.

Blust. Your most humble Trout.

Tope. Trout ! Pox on him for a Blockhead, is that Fellow a Trout ?

Sir Will. Be pleas'd to know my Friend.

Whach. Sir I am no Stranger to your Worth, and Magnanimity ; now noble Sir if you, and your Gang will compleat this Honour, and sup with us to night at the Bear and Harrow, behind *St. Clements*, where we intend to begin our Frolick ; it may be Sir you may see scowring that will not be amiss.

Sir Will. We will, be sure to bespeak a good Supper.

Whach. Dam me I am overjoy'd Sir, if we joyn together we'll carry all the Town before us, your Servant sweet Sir, I'll be sure to bespeak Supper, do you love a huge Shoulder of Mutton and Oysters, and a couple of fat Capons in the first place.

Sir Will. Aye aye, very well : at Eight let it be.

Whac. Come *Dingboy* and *Bluster*, I am transported, I have much ado to forbear Huzzaing in the *Mall*. *Exit Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.*

THE SCOWRERS

Tope. Did you ever meet such nauseous Rascals, they will convert more than the drunken *Spartan* Slaves.

Sir Will. Whett thy Rage and let us make examples of 'em, now will I teaze my haughty Aunt, and confound my foolish Uncle. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Wildf. La. Mag. Eugenia, Clara, Priscilla.

L. Mag. **S**O, you young Rebellious Sluts, I have you safe ; I'll teach you to go to the Park.

Eugen. So you do, by your own example.

L. Mag. Yes, Huswife, I am experienced, and proof against temptation, by my known Vertue and Wisdom.

Clara. And we doubt not but our unknown Vertue and Wisdom, as you call it, will defend us too.

L. Mag. How now, Mrs. Milksop, are you grown pert and refractory ?

Prisc. She, she is as bad as t'other every whit.

L. Mag. There's none so bad as thee, old puss. Thou filthy, toothless, wormeaten old Maid, I'll maul thee, thou Witch of *Endor*. [*She beats and*

Prisc. Murther, Murther, Murther, will you throttle me ? *kicks her.*

Wild. I cannot live without my pretty Creature : What charms are these ? What do I feel ?

Clara. Oh Sister, the sight of this man has ruin'd me ; I never shall recover it.

Eugen. Ah ! art thou there faith, recover it : Why, who would put a stop to love ? Give Reins to it, and let it run away with thee.

L. Mag. Oh ! prodigious and amazing ! Did they say all this ?

Prisc. Yes, that they did, and ten times more : So they did, what would you have me do ? They said they would throw off your Tyranny, and have no more to do with you.

L. Mag. Oh, Heaven ! Is this true ? Did you say so, young Rebels ?

Eugen. Yes, and are resolv'd to do so. Sister, take courage, and speak thy mind.

Clara. We were not made to be mew'd up like the Hawks in moulting time.

Eugen. We were born free, and we'll preserve that freedom ; we have learn'd more Wit than to call Self-defence Rebellion.

Wildf. Brave mettled Girls : I grow mad in Love, and 'twill break out into a flame. [*Aside.*

THE SCOWRERS

L. Mag. Most amazing impudent Girls ; I'll tear your eyes out.

Eugen. Offer to use us thus one moment longer, and I will choose my Unkle *Rant* my Guardian.

Clara. And I am resolv'd to do the same.

L. Mag. Most incredible impudence, let me come at 'em.

Wildf. I beseech your Ladyship. [*He takes Eugenia and Clara by the hands.*]

If you be unkind as you are fair, I am for ever miserable. [*Privately to Clara.*]

Clara. Heav'n ! what do I hear !

L. Mag. Sir, I humbly demand your pardon ; I must confess, the disorders of my Family have transported me into an indecent passion, which a Lady of my Quality should not have exposed to a person so gallant and well-bred as your self.

Wildf. Pardon me, Madam.

L. Mag. But you shall find, Noble Sir, that she who can to extravagance be sensible of affronts and injuries, can with as much zeal and ardency, resent the generous favour you have loaded her with.

Wildf. Madam, you make me blush with——

L. Mag. And I'll assure you, Sir, there is not a person living, who can be more grateful to a person, that obliges any person, than I shall show my self to your Noble Person.

Eugen. Hey : What Riddle's this ?

Clara. Oh, *Eugenia*, pity me : I am ruin'd ! lost to all the World !

Eugen. But to him, and him, and only him.

L. Mag. You young Rebellious Sluts, go to your Chamber, I'll come to you and discourse these matters calmly with you.

Eugen. We'll obey. [*Exeunt Eugenia and Clara.*]

L. Mag. You *Cecropia*, when they are in their Chamber lock the Door upon them, and keep the Key, or I will strangle thee, thou old wither'd she Baboon.

Prisc. Hey ho, hey ho, what shall I say, what shall I do ! *Exit Prisc.*

Wildf. I am finely drawn in ! Must I come at the Daughter by the Mother ? my Conscience ne'r will serve me, that's certain : She's furious too, what the Devil shall I do to keep her off ; I'll try great civility and respect to her.

La. Mag. Now noble Sir, I beseech you please to retire where we shall have a fitter place and opportunity more apt to express my grateful resentments.

Wildf. For Heavens sake, Madam, put not a value upon nothing ; you have those charms, those graces, and that wit and beauty, that all the services of my life would be too little to express the passion which I have for you.

La. Mag. Oh Lord, Sir, for me ! a person that—I beseech you Sir let

THE SCOWRERS

us retire, since I have something to impart to you, in which I willingly would not meet an interruption.

Wildf. I am yours, and only yours.

Ex. Wildf. and Lady.

Enter Priscilla.

Prisc. So now they are sure, I have 'em under Lock and Key, I warrant 'em.

Enter Sir Humphry Maggot, Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Sir Humph. How now old *Prisc.* Where is my Lady?

Prisc. With a Gentleman who came to visit her, in her Chamber; he is a stranger, I know him not. But I'll take care she shall not be surpriz'd.

Aside.

Sir Hump. Tell her I am here, bid 'em hasten dinner and bid the Butler bring some Hock for a whet; we in the City can't eat without several whets in a forenoon.

Whach. I whet so often when I am there, that at last 'tis a blunt.

Sir Humph. Well said Nephew, you shall see your Mistress presently.

Enter Butler with a Bottle.

Come, here fill a Glass. May I crave your names again, Gentlemen.

Bluster. Mine is *Bluster.*

Dingboy. And mine is *Dingboy.*

Sir Humph. Brave names for bold pleaders at the Bar.

Whach. They plead at the Bar! ha, ha, ha: They may hold up their hands there, but never hold up a breviate to point at a Judge with. *Aside.*

Sir Humph. Come Nephew all of us chockon, chockon, to an absent friend, ha, hum; you know—no more to be said. *They clash their Glasses.*

Whach. Blust. Ding. With all our hearts.

Sir Humph. Well, things will come about again. Let me tell you, we shall be upon a right bottom once more.

Blust. I am glad to hear you say so: Your Worship's a wise man.

Whach. As wears a Head in the City.

Ding. As wears a pair of Horns there.

Aside.

Sir Humph. Look you, the King of *France* will have the greatest Fleet in the World at the *Needles* by *February*.

Whach. But those *French* do so burn Houses, Churches, Barns, Men, Women and Children, that I am affraid they'll do a great deal of hurt.

Sir Hump. Ay that's to their Enemies, but they are our Friends. Did not the Grand *Lewis* declare so? and that he lov'd the Church? by that brave and gallant Person, our Friend Admiral *Bagnio*.

Whach. Oh ay, all he does is out of kindness to us, and the sincere Friendship he has for his Kindred, I'll tell you, but we say here that, the *Turks* are beaten.

THE SCOWERS

Sir Hump. Pish not a word, alas we never have any Truth, a worthy *Roman* Catholick whom I rely upon, told me that this same Duke of *Croy* lost his whole Army, and ran away by himself to the Emperour, and the *Turks* are now in possession of that Bridge and Town, and County of what do you call 'em, of *Essex* in *Moldavia*, and *Teckley* and the great Bashaw have coop'd up the *German* Army. Give us another Whett.

Whac. Come on.

Sir Hump. Here's to the *Turk*, the *Pope*, and King of *France*, we are of one side now.

Blust. & Ding. Come on.

Sir Hump. We hear all Lyes : I warrant you think *Cork* and *Kinsale* are taken, No no no, not a word ; but come we shall have my Wife or some body come to interrupt us, let's retire into my smoaking Room, and we'll discourse freely of these affairs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Maggot and Wildfire.

Wild. Oh Madam the great Tenderness I have for your Ladyships honour, chills my blood.

Lady Mag. 'Tis generously spoken most noble Sir, though I am perfect mistress of my own house.

Wild. Oh Madam the danger affrights me from the chief happiness : I wish on earth never man had such a passion as I have for her Daughter. *aside.*

Lady Mag. So generous a passion, I cannot but think an honour to me, but I must have all go in the Platonick way henceforth, I shall make bold to call you my *Strephon*, and I beseech you to accept of this Ring.

Wild. Dear Madam you confound me.

Lady Mag. Dear Sir it must not be refused, I vow'd never to part with it but as a pledge of my affection, and you being the worthiest Gentleman I ever saw.

Wild. You undo me with your Favours ; this may be of use as I will make it. *aside.* I long to have the honour of your Ladyships conversation at my house, where I may fully express the violent passion I have.

Lady Mag. Sweet Sir ! (*A Flourish of Fiddles.*) Ha what noise is that ? some Rogues, Fidlers are come to welcome my Daughters to Town ; I'll leave you for a moment Sir to see if they be safe. *Exit* Lady Maggot.

Wild. What a prize would this be to a young Fellow, who wanted a keeper, who can part with such a Ring for a bare promise, which I am sure I ne'r will keep.

Enter Sir William Rant.

Sir Will. What is there no body in the house ? hah *Tom* what will nothing serve you but my Family, but she is by the half blood.

THE SCOWRERS

Wild. Upon my honour *Will.* thou art in the wrong, I have no design upon thy Aunts person, but I hope to make her my instrument for stealing one of her Daughters persons.

Sir Will. How, one of her Daughters !

Wild. You know I have a good clear Estate, I saw your two Cousins by accident, and am so devillishly in Love with one of 'em, that I am resolv'd if I can, even to marry her for one good night, though I were sure to be hang'd next Morning.

Sir Will. As for the honour of my Aunt, lye with her when you will, and I'll be no more concerned than other Sparks about the Town are for their Sisters ; but for my Cousins know I am in love to greater madness with one of 'em, and if yours happens to be her, I am sure that both of us shall not live.

Wild. Thou knowest *Will.* I am not capable of fear, if it be my fate to be in Love with the same, I can bewayl it, but can never alter.

Sir Will. Keep me in doubt no longer, in this case a short clearing of the matter's best.

Wild. You are in the right, and it must out, it is——

Sir Will. Which.

Wild. The youngest.

Sir Will. My dear dear *Tommy*, let me hug and kiss thee ; go on and prosper, I'll assist thee.

Enter Lady Maggot.

La. Mag. Mercy on me, who's here ! are they such dear friends ? What will become of me ! Yet sure he's a man of Honour ; he has too fast hold on me, and 'tis too late to retreat.

Sir Will. Oh my sweet, my honour'd Aunt, your humble servant ; it is a common blockheaded trick to serenade and disturb people at midnight, I am come to serenade you at Noon, and have ordered my dinner to come hither, I come a house-warming.

La. Mag. Unheard of Impudence, thou most audacious Fellow, thou only blemish of our Family, did I not forbid thee my house ? must thou bring Infamy where it never entred.

Sir Will. Look thee Aunt, if thou wilt be civil and well bred, I will kiss thy Hand, make Legs and use thee like an Aunt, but if wars must ensue, I will roar and scowre thy house so, that thou mightest lye as quietly in a besieged Town, with Bombs and Carcasses flying about thy Lodging.

Lady Mag. Avaunt thou Devil incarnate, I'll order thee.

Sir Will. Nay then, enter my Friend *Jack Tope*, all my Singers, and Fiddles, and my whole Equipage *De boyre*.

Wild. Fear not your person, I'll protect it.

THE SCOWERS

La Mag. You shall not expose your own for it, most generous Sir, I'll order him, lewd wretch.

Sir Will. Come, enter.

Enter Tope, Sir Williams Servants and Musicians.

Lady Magg. Help, help, here Mr. Alderman, Mr. Maggot.

Sir Will. Strike up my Lads.

They all roar and sing and play the

Tope. Come on my Boys, halloo.

Tune of, Let the Souldiers rejoyce.

Come Lady give me thy hand, dance and frisk about.

Lady Mag. Hang the old Coxcomb, Hold, hold, hold, Mr. Maggot, Mr. Maggot.

Enter Sir Hump. Whac. Blust. Ding. & Butler, with other servants.

Sir Hum. Hah, Gad forgive me, who are here?

Sir Will. Oh honest Alderman, nown Nuncle, i' faith we are come to roar a little with thee, and we have ordered our Dinner, we come a house-warming.

Lady Mag. Oh thou tame Beast, wilt thou hear them speak? make a Warrant and send them to the *Gatehouse*, or *Newgate*.

Sir Humph. Oh Nephew have a care of him, let's retire.

Sir Will. Look you Mr. Alderman, I have secured the Pass, if you will be a good towardly Unkle and take advice by me, it shall be most profound peace, and great Civility, but if you will provoke me, I'll make you spend your time very uneasily.

Whac. Oh rare, *Bluster* and *Dingboy*, here will be gallant sport, to our Hearts desire.

La. Mag. Oh pitiful Nincompoop, what dost fear him?

Sir Hump. Good Chicken, have a little patience.

Tope. Consider Madam, patience is a great vertue for a Lady of your years.

Lady Mag. My years, I spit at thee thou old musty Rascal, my years! Oh thou cowardly Wittal, is thy wise Nephew a coward too: I will thunder in their ears.

Sir Hump. Nay let thee alone thou art a notable Girl.

La. Mag. Begone you Villains, lewd Rascals.

Sir Will. Strike up, out noise her! *They roar, and sing, and play; and*

La. Mag. Ruffians, Vagabonds, Ragemuffians, *leap about, and so do*
Slaves, Dogs, Scoundrels, hold, hold, hold. *Whachum, Bluster and*
Dingboy.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, shall we come to Articles of Peace?

Sir Will. Oh Gallant! Oh rare sport! by Gad they are the finest Gentlemen in Christendome.

Sir Hump. Mercy on me Nephew, did you sing and rejoyce with them.

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Whach. Gad take me Sir, 'tis such a pretty Tune, flesh and blood could not forbear.

Tope. Alderman, I will swinge thee with brimmers, and make thy old mouldy Aldermanship, more drunk than ever any of the huzzaing, roaring loyal Rascals were, who would have given up the City Charter.

Wild. I beseech you Madam, dissemble a little patience, they shall give a severe account upon my honour.

La. Mag. Well you have silenc'd me, and in some measure appeased me since you say you intend only a civil Musick Consort and a Dance, what would you more, I am tame.

Sir Will. I must have both my Cousins, it is my intention to welcome them to Town.

Lady Mag. Out of my house, you shall be hang'd first, bring Infamy upon them, they are far enough off.

Sir Will. *Ralph* secure the passes, and let no body out, send for my precise house-keeper, and instruct her as I bid thee.

Ralph. Yes, I must do it.

Sir Will. Come my Lads march and roar, I will search every Room in the house, but I will have her. *Ex. Sir William and Fiddles, &c.*

La. Mag. Oh thou sneaking old Fumbling Fool! get thou out thou Coward, Maggot, Insect, Nittworm.

Sir Hump. Why Chicken, chicken, chicken.

La. Mag. Get thee out I say, and send for a Constable, and send them to Jail. *She beats him out.*

Wildf. Come along Madam, I'll protect you, and appease them, put on a little patience, and I'll warrant you all shall be well. [*Exeunt Wild. and Lady.*]

Whac. Huzza my dear Rascals! Here's a day! here's a happy day! Let's hugg and kiss one another, oh my brave Midnight-boys, what a night shall we have with this rare, this excellent, this most accomplish'd Gentleman! Oh I could kiss the ground he goes upon.

Blust. Now we are leagu'd, we'll govern all the Town by night.

Ding. We shall be stil'd the High and Mighty Princes of the night.

Whac. Shall our dull Loggerheaded Magistrates think to rule the City, with old decrepid Fools in Rug-gowns, and Furr'd Caps, no let them govern by day, but Gad take me, we honest Fellows will swagger by Night. Boys, Ha Rogues, have at them, hey. *Exit Alderman.*

Sir Hump. What shall I do? Look, my Nephew and his Companions rejoyce as much as any of 'em.

Whach. Hold; my Uncle!

to them.

Sir Hump. Students of the Law, quoth he! Rakehells damn'd Rakehells, pray come and retire with me. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Sir Will. Euge. Clara, Lady Mag. Wild. Tope. All the Musick and Servants, singing and roaring, &c.

Sir Will. Madam this is to save the trouble of a *Habeas Corpus*, to free my Cousins from illegal Imprisonment.

Lady Mag. to Wild. Well I will have patience Sir, but to morrow into the Country they go, and shall never come into this wicked Town, till their Husbands shall think fit to bring 'em.

Wild. You will do well. [to her.
aside.

Tope. We Knights Errant, Lady, are bound by our noble order to succour distressed Damsels, and free them from enchanted Castles, and to male Gyants, and more fell creatures, your Viragos Madam, your Viragos, hah.

Sir Will. Now my pretty sweet Cousins, let me have the honour to entertain you with Musick, as your welcome to Town, this is a Forenoon Serenade.

Eug. Sir 'tis a favour we must think our selves obliged for, after Bagpipers, blind-Harpers, and Country old-fashion'd Virginal Masters.

Clara. And which is worse than all, the full cry of a country Cathedral.

Lady Mag. Very well, very well Baggages, I'll order you. aside.
Let 'em begin *Sir William*.

Sir Will. Now you are my good Aunt, I love and honour you, now I have brought you to reason, come Gentlemen begin.

Tope. Where's my Alderman? my dear Alderman? I must have him here, I will fetch him in. *Exit Tope.*

Re-enter with the Alderman Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Wildf. If you do not contrive suddenly, to get your Aunt out of the way for a moment, that I may speak to my Mistress, I am utterly ruin'd. I'll tell you the Reason.

Sir Will. I warrant you, after the dance expect I have a way. *Musick*

Eug. 'Tis admirable Musick. *A Song.*

Clara. And well performed.

Sir Hump. I charge you Nephew, avoid this Company, as you would Bears or Tygers.

Whach. Avoid 'em, no I'll hang first, good Nuncle, I intend to throw off your Yoke immediately, our scowring cannot be long conceal'd.

Tope. Pox I hate these melancholy, foolish, love Madrigals, with damn'd imitation of the *Italians* quavering and division, one Jolly drinking Song, is worth a thousand, you shall let me have my Frolick, sing me a *Chanson de boire.* *A drinking Song.* Hah this is right, I

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Gad there's some mettall in this, a Pox of *Phillis* and *Cloris*, this is my Frolick.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well *Jack*, now strike up for a Dance, and by that time Dinner will enter.

Tope. Come along my Lads, hem, hem, now Madam you shall see who's old, I will be Master of the Revels, and couple ye, here Alderman you shall dance with my Lady, no parting Man and Wife, ne'r dispute, Gad it shall be so : Here *Will* here's a Lady for you. *He gives him Eugenia.*

Tom Wildfire here's a Lady for you. *gives him Clara.*

And for my self, I have a pretty young Jade in my Eye, here come out, come I say, I'll feague thee away i' faith, strike up, strike up, men of Rosin, Old ! Gad take me, I'll see who's old now.

Sir Will. Why thou art a Youth, a Lad *Jack* in thy prime.

Lady Mag. Oh thou old fumbling cowardly Fellow to bear all this, I'll order thee, Old Numps.

Sir Hump. Gad forgive me, what a sad life shall I live with ? Chicken.

Tope. Strike up again.

Whac. What a Pox they make nothing of me, but I'll make something of my self, they shall find.

They dance, Whacum jumps and struts, and Dance. dances awkwardly with them.

Sir Will. Now *Tom* watch, my Lady will follow me ; Madam I beg the Honour of one word in the next Room. [*Sir Will, draws Eug. to the next Room.*]

Eug. I will if it be only to tease my Mother.

Tope. Come my little Rogue, let us retire, Alderman I will lye with thy Maid, and make thee drunk, and that will be a good days work.

Sir Humph. Go you are a Wag, i' faith you are.

Lady Mag. Oh Impudence ! My vile Nephew run away with my Daughter, along with me old Fool, with your Nephew and his Friends, come, come.

Sir Hump. Well Chicken well, come along Nephew and Students.

Exeunt Lady, Sir Humphry, Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Wild. Madam your opportunities are so few, and like to be fewer, that it were an unpardonable sin to let one slip, your mother intends to send you into the Country by violence to morrow morning, you see Madam I dare not address to you before her.

Clara. Sir you oblige me in this notice, but my Sister and we will prevent it.

Wildf. I humbly beg the honour of serving you, never man had such a passion as you have raised in me, a flame will ruine and destroy me, your Person nothing can deserve, but my Estate is plentiful without incumbrance.

Clara. Pardon me Sir, that I am so free with you, you are a wild man

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of the Town, and I would as soon commit myself to the Mercy of the Sea, in a storm, as into your Hands.

Wildf. I should not presume to be thus daring to mention love, at first encounter, but that the difficulty is like to be so great of seeing you ; and I must let you know it, if you refuse me, I must perish, and I dare prophesy you'll be unfortunate.

Enter Priscilla, and Exit presently.

Pris. Are you at that sport, this shall to my Lady.

Clara. 'Tis better to be unfortunate than foolish.

Wildf. Whatever I have been, the world shall never make me wild again unless your scorn should make me desperate, and then what fury it may drive me to I know not.

Clara. Nor have I reason to be concern'd, 'twill be no fault of mine. Why does the custom of our foolish Sex oblige us to lying, I see no prospect of any thing but ruine ; I am resolv'd never to joyn my self to Lewdness, and yet his Person charms me into madness, oh misfortune !

She weeps.

Wildf. I shall wish all the world except your self, on fire ! if you despise me.

Enter Whachum sneakingly.

Curse on this Rascal, I could willingly cut his throat.

Whach. Madam your most obedient Servant. Sir under the Rose she is my Mistress.

Wildf. Damnation on this Loggerhead.

Whach. I'll tell you in your ear her Father had made a match for me and her, and I am to give her Mother 5000*l.* for her, ha, hum.

Wildf. 'Tis very well.

Whac. Ay but you are a man of honour, to tell you truth I am for the Eldest, she loves a mad Fellow like me.

Wildf. Now Madam consider, your Father in Law has made a match, and your Mother has sold you for 5000*l.* to this Puppy, but he says he is for the Eldest, she loves a mad Fellow like him.

Whac. Sir, let me tell you, 'tis somewhat uncivil to tell words that I spoke under the Rose, I trusted to the Faith of a gallant Scowrer.

Wildf. Thou art a mighty thick skull'd Coxcomb, and I have a great Temptation to tweak thee by the Nose.

Whac. Gad save me he is a very gallant Gentleman.

Enter L. Maggot haling in Eugenia by the Hand, Sir Will. and Pris. follow.

Lady Mag. Oh outrageous impudence ! You steal one Daughter out of my presence, and another makes love to her I left, I'll blow up the house before I'll bear this.

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Wildf. spying my Lady. Prithee come on your self, you sneaking City wit and make love to your Mistress your self, do you think to put me upon it.

Whac. What a Devil do's he mean.

aside.

Wild. You are the bashfullest Fop, I ever saw, prithee stand up, hold up your head, and speak your mind. Oh Madam I humbly kiss your Ladyships hands, your Kinsman here has been putting me upon saying fine things for him.

Lady Mag. I am overjoy'd to find you the same man of honour I thought you, but my Nephew Sir *William*—

Wildf. Madam, I never keep him Company.

Enter Tope, Alderman, Bluster and Dingboy.

Tope. Come on my Lads, all you that are not given to mornings draughts rejoyce, enter Dinner in state, come in Fiddles, I am Sewer and will march in the head of it. Enter Venison, Turbott, Calvert Salmon and the rest and let the lusty Bearers of the swinging Hamper come, do you Friends bring up the Rear.

Lady Mag. Well I will dissemble, till I get these Rascals out of my house.

aside.

Whac. Oh my dear Rogue here will be sport, here will be a glorious day! *Bluster and Dingboy* that old Gentleman is a very pretty Gentleman!

Tope. Now strike up and march along Boys.

They march out with Dinner, singing and roaring, and old Tope in the head of them.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Eugenia, Clara, in their Chamber.

Euge. **H**ERE will be fine work to day, the Alderman will be typsy'd as he calls it, my Lady-mother will be outrageous; but it seems she intends us for the Country to morrow.

Clara. And has sold me for 5000*l.* to the Aldermans most impertinent Nephew.

Euge. And no doubt has made as good a bargain for me, but we will defeat her Ladship: And for that end I withdrew with thee to consult about our Deliverance.

Clara. I have no prospect of Deliverance, let me stay here, or go into

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the Country, I must be for ever miserable ; I am in love to madness, to utter madness.

Euge. No sure it cannot be, did not I hear a certain young Lady say, she would not fall in love with a wild man of the Town, tho he could joynture her with the *East Indies*.

Clara. Oh *Eugenia* ! 'tis against my will, I sooner would have chosen to have been blasted with Lightning : Love struck as fiercely through my heart, and as little could I resist it : But prithee do not triumph over my Misfortune.

Euge. Misfortune : why Loves the greatest blessing upon Earth, Life is nothing but a Shadow, Love is the Substance : Methinks I should be nothing but a moving clod without it : Besides he loves thee as furiously too, what wouldst thou have ?

Clara. Not him of all the world.

Euge. Nor I the other, till I see a full Reformation in his Life, and Manners ; If they think us worth that, they will soon shew the change, if they do not, sure we shall have the sense to think them not worthy of us.

Clara. These wild young men, like Tinder soon take Fire, and as soon 'tis out again ; they'll never change, nor has Love left me any sence but of my Misery——

She weeps.

Euge. Poor *Clara* ! What dost weep ? poor Girl, thou art a Maudlin Lover ; This comes of Romances : I could never wean thee from 'em, for my part I am resolv'd to keep up my Spirit, come what will.

Clara. Prithee do not laugh at me, to be a Jest is the vilest, and most miserable of Conditions.

Euge. And that thou wilt deserve, if thou wilt not do any thing towards thy own Freedom, thou art like those unreasonable craven Fellows that would do nothing towards the Deliverance of *England*, and yet would have all the benefit of the change, nay would keep those that did, out of the Government.

Clara. Prithee don't draw a Simile upon me, I am resolv'd to do any thing Reason or Honour will allow.

Euge. In the first place, you resolve to choose my Uncle *Rant* your Guardian.

Clara. I do.

Euge. Secondly to be rul'd by him, he is a just, vertuous and honourable man, and of great Humanity.

Clara. I will wholly resign my self to him.

Euge. Thirdly and lastly, thou wilt take the first opportunity of honourably and prudently running away.

Clara. I will.

Euge. Thy hand upon't.

Clara. Done.

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Eug. Now let my brain work, what has our Jaylor been at the Door?

Clara. Twas very silently. *Pris. unlocks the Door, and lets in Whachum.*

Euge. Are you there old Mrs. Turnkey?

Pris. Yes, and you are like to be there, I can tell you, while I am so.

Whach. Ladies I am your most humble Footstool to command, we have had a smart bout on't with these Gallants, to say the Truth on't, they are as fine Gentlemen as e're the Sun shin'd on.

Eug. But how came you to enter here, sweet Sir?

Whac. Sweet Sir! good. *aside.* By your Lady Mothers Command dear sweet Madam, I have an affair to communicate to you, Madam *Eugenia!* But it must be in private, your Ear sweet Madam.

Clara. You need not whisper, I'll into the Closet.

Whach. Now Madam, Cozen, if I may be so bold, but I hope to be nearer of Kin to you.

Eug. What you have bought my Sister for 5000*l.* I hear?

Whach. Yes that I have of your Lady Mother, but as Gad save me I think my Lady's too dear, she is a very *Jew*, she has no Conscience, and to tell you the Truth Madam, as I am an honest man, betwixt you and I, I don't like the bargain, I had rather buy you Gold to Silver.

Eug. To tell you Truth, I don't like that bargain.

Whac. You are a Wag Madam, but I am for your aery, brisk, gay, wild, young Filly, such as you are, there's your Lady for my Money; and if you will be rul'd by me, we'll save the 5000*l.* and mump my Lady, Faith what say you? hah hum.

Eug. My Lady shall have no 5000*l.* there I'll be rul'd by you.

Whac. Sweet Madam, I kiss your hands, Come, come, I know your heart, as well as if I were in you, as the saying is, come you love a brave mad Fellow, such as I am, Sniggs, I am one of the maddest Fellows about the Town, I sing, roar, serenade, bluster, break Windows, demolish Bawdy-houses, beat Bawds, scower the Streets, and the like, as well as any he that swaggers in the Town, ha Lady.

Eug. A very pretty ingenious Fellow.

aside.

Whach. Ay Madam, I am all Frolick, how many Knockers of Doors do you think I have at home now, that I twisted off when I scower'd, guess now:

Eug. 'Tis impossible to guess.

Whac. Why above two Hundred, ha hum, is not that very well? O my Conscience this morning I beat 20 Higling women! spread their Butter about the Kennel, broke all their Eggs, let their sucking Pigs loose, flung down all the Peds with Pippins about the streets, scower'd like Lightning, and kick'd fellows like Thunder, ha, ha, ha.

Eug. Very well.

Whach. Ay waßt not, ha, ha, ha; I wip'd out all the Milk scores at the

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Doors, nay I went about serenading with six Fiddlers in a Dung-cart. Ha, ha, there was a Frolick, ha, ha, there's a mad fellow for you, and you talk of a mad Fellow ; 'tis true Sir *William* and his Companions are pretty men, very pretty men : But I wou'd you saw me scower.

Eug. You a mad Fellow, and talk of scowring ! why don't you break open the door, and beat our old sawcy Governess for locking us up ?

Whac. Ha, now you put me in mind of it, I vow and swear I'll do't presently, for I love and honour you, and if you don't look upon me, I shall hang my self.

Eug. No no, but you are in a pretty fair way for another to do it for you.

Whac. Well Madam, but I'll show you what a mad Fellow I am, this Night I'll scower *Soho* Square, I gad you shall see such scowring, 'twill rejoyce your heart.

Eug. Can you drink hard ?

Whac. Oh bloodily, if you could but see me at the *Popes-head*, no merry gang can be without me, there I laugh, and roar, and sing and am exceeding witty, the purest Company ! never stir, they swear I have more wit than any of the Poets.

Eug. That may very well be by the late Plays I have read, but all this while we are Prisoners.

Whac. Odsookers that's true. Here where are you, old damn'd old she Jaylour ? I'll break open the door. *He bounces at the Door.*

Pris. What means this uproar.

Enter Priscilla.

Whac. Come on Mrs. Tawdry ? Old Trigrimate ? I will make thy dry bones rattle within the old tan'd Hide of thee ; I'll swinge thee, Mother Damnable ! what dost thou lock up these pretty Ladies, Drab, Pole-cat.

Pris. Help, help, Murther, murther. *He hales and turns her about, and oh you young Impudent Fellow, kicks her, she flyes at him and scratches him.*
I'll tear out your Eyes.

Whac. Why how now Hag ! dost thou scratch ?

Enter Clara.

Old Puss, thou art grown into a Cat already, and shortly wilt take the degree of a Witch upon thee, have at thee, do you provoke me you damn'd Puss ?

Pris. Murther, murther, murther. *He beats her and she scratches him.*

Enter Lady Maggot.

La. Mag. Heav'n and Earth ! What outrage is this ? Some trick of yours, you wicked Sluts.

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Whac. Oh she has scratch'd and blooded me all over, for ought I know, I may lose the use of my Face.

Pris. O Madam he has call'd me filthy names, abus'd and beat and kick'd me, for locking these pert unruly Creatures up.

Lady Mag. Death you young Rascal! dare you abuse my faithful Servant for obliging me? you stupid Coxcomb, for keeping your Mistress from running away from that ugly Phiz of thine; get thee out of my house, I'll order thee for a City Puppy, be gone, be gone. *She pummels him*

Whac. Hold hold, hold—was ever such a Vixen? hold! *with her Fan, and Fist as he runs.*

Lady Mag. Come Baggages you were of the party, come come, I'll endure these things no longer.

Euge. Nor we neither.

Lady Mag. How?

Clara. Nor will we be for a Country Journey to morrow.

Lady Mag. Will not?

Eug. & Clara. No, will not.

L. Mag. The World, this House, and my Brains, are turn'd topsy turvy. The plagues of this one day alone are able to distract me: *Priscilla*, thou hast done well, haste and lock 'em up again, I'll try a pluck with ye. *[Ex.]*

Prisc. I warrant 'em, I'll keep them safe. *La. and Prisc.*

Eugen. Let's into our Closet and consult, we will escape before our Country Journey yet. *[Exeunt Eugen. and Clara.]*

Enter Sir William and Wildfire.

Wildf. O *Will*, this Cousin of thine has so bewitch'd me, that I begin to hate lewdness already.

Sir Will. Faith, I have not such a relish for it, methinks, as I have had; but not a word to old *Tope*.

Wildf. When he finds us out, the Rogue will play the Tyrant most insolently.

Sir Will. He'll be worse to us two than *Doll Common* to Face and Subtile: But something must be done to deliver these pretty Rogues; to morrow, at Nine in the Morning, is short warning.

Wildf. Manage matters so, that we may appear Enemies when your Aunt comes to us; and that, with what I have already protested, will beget such confidence of me, that I'll undertake to secure her early in the morning.

Sir Will. I have laid a design, which I hope will take, to free them; but if Stratagem will not do't, Force shall.

Wildf. That may be dangerous, and hinder us for ever. Here she is, I assure you, Sir——

THE SCOWERS

Enter La. Mag.

You shall not carry this off, I pass'd my word to protect your Aunt, and I shall require a strict account of this affront you have put upon her.

Sir Will. What a Devil! Are you concern'd for the honour of my Aunt? What, do you lye with her?

Wilfd. What say you, Sir?

[He offers to draw.]

Lady. Hold, hold; out thou filthy Fellow: Thou foul-mouth'd Brute: Thou very Spirit of Lewdness and Scandal: Shall I, who am most notorious for Vertue and Prudence to the whole Town, be blasted by thy Contagious breath.

Sir Will. Far be it from me to think such a thing; but I might justly, for your sake, suspect his Vanity.

La. Mag. He is a Man of Honour, and a Worthy Gentleman; I would I cou'd say that of thee. But, sweet Mr. *Wildfire*, if you should engage your self in a Quarrel for me, I should never enjoy my self while I lived.

Sir Will. No, Madam, I'll not engage with him; what, mine own Aunt! My dear Aunt! I love and honour thee.

L. Mag. Love and honour thee, quoth he! Pray Love and Honour me, and civilly get out of my House.

Sir Will. I will; but by this hand I will Serenade and Scowre thee most confoundedly.

L. Mag. Sir, I must have your word not to Quarrel: You see what his lewd heart is apt to suggest, upon your beginning One, I shall suffer in my untainted Reputation, besides the exposing your dear person, will endanger my life.

Wildf. You are infinitely gracious.

Enter Tope leading the Alderman, drunk.

Tope. Oh Madam are you there, here is your Alderman safe and sound, I deliver him to you, pray give me a note under your hand for the Receipt of him.

Sir Hump. I fack Mr. *Tope* you are a Wag, ay I fack a very Wag.

Tope. I could make as pretty a Magistrate of him, if I had but the breeding of him as ever slept upon a Bench yet, Old, Madam! *Jack Tope* old, Madam! hah.

Sir Hump. Oh Chicken, Chicken! my dear Chicken! I'll so mouse thee.

Lady Mag. Confusion of *Babel*! what has this day produc'd? I shall run mad, mad, staring mad. *aside*

Sir Hump. Why Chicken! I say, Chicken.

Lady Mag. Why Buzzard, I say Buzzard, get you gone you drunken Owl.

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Tope. Nay Alderman, what are you a Flincher? does the Hen crow? come t'other Brimmer.

Lady Mag. Out on thee old Satan! thou vile Tempter! would'st thou most wickedly seduce a man from the Loyalty, and Obedience he owes to his lawful Sovereign wife.

Sir Hump. One brimmer dear Chicken, it shall be thy health, never stir I'll buss thee my pretty Chicken, I'll buss thee.

Lady Mag. Buss me, oh Insolence! get you out, I say, be gone, ha, what dare you stay?

Sir Hump. Sweet Chicken, now do but hear me.

Lady Mag. How! Is it come to this? Nay then I'll make you go, do you Rebel? [*She strikes him with her Fan, and thrusts him out by the nape of the Neck, and Exit.*]

Tope. Good, good, ha ha, good, hey brave Matrimony! oh rare Matrimony! Oh gallant Matrimony! Most comfortable Matrimony! Oh delicate Matrimony! Oh sweet Matrimony! Oh heavenly Matrimony! Where are you Flinchers? I have been fain to carry on the work of the day, you have been as dull as a couple of old gelt Mastiffes.

Sir Will. Why, *Jack*, thou art the Hero of the Age.

Wild. There's not a Youth in Town comes near thee.

Tope. Hem, hem; Old said ye; hem, hem.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, here's a Letter from your Father, come just now by the Post.

Sir Will. Some wise advice again, I warrant; but how does my House-keeper, and the damn'd Governess agree?

Ralph. The Old Dragon swallows Sack as greedily as a *Essex* Calf sucks Milk. She was called away once, but we are safe now, and hope to bring her to reason.

Wildf. How are the rest of the Family?

Ralph. All, every one, as drunk as ever you were Sir, except two Maids of my Ladies, *Whachum* and his two Friends are slipt away; but *Whachum* had beaten the Governess, and she scratch'd him most wickedly before he went.

Sir Will. Go about thy business.

Exit Ralph.

Now what says Daddy?

Sir William goes to the Candle and reads.

Reads. *I cannot tell how to express the sorrow I conceive for your obstinate persevering in such lewd courses—* Pish, the old stuff over and over, I'll sacrifice thee to the flame: 'Tis better than being put under Pye-crust. Hold, hold! What a Devil's here?

[*He sets it on fire.*]

Reads. *I have ordered five hundred pound, which—*

He puts it out again.

Gad I had made fine work on't indeed! *Which to be paid to my Banker*

THE SCOWERS

in Lumbard-street, for some Uses of mine not to be dispenc'd with, and therefore am out of Money at this time.

Wildf. This is pleasant *Jack*, it goes to't now.

Tope. As sure as ever Martyr did in *Smithfield*.

Sir Will. Paid away, quoth he? paid to a Banker? Oh plague of a Banker, go on, go on, burn in the Devils name, *He sets it on fire again.*
Ha! Death and Hell! what's this? I am undone, no 'tis legible.

Puts it out again very hastily.

Reads. Yet I have sent you a bill for 250*l.* to receive, which you will find at the bottom of my Letter. Ounds I am undone, hold, hold, O 'tis legible, Faith 'twas a narrow scape, 'twas just a going. *He puts it out again hastily.*
This won't do, but thou art a good Dad, 'tis a pretty Stop Gap faith Lads, we'll have Dads health in a brimmer.

Tope. In two *Will*, at least.

Wildf. Thou art resolv'd to be a finisht piece.

Tope. I hate Owl-light, I would either be dead sober or dead drunk. I hate to have one keep a pother, to make me gamesome for another.

Sir Will. Thou scorn'st to be an odious Trimmer in drink. But prithee *Jack*, what if we three should resolve once, to go to bed sober in a Frolick.

Wild. Faith *Jack*, let us e'en try how it will agree with us.

Tope. What a Pox do you mean? are you mad? stark mad? I go to bed sober! what to hear Chimes, Bell-men, and tell Clocks all night, and be Flea-bitten like a Nurse-Maid? I think the Devil's in you, what is this Fool in Love too?

Sir Will. Ten times more than I.

Tope. Why you brace of Baboons! what melancholy dull Puppies does Love make of Fellows? A Pox of your Love. Love! 'tis a silly boyish Disease, and should never come after the Chicken pox, and Kib'd heels.

Enter Lady Maggot.

Lady Mag. Now *Sir William*, I hope you will be so civil to leave my House, and take that old Sinner with you.

Sir Will. Yes, Madam, and that young Sinner too.

Tope. Old sinner! Gad as good a sinner as your self.

Lady Mag. I must secure him for fear of a Quarrel.

Tope. Quarrel! No no, there shall be no quarrel; but we will have him along with us.

Wildf. There is no remedy, but your Ladyship shall hear from me the first minute I can get loose from them, or free from their dogging.

Lady Mag. I shall either be at home, sweet Sir, or at my Lady *Wagtayles*, at *Ombre*, within two doors.

Wildf. This noble present of yours be the Token.

Sir Will. Farewel my most dearly beloved and highly honoured Aunt.

THE SCOWERS

Tope. For serenading and scowering have at you sweet young Lady.

Wild. Your most humble Servant Madam.

[*Exeunt* Sir Will. *Tope* and *Wild.*]

Lady Mag. Your most obliged humble Servant, dear Sir! Oh he is the sweetest person, the most charming Creature: but for the other two, vengeance light on them; they have put me by the happiest opportunity.

Ex. Lady Mag.

Enter Ralph and Sir Williams House-keeper Abigal, leading in Priscilla drunk.

Pris. Dear Cousin! I am heartily glad do'e see of your acquaintance, 'tis pure Sack, one cup more and then I stop, I would not be disguised for the world.

Ralph. Here sweet Madam, drink it off, it makes you look so lovely in my Eyes, I am ten times more enamour'd.

Pris. You are very obliging, sweet Sir.

Abigal. He will be an excellent Match, my Master has given him his Life in a brave Farm.

Pris. Alas, I marry! Nay not but I must confess, he is a pretty young man, &c.

Ralph. Humph, sweet Madam, t'other Cup I beseech you.

Pris. Ha, ha, ha, well, you have a strange way with you. *She drinks.*

Ralph. Oh let me kiss those pretty eyes!

Pris. Go get you gone you good natur'd Toad.

Abigal. But Cozen my master is resolv'd to increase your Fortune, that you shall live like a Gentlewoman, and he intends you 1000*l.*

Pris. Truly he is a fine Gentleman, and if I can with a safe Conscience, well, no more to be said. *She nods.*

Abig. I'll send you a divine.

Pris. No no, I can drink no more.

Abig. I'll send you a Divine to satisfy your Conscience.

Pris. No, not a drop more, good night, good night. *She falls fast asleep.*

Abig. Do you see now you simple Fellow, you have over-drunk her, and made her commit a great sin, and spoyl'd all.

Ralph. Old Nab thou art a Fool, I will pick her Pocket of the Key, and release the Ladies, and leave them to their own Discretion: Ha this must be it.

[*He picks the Key out of her Pocket.*]

Abig. Go go quickly, and I'll hasten home.

Ralph. And I to the *Bear* and *Harrow* after my master, where I doubt not but I shall venture a broken head at least. *Exeunt* Ralph and Abigal.

Enter Mr. Rant, *Father* to Sir William, and his man Jasper.

Mr. Rant. What's the matter in this house? The Porter's drunk, and can't speak, no body to be seen about the house? Nothing but Chairs,

THE SCOWERS

Stools, Tables flung about, and every corner strew'd over with empty Bottles, I wish the house is not rob'd.

Jasper. Here's an old Gentlewoman in her Cups.

Mr. Rant. How, what confusion has been here? Some very extraordinary accident has been in this House, this is the Dragon employ'd to watch my Nieces. Go out and bring what Servants you can muster, Butler, under Butler, and Grooms, let us see if any one in the Family can speak.

Jasper. I will Sir.

Exit Jasper.

Mr. Rant. This looks as if my Son, and all his lewd Companions, had been here. My Sister's not at home, her Doors open, no body to give account of her, or her Husband, that I could see, what all drunk? where's my Lady?

*Enter Butler and 4 or 5 Servants drunk and staggering; after them Mr. Rants
Servant with my Ladies maid, Lettice.*

But. We have been drinking, Helter Skelter, Faith!

1 Serv. Sir William Rant's the finest Gentleman.

Butl. Oh the bravest Gentleman! and his men the bravest Drinkers.

Mr. Rant. I thought none but my profligate Son could have made such disorder and confusion any where.

1 Serv. A most brave Gallant! No more to be said.

Mr. Rant. Is there not one in the Family can speak?

Jasper. Yes here's a young Gentlewoman pretty sober, but there are 8 or 10 men and boys drunk, roaring under Benches and upon the Floor, the house looks like a Field after a Battle, strew'd with Bodies.

Mr. Rant. Sweet-heart! what's the cause of all this?

Lett. Sir William Rant and his Companions came in here, roaring and singing with Fiddles at Noon, entertain'd us with Musick, very fine indeed, and we had a Dance.

Mr. Rant. Heaven! there is no hopes of Amendment.

Let. At last march'd in a noble Dinner, and great Hampers of all sorts of wine, and there has been nothing but Roaring, and Drinking ever since, till just now. My Lady laid my master drunk upon the Bed, but he has made his escape. My Lady has been almost distracted.

But. Fly fly, my Lady will be outrageous.

Enter Lady Maggot.

La. Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth! what's here? *Exeunt Servants.*
What an Image of Hell has this house been to day? Who's here my Brother?

Mr. Rant. Madam I knew I should surprise you, my coming to Town was very unexpected, and sudden.

THE SCOWERS

Lady Mag. You find me Sir, in amazement and confusion, and I am troubled that I must tell you, your wild Son after I had warn'd him my house, broke open my Doors, roar'd and swagger'd, and debauch'd all my Family.

Mr. Rant. Ah, Madam, I heard something before, and am infinitely sorry, his perseverance in this wicked life will break my heart, it cannot hold long.

Lady Mag. Oh Horrour, Horrour! *Priscilla* drunk too! Huswife! Huswife! speak. *She Pommels her.*

Pris. I will drink no more, I tell you, I am sleepy.

Lady Mag. Mercy on me, where are my Daughters? They are flown, they are flown. Ha how came they here?

Enter Eug. Clara. Eug. kneels to Mr. Rant.

Mr. Rant. O dear pretty Ladies! your humble Servant, bless you my sweet God-daughter.

Lady Mag. How now Baggages, how came you out?

Eugen. A thousand welcomes to you most honour'd Uncle.

Clara. You never could have arrived so seasonably.

Mr. Rant. What mean my pretty Nieces?

L. Mag. I shall be distracted, ruin'd. O this fatal day! I am sorry, Sir, you must be witness of the further confusion in our Family; these wicked young Sluts have rebell'd against me, that I am forc't to lock 'em up.

Eug. We do rebel against the Locking up.

Clara. And will dye before we will endure it.

Eug. And therefore are both resolved to choose you our Guardian: And never to disobey you, who we know to be a man of Honour.

Lady Mag. How they astonish me! All this mischief has your Son caus'd: Oh I shall grow mad.

Mr. Rant. Oh that Son lies heavy on me. My pretty Nieces, I should be glad to serve you, for your own sakes, and for my dear Brothers sake, tho by the second venter, he was a brave, and worthy man, an ornament of our Family. But I must by no means encourage disobedience to a Parent, or rob a mother of her Daughters.

Eug. I beseech you give us leave to state our Case to you.

Clara. And if you think we have not reason——

Eug. We will do whatever you determine with us.

Clara. But if you will not protect us from the most horrible Cruelty imaginable, some body else must.

Eugen. We'll bear all Torments, rather than the Usage we have met with from a mother.

Lady Mag. Oh Impudence! I'll beat their teeth out.

Mr. Rant. Hold Madam, no such correction, let's discourse this matter

THE SCOWERS

in the drawing-room Nieces, a little Coolness and kind Usage shall bring 'em into a good Temper, I'll warrant you.

Lady Mag. Heaven preserve my Sences, I have scarce any left.
[*Ex. Omnes.*]

SCENE *the Bear and Harrow behind St. Claments Church,
The Bar-boy ringing.*

Enter Sir Humphrey, and another.

Sir Hum. I am almost typsy'd but I must have one Half-Flask with my Attorney who is here, as his Clerk says.

Bar-boy rings. Very welcome Gentlemen, here *Ralph, George, Humphry*, speak here.

Enter two Drawers.

Sir Hum. Is Mr. *Split-cause* the Attorney here.

Bar-boy. Yes Sir, shew the *Half-Moon* there. *Ringin within.*
Speak there, they have rung thrice in the *Bear*.

Drawers. Anon, anon Sir. Anon, anon Sir.

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, and 3 Footmen of Whachums.

Whac. Anon you Dogs, can't you hear? I'll try if you have Ears, I'll lug ye.

Blust. Come Rogues, cant you feel, if you can't hear. *They lug 'em by the Dingb.* Dance ye Dogs, we'll make you frisk. *Ears, & beat & kick them.*

Drawers. Murther! murther.

Whac. Ye Rogues, I'll teach you to wait, you Spaniels! you Curs.

Enter Master.

Ma. Gentlemen what's the matter? Why do you abuse and beat my Drawers.

Whac. Nay then, Rogue, lay hold on him Footmen. [*They lay hold on*

Maft. Gentlemen what do you mean? *the Master.*

Blust. To swinge you most exceedingly, Rascal.

Ding. To learn you the reverence due to a Gentleman, Sirrah.

Whac. Hold him fast, first let's demolish; *They pluck down the Bar.*
Now as a Correction of greater Dignity to your Person, you shall be toss'd in a Blanket, and not kick'd, and we'll toss fair.

Maft. Hold, hold Gentlemen for Mercies sake, and I will do any thing in the world.

Whac. We'll let him go on his good behaviour.

THE SCOWERS

Mast. This must be Sir *W. Rant*, and his Company, most certainly.

Whac. Look you Puppy, we intend to swagger, roar, and drink bloodily, and domineer in the House by our selves. *[aside.*

Mast. I beseech you Gentlemen.

Whac. Dam me, what do you mutter ?

Mast. No Sir, not I in the least, do your pleasure Sir : Plague on 'em they'll undo my House. *[aside.*

Whac. You harbour a Company of Tradesmen, who should be at home, minding of their Callings, and solacing their Wives.

Blust. Attornies, and Students, and Clarks ; I warrant you.

Ding. Grave men and men of business drink, and come to Taverns !

Whac. It must not be, I will reform these Exorbitances, and you shall find us Drunkards do more good than all the Formal, Hypocritical, Non-sensical Magistrates. Fetch us a Flask, and let it be better than our last, as thou tendrest any member about thee, and if thou valuest thy late Deliverance.

Mast. I will Sir.

Whac. We will drink some Bumpers, at thy late Bar, and then begin our Frolicks.

Mast. A Devil of your Frolicks, my house had as good be visited by the Plague, as such Customers. *Exit Master.*

Whac. Oh that Sir *William* were here, he'd be in love with us. Come fill round you Rascal, What Glasses are these ? fit for *Quakers*, *Brownists*, or *Fifth-Monarchy* men, take one your self, now altogether give fire ; now to our work. *[They drink and then Huzza.*

Mast. Well there's no resisting, this same Sir *William* and his damn'd Company have beaten half the Town. *Exeunt Whac., Blust. Ding. and Footmen.*

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, and Footmen, beating a Company of Tradesmen before 'em, who cry, Fly, fly, murther, murther.

Whac. Get you out you Scoundrels, men of Callings, Knaves of business, must you be swilling at a Tavern, and neglect your several and respective cozening Vocations ?

Blust. You Rogues must your poor Wives want your Loggerheads at home, and you be here idling and spending their Money.

Ding. Go ye Scot and Lot Knaves that cheat the Parish, and the poor when you come to Offices.

Whac. Do you mutter, avault ye what d'ee lacks ; And impudent Duns, be gone. Don't I do it rarely ? Come to the next Room.

They beat 'em soundly, who cry, Fly, fly, murther, murther.
[Exeunt Whac. Bluster and Dingboy.]

THE SCOWERS

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, &c. beating the Company, Attorneys, Clerks, and a Parson.

Whach. You idle drunken Puppies, we'll swinge you for your Debauchery, and Extravagance.

Attor. What's this? I'll bring my *Quare fremuerunt*; the Law's my Buckler.

Whach. You Scoundrels stay at home, and make cozening bills for your Clients.

Blust. Practice Court-hand, you lazy drunken Rascals.

Ding. And never be out at a Knavish *Trickum de Lege*.

Whac. Out ye Rogues, I'll shew you the Law. *They beat them out.*

Footman. Here's one Rogue still hidden in a Closet.

[Footman hales out Sir Hum.]

Whac. Mercy upon me, my Uncle.

[Whac. and he start at sight of one another.]

Sir Humph. Oh lack, Oh lack my Nephew! Students of the Law! quoth he?

Whach. What a Pox, all must out; 'tis too late to go back: Get you home old Fellow, interrupt not our pleasures. Get you gone and comfort my Lady if you can; march, march, I say.

Sir Humph. Prodigious! Amazing!

Whach. March, march, or I will swinge you extreemly.

Sir Humph. Murther! murther! Students of the Law! *[They kick him out.]*

Ding. This was bravely done, Squire.

Blust. Admirably perform'd.

Whac. Aye waßt not? come let's in, Sir William will be here soon.

Exeunt all but the Master and Drawers.

Maßt. These are rare Customers, they have a huge Supper, but what a Pox all I get by 'em.

Enter Sir William, Tope, Wild. Ralph, & Footmen.

Sir Will. Hey what has been to do here? The Puppies have been at work already, who's here? what Company have you in your House?

Maßt. Company, Sir? but one, who have beat all the rest out of my house, blooded all my Drawers, pull'd down my Bar and swing'd me off, Company for the Devil: *Sir William Rant* and his wicked Crew, I ne're saw 'em before, and the Devil take 'em before I see 'em again.

Sir Will. Have they a good Supper?

Maßt. A huge one.

A great laugh within.

Sir Will. We'll sup with 'em, these are the Rogues that laugh.

Maßt. Gentlemen, as you love your lives——

THE SCOWERS

Sir Will. Peace Fool, we'll govern your House a little better, come on Friends, let's make 'em a civil visit by the way of Kick and Cudgel.

A great Laugh again.

Mast. So now I shall have Murther in my House.

Exeunt Sir William, Wildfire, Tope, Ralph and Footmen.

Enter Whachum, Bluster, Dingboy and Servants in a Room.

Ding. This beating of Nuncle, was the gallantest action. *They all laugh.*

Whac. Ay what care I.

Blust. He could not have been more amazed, if he had seen a Ghost.

They laugh again.

Whac. Oh *Sir William* and Gentlemen, your most humble Servant, oh if you had come sooner you had seen such Scowring.

Sir Will. You scowre, you are meer novices, we'll teach ye how to scowre.

Whac. Thank you sweet *Sir Will.* we shall be glad to learn, I vow to Gad Sir.

Sir Will. Why look you Gentlemen, you city Puppies, you impertinent conceited Rascals! Go and swagger at *Puddle-dock*, but do you think we will suffer such awkward sneaking Coxcombs, to wench, drink, and scower, to usurp the Sins of Gentlemen.

Tope. We will tweak you by the noses most excessively. [*They tweak*

Wild. Kick you most plentifully. *Whac. by the Nose and kick and*

Sir Will. And cudgel you most extravagantly. *cudgel them.*

Whac. I'll take my Oath 'tis mighty well, Ha ha ha.

Sir Will. Come Insects, we will correct your Impudence. Such as you turn Gentlemen, when you are intended for Pleaders of the Law.

Whac. Rarely! Admirably well done! [*Sir Will, and his Company*

Blust. They tweak damnably hard though. *tweak, and lead 'em about*

Ding. They do not consider the Tenderness *by the Noses, they laugh*
of my Bolt-Sprit. *all the while.*

Tope. Get you home Rogues? study the Law, and put cases over a pot of Ale in your Chambers.

Wildf. Must such paltry Fellows as you swagger in Taverns, go and pester Ale-houses.

Whac. Incomparable! by my Sword, they are the finest Gentlemen in Europe.

Blust. Dam me Squire I don't like this.

Ding. Gad they kick with Iron toes.

Sir Will. What do you take me to be in Jest?

Whac. Ay ay, why Sir are you not?

Wildf. We'll put you out of doubt of that presently.

THE SCOWRERS

Tope. Out you Rascals, must you be taken for us ? to our utter Scandal.
Get you out.

Sir Will. Ye damn'd dull imitating Dogs,
have at ye.

Whac. Why *Sir William*, *Sir William*, hold
hold !

Blust. What a Devil do you mean ?

Ding. Do not provoke me any further.

Sir Will. Provoke ? Damn thee out, beat
'em out.

Whac. What will become of the Supper ?

Ralph. Come turn out, hang the Supper.

Sir Will. Now *Ralph* here's Honour to be gotten.

Ralph. Broken Heads.

Sir Will. Fall on.

They beat 'em out, Blust,
& Ding. roar all the time
and buff : Whac. runs
as fast as he can, as they
come at the Door, the Con-
stable with the Watch-
men & Tradesmen who
were beaten enter, & beat
them back into the house,
Sir Will. & his Company
beat all out.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Will Rant, Tope, Wildf. Ralph, Footmen and Musicians.

Wild. **H**Asten the Serenade, the Morning comes on apace, 'tis almost
three.

Tope. People will be awake, and then we shall lose the
great end Serenading and Scowering, which is disturbing of Mankind.

Sir Will. Now guilty Wretches in their frightened sleeps,
Start with the Terrour of their crying sins :
Now the mean, busy, undermining Knave,
The treacherous Statesman who betrays his Prince,
And Country, rolls, and turns himself about,
The Horror of his crimes admits no rest.

Tope. What a Devil is the Fellow mad.

Sir Will. The tender Virgins in soft Slumbers dream,
With Innocence of all the Toys of Love ;
When Nature free, and undisguis'd by Art,
The Genuine Dictates of the mind pursues,
And they are pleased with imitated Joy.

Wildf. What's the matter man, art thou in a Fit ?

Tope. Thou art mad *Will*, that's most certain, but thou hast laid down a
true Doctrine, that women always dissemble, but when they are asleep :

But what a Devil do you mean? if you don't begin your Musick, Gad take me, I will roar most bloodily by my self.

Tope. And because they are Coxcombs, wilt thou be one?

Tope. For example. The thirsty Drunkard dreams of Bottle Ale,

The Oyly Cookmaid stretches now, and yawns,

And calls on *Dick* the Plowman in her Sleep,

Who snores with Fumes from *Suffolk* Cheese and Bacon :

Green-sickness Maids now dream of Clay and Lime.

Now what a Devil's this to my business if they do? either begin your serenade, or I will roar and wake your Mistriss with my shrill melodious Pipe.

Wildf. A ganders Pipe has much more Musick in't.

Sir Will. Thou sing! she will take it for braying : but come on, *Ralph* is the Constables trap set to secure that passage.

Ralph. Yes it is, they must come this way, 'tis directly from their Guard.

Sir Will. Come then begin.

A window opens. Symphonies. Eugenia and Clara appear.

Hold, the young Ladies window opens, give me the cleft stick, *Ralph*.

Now *Tom* for our *Billets*, good luck go with them, they are they, I see now.

Opening his dark Lanthorn.

Ladies take these Notes they concern you. Go on, and sing.

Song and Symphony.

Sir Will. Who's at the other window?

Eugenia *takes them.* Mr. Rant *appears at another window.*

Wildf. My Lady, I warrant you, I must stand close.

Tope. My Lady, then I will roar, play my Rant.

Rant. This must be my Son and his lewd Associates, but if this were the worst I could dispence with it. *The Fiddles play, and Tope roars*

Lady Mag. Rogues, Villains, Thieves,
Robbers, Murtherers, hold, hold.

Tope. Hold, does the Lady treat from her Castle?

Lady Mag. Villains, Thieves, be gone. *They sing and roar.* *Mr. Rant*

Tope. Nay then. *retires.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Who's there? Follow, follow.

Wildf. Come on Bell-weather of that Flock of Rascals.

THE SCOWERS

Ralph. Come on Cuckolds, come on Cuckolds. [*The Constable and watch*
Const. Follow, follow, follow, knock 'em down. *run, & all fall over a*
Sir Will. Here is a Stratagem for ye. *Line set cross the street,*
Tope. Fall on the Rogues, have at the Dogs. *& tumble over one another,*
Sir Will. *and the rest fall on them, & cudgel them lustily, they roar out Murther.*

Enter Mr. Rant holding the door of the House in his Hand.

Mr. Rant. Heaven! what will become of this! We shall have murther here, *Sir William, Sir William.*

Sir Will. The door opens and I am call'd, this must be from the Ladies.

Wildf. I must sneak away, *Tope* you must along with me, you may do me great service and your self too.

Tope. You may be sure I shall be civil to my self, what e're I am to you.

Exeunt Tope, Wildfire and their Servants: But Ralph & two Footmen of Sir W. remain.

Rant. *Sir William.*

Sir Will. Who calls me?

Rant. 'Tis I, follow me.

Sir Will. If *Lucifer* should lead me into this House, I would follow him.

Exeunt Mr. Rant and Sir William.

Const. What are become of these Rogues that have maul'd us?

Ralph. *Mr. Constable, the Hectorly Rogues* *A sight of Flambeaux and*
that fell upon you, run into the next street, *a noise of Fiddles.*
and now they have lighted their Flambeaux, and are coming in Triumph
over you, I and my fellow servants came just now out of my Masters house,
the Justice, to assist you: Here's another Stratagem to get off without
bloody Pates. *aside.*

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, and Servants, and Fiddles, roaring, singing, and playing.

Const. Have we met you again Rogues? you shall not escape this bout, knock 'em down.

Whac. We are civilly serenading.

Const. We'll serenade ye, do you lay snares for us, and beat us when we are down?

Whac. What a Devil does he mean now? *They fight, the Constable &*

Const. Knock 'em down. *his Watch beat Whachum*
and the rest, till the blood runs about their Faces, and take 'em Prisoners.

Const. Away with them, away with them.

Whach. Why, Mr. Constable——

Const. Come Rascals, what do you prate? away with them, 'tis Day-light.

Whach. Damn'd Luck, but 'tis Fortune de la guerre. *Exeunt Omnes.*

THE SCOWERS

Enter Mr. Rant, leading Sir William by the Hand.

Sir Will. Whether do you lead me ?

Mr. Rant. Into full light, if you dare look upon it.

Sir Will. Oh Heaven, my Father !

Mr. Rant. I wonder not at your surprise, if there be left.

But any Seeds of Ingenuity

Within thy hardened Breast, thou could'st not bear

The sight of me.

Sir Will. It is with great confusion,

That I behold you now, I hardly dare

Implore your blessing.

[*He kneels.*]

Mr. Rant. Heaven turn your heart :

I am glad at least, you appear so much asham'd,

For Shame for Faults is one good step to Wisdom ;

But what hope can I have, that one short Moment

Can make you turn from your long course of Lewdness,

Such Lewdness as I am asham'd to think of :

Such mean, such foolish Lewdness as has made

Your Name too scandalous for a civil Mouth,

When but even now I saw you in your Pranks——

Sir Will. 'Tis the last time.

Mr. Rant. Till wicked drink possesses you again,

That bane to Vertue and to common Sense,

That makes you live in a continued Mist,

Without the benefit of one clear thought ;

Nature has prudently contrived each Man,

In the worst miseries of humane Life

Would be himself, and I would be I still,

But sordid Drunkenness makes you differ more

From your lov'd self, than from another Man.

Sir Will. You rouse me, Sir, out of a Lethargy.

Mr. Rant. Ye think your selves the finest Gentlemen,

When you are most to be despised or pitty'd,

Not Monkeys can be more ridiculous,

Besides the Infamy you most contract,

In the opinion of the good and wise,

As soon I'd choose a Madman for a Friend,

You vomit secrets, when o'recharg'd with Wine,

You often quarrel with the best of Friends :

And she must be as bold as is a Lioness,

Who takes you for a Husband : Drink in short

Provokes you to all Folly, to all Vice,

THE SCOWERS

Till you become a Nuisance to Mankind ;
You'll say they are men of Wit, but have a care
Of a great Wit, who has no Understanding.

Sir Will. You speak, Sir, like an Oracle.

Mr. Rant. By Drunkenness you are useless at the best,
Unless as Flys or humble Bees, meer Drones.
What Office is there in a Common-wealth,
A Drunkard can sustain ? Unless it be one,
To be a Strainer through which Claret runs.
Your Nerves you weaken, and you drown your Minds ;
You're all meer Sops in Wine, your Brains are Bogs ;
A Toast is equal to a common Drunkard :
You'll say you have Courage, No, it is not Valour ;
Valour is joyn'd with Vertue, never prostitute,
But sacred, and employ'd to just Defence.
Of Prince and Country, and the best of Friends,
With necessary vindication of our Honour :
Yours is a brutal Fierceness that annoys
Mankind, and makes 'em fear and hate you too.

Sir Will. These are unanswerable Truths.

Mr. Rant. The use of common Whores is most pernicious,
By which, the least you venture is your Nose,
And private ones you cannot gain, without
Being a most perfidious Knave, and striking
At the very Root of all Morality.
Have I with such Tenderness bred you up ?
With such great care and vast Expence, infused
Whatever you were capable of receiving,
Taught you all Arts that could adorn a Gentleman :
None with such care could cultivate a Plant.

Sir Will. All this with humble Gratitude I confess.

Mr. Rant. Heaven had endued you with sufficient Wit
And Parts, and you, in spite of these Advantages,
Which might have made you famous in your Country,
To make your self lewd, even to a Proverb !
Is this your sence of Honour, and is this
Your Gratitude to me, after such great Indulgence,
Such good Advice, such tender Love, as I
Have so long shew'd you ? You have so often
Set my Eyes on flowing, that I have wondred
Whence the Moisture came that could supply them.

Sir Will. Good Sir no more you'll break my Heart,
Gentle and kind Reproof I cannot bear.

THE SCOWERS

Mr. Rant. I gave you such an ample Income,
'Twould have sufficed the most extravagant,
Except your self, and when the Court had offered
Knighthood to me, I made it be bestowed
On you, Not that I think it much of Value,
Unless it be conferr'd for Merit, but a bait
For women. All this in order to a Wife
I did, and you ungrateful.—

Sir Will. No more, Sir, dear and honoured Sir, pray no more,
You've melted me, and wrought a passion in me,
Which hitherto I've never felt, pray trust me,
And I will be what you will have me,
And such as you shall never blush to own.

Mr. Rant. Oh *Will*, that this conversion were but perfect ;
Yet, as it is, I cannot but embrace
And weep over thee.

S. Will. Oh, best of Fathers, believe me or you kill me.

Mr. Rant. Come then into my Arms. [*He embraces and weeps over him.*]

Sir Will. I will soon convince you I am
Sincere, for though you have finish'd my
Repentance, another had begun it.
I had fix'd upon the most charming Creature in the World
To be my Wife, and with your assistance, have no
Reason to doubt of success ; one, Sir, whom you'll
Approve.

Mr. Rant. Dear *Will*, who is it ?

Sir Will. It is my Cousin *Eugenia*, who to avoid the Tyranny of her
Mother, which has been very barbarous, resolves to choose you her
Guardian.

Mr. Rant. This, this, compleats my joy, and I shall dote upon thee
more than e're I griev'd for thee.

Enter La. Maggot.

La. Mag. Oh, wicked creature, most abandon'd wretch, how darest
thou be so impudent to come within my House, after the great confusion
yesterday, and the uproar thou hast made to Night.

Mr. Rant. Sister, if thou wilt pardon this, I'll pass my honour he shall
never do it more, 'twas I now brought him in.

La. Mag. You are a fine easie Father if you can hope for his amendment,
but I'll see my Daughters safe ; though he has by craft gotten the Key,
I have a Watch upon them.

Mr. Rant. What does she mean ?

THE SCOWERS

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. There is a Messenger below will not be answer'd, he has sent up this Letter by me, but he says he must speak with you, it is a business that concerns you nearly.

Lady Mag. Thus early in the Morning, I'll lay my Life, it is to give me notice of some lewd design of my Rebellious Daughters. Hah, from Mr. *Wildfire* : O let me contain my self. [Aside.

Reads. *I have commanded my Servant to wait this Morning, till your door be open, to deliver this humble Billet.* Where is the Messenger? I must leave you for a while ; Brother, pray dispatch your Lewd Son out of the House : but I have set Centinels upon my Daughters.

Mr. Rant. They shall be safe for him, I give you my Honour.

Lady Mag. Oh dear, dear *Wildfire*, thou art a Man of Honour ; come, *Lettice*, bring me to the Messenger. [Ex. *La. & Let.*

Mr. Rant. 'Tis time for you to rest Will, and I'll repose a while.

Sir Will. Sir, let me beg of you not to sleep yet, my Lady has a wicked design of sending her Daughters into the Country this morning, to keep them Prisoners as she did before ; I have, indeed, provided for a Rescue, but if you please, I had rather have it done a fairer way.

Mr. Rant. Well, Son, we will consult about it in my Chamber. [Ex.

Mr. Rant and Sir William.

SCENE *Wildfire's House.*

Enter Wildfire and Tope.

Tope. A Pox on't, this has been a damn'd sober Night, I shall be sick after it ; this is your Love, with a Murrain : A Drunkard, and in Love ! You will be as bad company as a Green-sickness'd Chamber-maid ; nay, worse, for she, perhaps, may be perswaded to take her Cure, Love ; ha, ha, ha.

Wild. I am convinc'd, a man will certainly have it er'e he dyes, as the small Pox ; look to it, *Jack*, yet.

Tope. Heav'n send me the great ones rather, without the help of *Sarsa*, *Guyacum* or *Mercury* ; but prithee, what service can I do thee, *Tom* ?

Wild. The truth is, *Jack*, I have sent a Billet to the Lady you would have Ravish'd yesterday and cry'd ; she will come, I believe, very suddenly, hither. *Will Rant* and I, have some designs upon her Daughters, which we cannot effect without her absence. When she comes, I will make way for thee.

Tope. Prithee, *Tom*, let me have a young Wench, I am fit for her now.

Wild. If thou hast not love for her, I am sure thou hast malice enough

THE SCOWERS

for her ; satisfie which passion thou wilt, so thou keepest her from interrupting us.

Tope. Ha, this is no ill design, hah ; I'll serve you in this, if she thinks me not too old to please her ; I am sure I am young enough to scandalize her. Most of the young fellows now make love more for Vanity than Lust ; they have more of the first, and less of the last, than any Generation since the Conquest.

Wild. The decrepid young fools, were gotten when slavery was breaking in ; and indeed, by their education, were fitted for it ; they have no vigour in 'em. [*Knocking at the door.*] Hark ! She's come ; she's a Lady of very just dealing, and answers a Bill of Love at Sight. *Jack*, do thou retire, I'll come to thee instantly.

Tope. I will ; but d'ee hear, *Tom*, fair play.

Wild. Upon my Honour.

[*Exit Tope.*]

Enter La. Maggot.

Dear, sweet Madam, I am transported beyond my senses.

Lady Mag. If I had not believed you to be a Man of shining honour, I would not have ventur'd for the World.

Wildf. Sweet Madam, your Ladyship is come so much earlier than I could have suspected, that I must go and take order, that no body comes into my House, and confine my Servants to their several Posts.

La. Mag. Sweet Sir, you deserve to be trusted by a Lady. Oh, thou dear creature, my heart and eyes yet never felt such charms. [*Ex. Wildfire hastily and locks the Lady in ; she walks up and down.*]

Hark ! I here him coming, I'll catch him at the door. My dear, dear *Strephon*.

Enter Tope, La. Mag. hastily embraces him, taking for Wildfire.

Tope. My dear, dear *Phillis*.

Lady Mag. Ah, who's there, Old Satan.

Tope. I thought you had been past the Age of squeaking.

Lady Mag. Devil, how camest thou here ?

Tope. Sweet Lady, how camest thou here ?

Lady Mag. Abused, betrayed, undone, by Heav'n ; they shall not live who have done this.

Tope. Oh, Madam, Ladies should not kill but with their Eyes.

Lady Mag. This *Wildfire* promised me assistance, to send my vile rebellious Daughters into the Country ; and sent for me, telling me all was ready.

Tope. He was not you see, but you shall find me so.

Lady Mag. Oh *Belzebub* incarnate, I am confident he is a man of Honour, thou hast betray'd him ; see in what Confusion I am in. [*aside.*]

THE SCOWERS

Tope. He is a man of Honour, and knowing the great Passion I have for your Ladyship contrived this Opportunity.

Lady Mag. What pimp for thee? and a man of Honour!

Tope. Pimp is a foul word, Pimps are Rogues; but men of Honour assist one another in these necessary matters, and take it for a point of Honour.

Lady Mag. Where's the Key then, let me out thou old decrepit Toſt.

Tope. Hold there, I have some urgent business with you here.

Lady Mag. Had I a Dagger or a Bodkin I would dispatch my self and him.

Tope. And for old, if I don't convince you, have at you.

Lady Mag. Ah ah, murther, help, help. *He runs at her, & kisses her.*

Tope. She squeaks like one of Sixteen, if she could but look so too, I should be more sharp set; Come sweet Madam, let us be more familiar. *He puts down his Sword.*

Lady Mag. Stand off thou driveling Drunkard, or I'll scratch thy eyes out.

Tope. I can make love like a man, but not like a Cat, I can't caterwaul. *Tope catches hold on her Hand.*

Lady Mag. Oh vile, perfidious Villain! *Wildfire.*

Tope. Look you sweet Lady, I can secure my Eyes against your Hands, ah could I have as well defended my poor Heart, against your Eyes, you had not visited this place.

Lady Mag. Villain let go my Hands.

Tope. Madam let go my Heart, in short Madam, I am in Love, here's an Opportunity, and I will not be baffled, we must come to a close fight.

Lady Mag. Avoid thou worst of Devils.

Tope. If Ladies will be civil, *Jack Tope* can be so too, but if not, though he uses not his Hands, yet he can use his Tongue and publish Frailties or so; consider, be not perverse, come, come, nay don't put me to wrestle, if you put me to two Exercises, I may fail you at one. *[They struggle, she*

Lady Mag. Oh impudent old Devil! *gets loose, and runs to the Sword & draws it, & runs at him.*

Tope. Hold hold, Sword and Eyes are too much, for my single Weapon. Fare you well. *He runs out, and locks her in.*

Lady Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth he has lockt me in! Oh damn'd Villain, Villain! *Wildfire,* let me see if I can make any body hear out of the Window, I shall run mad, Confusion seize these Rascals. *Exit towards the Window.*

SCENE *Sir Humphry Maggots House.*

Enter Eugenia, Clara, Mr. Rant, and Sir William.

Eug. Why Sir, do you make this so nice a point of Honour? when you may save us two from Ruin.

THE SCOWERS

Clara. Sir on my Knees I beg your Protection. *Mr. Rant takes them up.*

Eug. And I on mine, or I by all that's good, will fling my self on any one, that will defend me from my Tyrant Mother.

Clara. I cannot, will not, bear her Cruelty.

Sir Will. Can so much Beauty be deny'd Sir? *Enter Wildfire hastily.*

Wildf. Ladies your humble Servant.

Mr. Rant. Who is this, Son?

Sir Will. *Mr. Wildfire*, you knew his Father, a man of Quality and of great Estate, who is a convert to that Lady, as I am made to this.

Mr. Rant. I knew him well, he was a sober honest Gentleman.

Enter Tope.

Tope. Sober and honest! Gad take me that's impossible.

Mr. Rant. My old Acquaintance! *Mr. Tope* your Servant.

Tope. *Mr. Rant*, a Miracle! who thought to have seen you here?

Mr. Rant. You will have your Jest still.

Tope. No faith I am in earnest, I have known an honest man that could not, but I never knew one honest that would not drink, Knaves durst not trust themselves with drink, it draws the Scene, and discovers them.

Wildf. How the Devil came you here?

Tope. You left me with the Devil, she whipt out my Sword, and if I had not run away, had run me through, but I left her safe, here's the Key.

Eug. Good sweet Uncle, consider our sad case, and give an Answer.

Wildf. Ladies now is the time, your Mother's absent, and is safe for some time, if you will take this opportunity, there's a Coach and Six, and half a score men well armed and mounted, *Sir Williams* and my Servants, that will conduct you where you please.

Clara. We are obliged to you Sir, but I fear the Reputation of such an Escape would be worse than our Confinement.

Sir Will. Sir I beseech you, consider and accept of their Guardianship.

Eug. Now Sir or never, make us happy in your care of us, for let my Sister be as scrupulous as she will, I will lay hold on these Gentlemens favour, and fly any where, so it be from my Mother; but Gentlemen we must not have you with us.

Mr. Rant. Well my fair Nieces I'll protect ye, on my honor be it.

Clara. We fling our selves wholly on you Sir.

Eug. We trust your Honour, and will in every thing obey you.

Mr. Rant. I never will command, but what you please.

Wild. Now Madam you are happy, will you not pity my case, who still am miserable.

Clara. Would you wish me to love any man till I am assured he loves himself, you now are your own greatest Enemy.

THE SCOWRERS

Wildf. Since I hope you will now be more easy of access, I shall with the greatest Duty and Respect I can, make approaches regularly, and show you I am become another man.

Clara. E're I shall have the Impudence to beg one Favour of you, I shall be glad to hear of your amendment Sir.

Tope. Why *Tom, Tom*, this is a vile repenting strein, as if thou wert showing thy parts at the Gallows, why dost thou not lay this Lewdness upon Sabath breaking.

Wildf. And ill Company, *Jack*, Old Seducers and Corrupters.

Sir Will. Will you be still hard hearted, this is a day of Jubilee, and you should do some generous Act of Mercy.

Euge. No, there is a great deal to be said, and a great deal to be done, I must see a Sample of your New Life.

Sir Will. My Life is in your Hand, dispose of it, and direct it as you please.

Tope. You call this Love now, all Cant, Cant, and sillyer than Gypsies Cant : what a Pox you are none of you in Earnest.

Enter Sir Humphry & his Clerk.

Sir Hump. Oh Brother good morrow, how do you, I was typsied last night, but they tell me you were disturb'd with Roysters, and scowreing Rogues, I protest and vow I never heard them, but the Constable has brought them before me, here in the House, I'll order them. Hah Gentleman he does not mean you, are you brought by the Constable? Oh here he is.

Enter Constable, Guard, with Whachum, Bluster, Dingboy, with black Patches upon their Wounds.

Const. Here are the Scowrers that beat us, and wounded us, there are two of my Watch almost kill'd, and several lam'd, they broke Windows, roar'd and disturb'd your Worship too, all Night.

Sir Hump. Oh Heaven, my Nephew! Oh Villain, profligate Villain, my Nephew! But you shall find Justice is blind, do you remember Rogues, what you did, beat me, and lam'd me.

Whac. What a Pox care I, why did you come in the way of our Scowring? Prithee old Nuncle content your self, I am out of your Hands, and I will fling off the remainder of your City breeding, and swagger, roar and scowre, like a Gentleman of the Suburbs.

Sir Hump. Here Clerk, make their Mittimus, and I'll send 'em to *Newgate*.

Tope. I think Sir, you are one of those Gentlemen, that we beat and kick'd very much, last Night.

Whach. Send me to *Newgate*? Let me speak in your Ear, how much Treason did you talk before me and my Friends?

THE SCOWERS

Blust. What Healths and Confusions did you drink ?

Ding. What secret Correspondence, and who invited the *French Fleet* last summer ?

Whach. By these ten bones, all shall out if you presume.

Sir Hump. I shall be hang'd. What says the Rogue ? Go out Constable and Watch into the next Room, leave your Prisoner.

Enter La. Mag. in a Fury.

Lady Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth are they here ! betray'd, abused, most villanously abused ! Oh thou old Devil in Grain, and thou worst of all, thou base dishonourable Rascal.

She flies at their Faces.

Sir Hump. Why Chicken, Chicken.

Lady Mag. Make their Mittimus, I'll give you sufficient Reason, sit in your Seat of Justice, and give me my Oath.

Sir Hump. I will Chicken, I will.

Mr. Rant. What can this mean ?

Wildf. Madam let me advise you, you will suffer in your Honour. This Ring will be testimony.

La. Mag. I'll swear you stole it from me, and you shall be hang'd for it.

Wild. Tope and my man are better evidence, Madam.

La. Mag. Thou most detestable malicious toad.

Tope. Stir not this matter farther, if you do I'll tell all I know, and more.

Lady Mag. What has my rashness brought me to, I will run into a mad-house, and never see the world again.

Going off.

Sir Hump. Why Chicken, I am ready, lay thy pretty hand on the book.

Whac. Hold Madam, pray make good your bargain with me, did not I agree to give you 5000*l.* for one of your Daughters.

Lady Mag. Out you impudent Rascal ; does all the world conspire against me !

She takes the Cane out of her

Whac. What a Pox, what a Devil are you mad ? Ounds I'll turn again.

Husbands hands and beats Whachum.

Mr. Rant. Sister, sister, I beseech you contain your self.

Lady Mag. I cannot contain, will not contain, Flesh and Blood cannot contain, never Lady was so betray'd, abused, and disappointed ; Hell take you all.

Exit Lady Maggot.

Enter Priscilla.

Prisc. Oh Ladies have pity on me, I believe some Rogue that had a mind to marry me, gave me Deutery last Night, and I was disguis'd and lost the Key too, and my Lady has discharged me, to beg in my old Age.

Eugen. Fear not, we'll provide for you.

Sir Will. Will you not provide for me, Madam, or at least give me some hopes.

THE SCOWRERS

Wildf. And can you, Madam, can you have the heart to use your Conquest to destroy me?

Clara. I know of no conquest of mine, nor will I believe it till I see you have conquer'd your self.

Sir Will. What time will it require to satisfy you of my conversion?

Eugen. Why you must be at least a years Probationer before you enter into the vow of Chastity, if I believe you then.

Sir Will. Twill be a thousand without you, Madam, I hope you will relent.

Clara. It must be a year at least, and then, for ought I know, you may serve longer.

Wildf. You are absolute, and must govern me, I'll strive by all the Services I can to mollify your Heart.

Eugen. The Poms and all the Vanities of this wicked Town you must renounce.

Clara. Wine, Women, and base Company.

Sir Will. Upon my Knees I vow to it.

Wild. And I for ever to observe it.

Mr. Rant. I will be Umpire in this Business, and I doubt not but to bring my Nieces to Reason.

Sir Hump. What are you disposing of my Ladies Daughters without her Consent.

Mr. Rant. No Sir, nothing shall be done without her Consent, I will convince her, of what e're I do shall be to her Honour, and the Daughters Advantage.

Whac. Where's my Wife in the mean time? I forbid the Banes.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Coxcomb, if you speak one word I'll slit your Wind-pipe.

Whach. Very well, very well, no more to be said: Pox on him, I begin to hate him now, I don't think him a fine Gentleman.

Tope. Why what a Devil are you mad? I thought you had been Drolling, or Fooling all this while, are you in earnest?

Sir Will. Most certainly.

Wildf. And I, *Jack*, we must part.

Tope. Ha, ha, ha, fine Fools, turn sober Sots, give over all Vanities, as you call 'em, for the greatest Vanity on the Earth, Matrimony! you may leave any other Vanities when you please, but that will stick to you with a Vengeance. Matrimony ha, ha ha, there's nothing in the world worth being in earnest, I am sure not being sober, 'tis all a Farce.

Mr. Rant. I hope for, old Acquaintance, you will embrace this motion, reform, and live a sober Country Life, then we shall be Neighbours.

Tope. Reform, quoth he, 'tis a pretty age, at Five and Fifty to begin to lead a new Life: No, no, I have gone too far to retreat, I must charge

THE SCOWRERS

through, I'll drink like a Fish, these Fifty Years, these Fellows will be at Asses Milk, within six Months, and dye o'th' Pip soon after.

Whach. This Old Gentlemans a gallant man, Godsookes, I'll whore, drink, swagger and scowre while I live.

Blust. Ah brave Squire.

Ding. Oh noble Squire.

They embrace Whachum.

Tope. Farewel you Apostates, sneaking sober Sots, go marry, marry, you are fit for no other purpose.

Exit Tope.

Sir Hump. So Brother, I have lost a Nephew, you have found a Son.

Mr. Rant. Old Habits are with Difficulty broken,
And Fools are ever found most obstinate ;
But the least Seeds of Wit with Understanding,
Will in some time spring up, and grow and thrive,
And bear down the rank Weeds of Vice and Folly.

Wild. Ladies your Charms a miracle have wrought,
And early us home to our selves have brought ;
No pow'r but Love could thus call back a stray,
From all the crooked Paths, to the right way.

Sir Will. But where Wit, Beauty, Vertue keep the Field,
As Prisoners at discretion, all must yield,
Those Forces joyn'd, subdue all Vanities ;
The most compendious way of being wise,
Is to be Convert to a Ladies Eyes.

}

Exeunt.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

NOW Lady Mothers, you who frown to Day,
 Will be thought like the Lady of this Play ;
 You'll not condemn your selves, but like bad Faces,
 Loath the Reflections, and abhor true Glasses :
 But know all, by these Presents ; there's no way
 But Gentleness, to make ripe Girls obey :
 Us'd ill, if they have Beauty, Wit, or Sence ;
 They will rebel in their own just Defence.
 You in your selves, from Grandam Eve shou'd find,
 The true Perverseness of a Womans Mind,
 To what is most forbidden, most inclin'd ;
 What sharply to your Daughters you deny,
 You fire their Curiosities to try :
 They think when strictly kept from all Mankind,
 There's much more in't than afterwards they find.
 Your selves, go Flanting to all publick Places,
 Exposing all you can, your Feeble Graces,
 Darting weak Rays from your Autumnal Faces.
 Heav'n knows true Languishing of Eyes you show,
 When e're you mince, and simper at a Beaux ;
 High Dresses, and rich Petticoats will tell us,
 That all your Ornaments you wear at Fellows ;
 Like Woodcocks, or like Teagues pursu'd, you hide
 Your Heads, and think your Body's unesp'y'd ;
 Your Daughters find you out, and will obey,
 What e're they see you do ; not hear you say.
 The Gawdy Mother hates the Daughters sight,
 Whose dazling Beams Eclipse her glimmering Light ;
 She must the Visitants but seldom see,
 And when admitted to the Company,
 With down cast Looks she enters, and affraid,
 She sneaks like an offending Chamber-maid :
 With toss'd up Head, she must be snub'd and chidden,
 And Mothers dear Delights to her forbidden ;
 This begets Scorn, how can one stand in awe,
 Of a vain Tawdry, Amorous Mamma.
 Of these the Poet must despair to Day,
 They will be mortal Foes to him and's Play.

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*While these frail Dames the Author does expose,
The Lustre of the Good, that clearly shews,
From them a Plaudit must not be deny'd,
The Witty, Fair ones, must be on our side, }
So much their Power by him is magnify'd.
We show you how your vigorous Beams t' exert,
Young vicious men to Conquer and Convert :
Firm to our selves we always have a way,
To make the fiercest Beast, Wild man, obey.*

THE
VOLUNTEERS,
OR THE
Stock-Jobbers.
A
COMEDY,
As it is Acted by
Their Majesties Servants,
AT THE
Theatre Royal.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL*, Esq., Late
Poet-Lawreat, and Historiographer Royal.
Being his last Play.

LONDON, Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1693. Where are also to be had
all Mr. *Shadwell's* 17 Plays, &c. Bound up, or single.

Source.

THIS comedy, which with great felicity satirizes the contemporary mania both for stock-jobbing at home and for volunteering abroad in those wars the Orange revolution had forced upon the country, would seem to be in plan wholly original, as indeed must almost certainly be the case in a play of well-designed and vividly-drawn character rather than of involved circumstance and quick intrigue. Not that Shadwell's lively and clear-cut scenes are in any way lacking in incident and movement, and upon the stage they must have gone with admirable vigour and gust.

It may be remembered that Sir Walter Scott in his notes to *Peveril of the Peak* acknowledges that "the attempt to contrast the manners of the jovial cavaliers, and enthusiastic, yet firm and courageous, Puritans, was partly taken from a hint of Shadwell, who sketched several scenes of humour with great force." He then quotes at length from Act III, Scene 1, of *The Volunteers*, and concludes: "Such are the traits of phraseology with which Shadwell painted the old Puritan officers, many of whom he—no mean observer of human nature—must have known familiarly."

The device in Act IV by which Mrs. Hackwell, when surprised with Nickum, feigns a swoon and thus deceives her husband, is to be found in the Italian novelists, whilst in Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, produced at Dorset Garden, January, 1678, Lady Fancy, when surprised by her husband with Wittmore in her bedchamber, pretends a sudden giddiness and clutching at her cuckold as if for support clasps him tightly in her arms grasping his head hard to her bosom so that the gallant may slip unperceived out of the room.

The simple, and yet so natural, discovery by Colonel Hackwell of his wife and Nickum after all their sleights and subterfuges, is similar to the scene in D'Urfey's *The Fond Husband*, Dorset Garden, spring of 1676, where at the end of the play, Peregrine Bubble suddenly realizes that he has been well cornuted by Emilia and Rashley.

A hint for the spasmodic valour of Sir Timothy Kastril is possibly taken from La-Writ in *The Little French Lawyer* by Fletcher (and Massinger?), folio 1647, probably acted 1619-1622. *The Little French Lawyer* was one of those plays which were particularly assigned to Killigrew's company, and it seems to have been popular for some thirty years after the Restoration. Butler in his "Characters" ("Contradictions") writes: "It is a Dangerous thing to flesh men as you may see in the little French

THE VOLUNTEERS

Lawyer in the 3d Act about the 4th or 5th Sceane, who being by Accident flesh'd beat all those who had beaten him before in all his life-time." Fletcher's play was revived during the second and third decades of the eighteenth century, and then reduced to a farce it appears as late as 1778 when Quick for his benefit, 27 April, was seen as La-Writ at Covent Garden.

Richard Cumberland, with reference to his interesting comedy *The Brothers*, produced at Covent Garden, 2 December, 1769; 8vo, 1769; candidly acknowledged: "I recollect that I borrowed the hint of Sir Benjamin's assumed valour upon being forced into a rencontre from one of the old comedies, and if I conjecture rightly it was *The Little French Lawyer*."

Theatrical History.

THE *Volunteers*; or, *The Stock-Jobbers*, Shadwell's posthumous comedy, was given at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, very shortly after the author's death, that is to say at the end of November, or in the first days of December, 1692. The production is thus mentioned in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1692: "The Comedy which, as I told you, he design'd for the Stage was acted since his decease: 'Tis call'd the *Volunteers*; and though that Orphan wanted its Parent to support it, yet it came off with reasonable success." This number of the *Magazine* bears the date November, but it must have been published after 10 December of that year, as it contains a notice of the death of Mountfort, who was assassinated in Howard Street, Strand, on the night of 9 December about half-past eleven o'clock, and who lingered until the next day, Saturday noon. The cast of *The Volunteers* entailed the full strength of the house with the exception of Betterton and Mrs. Barry. A comedian who was soon to become famous, Will Pinkethman "of merry memory," now made his first appearance in the small rôle of Stitchum, a tailor.

For no reason so far as may be gathered, the actors' names, curiously enough, are omitted in the reprint of 1720, "*The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq; Volume the Fourth*," p. 400.

The Volunteers was received with applause, but yet did not remain in the theatrical repertory, for when revived in 1711 it is announced as "Not acted these Twenty Years."

Thus *The Spectator*, No. CXXVI, Wednesday, 25 July, 1711, advertises: "Not acted these Twenty Years. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, on Friday next being the 27th of July, will be reviv'd a Comedy call'd the *Volunteers*, or the *Stock-Jobbers*. The Part of Blunt by Mr. Cross, Hackwell by Mr. Norris, Hackwell Jun. by Mr. Booth, Welford by Mr. Mills, Sir Nicholas Dainty by Mr. Pack, Sir Timothy Kastril by Mr. Bullock, Nickum by Mr. Bullock, Jun., Teresia Mrs. Saunders, Eugenia by Mrs. Bradshaw, Clara by Mrs. Porter, Winifred by Miss Willis, Mrs. Hackwell by Mrs. Powell."

The advertisement of Friday, 27 July, adds: "This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over against Catharine-street in the Strand."

The comedy was repeated Tuesday 21 July, and on 10 August, "being the last time of acting it this Season."

It was again given on Monday 22 October, 1711, with the same cast. Burkhead then played Hop.

Since that season *The Volunteers* does not appear to have been performed in the theatre. It is, of course, extremely topical, but it seems to me an admirable acting play.



TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE little Wit of our poor *Family*, as well as the best part of the *Subsistence*, perisht with my Husband ; so that we have not where withall, worthily to express our great Acknowledgment due for the *Support* and *Favour* we have already received, much less to publish to the World your *Virtues*, and other *Endowments*, both of *Mind* and *Body* ; which in a private Person would have procur'd you the Admiration of *Mankind*, and cannot in a *Queen* but be consider'd as the highest National Blessing we enjoy from Heaven. This Consciousness of our own *Disability*, will much shorten your Majesties Trouble, we shall only therefore, without more words, and with all Humility, and Profound Respect, throw this our last Play at Your Majesties Feet, begging Your Acceptance of it ; and that You wou'd once Honour it with Your Presence, which will be the greatest Happiness that can arrive in this World to me his Unfortunate Widow, and from this World, to Your Faithful Servant, my Deceas'd Husband. I am,

MADAM,

Your Majesties most Humble,

Most Obedient, and most

Faithful Subject and Servant,

Anne Shadwell.

A PROLOGUE

*Written by Mr. Shadwell, and designed to be Spoken,
but was lost when the Play was Acted.*

O U R *Poet* taught by you, Sirs, to despise
All Rule, contemns the Witty and the wise :
And to the high and mighty *Fops* I'm sent,
With his Address and humble Complement.
Our *Author* will abhor withal his heart,
All Laws and Presidents of Wit and Art :
With you will venture Life and Fortune too,
And sacrifice his little Wit to you.
You who like worthy Judges can dispence
With all the Laws of Wit and common Sense :
Make Towing Bombast creeping force to pass,
And a Triumphant *Poet* of an Ass.
Oh *Fop* the happiest of all Human-kind !
In all the empty corners of his mind,
Not one ill thought he of himself can find. }
The wise have anxious and unhappy been,
In men of wit is melancholly seen ; }
But you are ne'r in danger of the Spleen.
Not but that some of you are witty too,
And more transcendent *Fops* for being so :
Let wisest men speak freely from the heart,
The *Fop* in them is much the pleasant'st part :
Blest Thoughtless men ! all others y've run down,
And now before ye carry all the Town :
Who is so pert, so witty at a Play ?
In Town so brisk, and at the Court so gay ?
Who in the City grow most rich, and thrive ?
In Town who on their wits like *Fops* can live ?
Who can so soon into Preferments jump ?
For whatsoe're the Game is, *Fop* is Trump.
But above all, who have the finest parts
With Ladies ! who like them can charm their hearts ?
Our *Poet* yields to your most Sov'raign Sway,
And does from you alone protection pray.
The Wits and Criticks differ, and are few,
You're one and all, nothing can alter you :
A numerous and uncorrupted Tribe,
Whom Sense can ne'r perswade, nor Wit can Bribe !

PROLOGUE,

Written by M^r. *Durfey*, and Spoken of by
M^{rs}. *Bracegirdle*.

Since Death's a Buccaneer, and the World will Rob,
As well of Wits, as the dull common Mob ;
Though not much learn'd, I have Philosophy
Enough, to teach me 'tis in vain to Cry :
Sad Thoughts then in our Author's Grave Ple bury,
And mind the Work in hand,——to make you merry ;
So, shall I to his Genius give just due,
And pleasure what, still strove to pleasure you :
I mean all you that can good Satyr bear,
Let th' rest look grum, make mouths, and sweat for fear.
We by the Hiss, shall soon know who is hit,
Nor can that Noise offend the men of wit ;
There still must be some Fools in a full Pit :
Among so many Judges met to Day,
The Bullion Sence wou'd break in the Essay,
Were there not some gross mettle to allay.
How many Squires could I this instant shew,
Well pleas'd to see our Author's Head laid low ;
I dare say I see twenty in one Row.
Pox, cries a Chit with Native Vice endu'd,
That has just got a Genius to be lewd :
An honest Rakehel can't get drunk, nor whore,
Break Windows, scowre the Watch, Bully nor Roar :
But straight a Character shall plague him for't ;
Rot him I'm glad he's dead with all my heart.
A man may now get something by the Age,
Without being laugh'd at for't upon the Stage.
Mon Dieu cries Miss, as right as ever twang'd,
These Rhiming Satyr Rogues should all be hang'd.
I live by Law, a Protestant true blew,
All Taxes pay, and am to Church so true,
I make my Assignations in a Pew.

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*From Crimes like these to make an Audience laugh,
Who Vices dare Explode,——both kinds are safe,
For th' Poet, Mate,——by Proxy does to Day,
Entreat you all to guard his Orphan Play :
His Sacred Boon above we hope he'l have ;
His Wit below, his Friends he hopes will save,
'Tis none but Devils damn beyond the Grave.* }

The Epilogue,

Spoken by one in deep Mourning.

Enough of Mirth, the Sportive Scene is done,
And a new doleful Theme is coming on :
These Sable Robes, at Plays so seldom worn,
Do silently express the loss we mourn :
SHADWELL the great Support oth' Comick Stage,
Born to expose the Follies of the Age :
To whip prevailing Vices, and unite
Mirth with Instruction, Profit with Delight :
For large Idea's and a flowing Pen,
First of our Times, and second but to Ben :
Whose mighty Genius and discerning Mind,
Trac'd all the various Humours of Mankind ;
Dressing them up with such successful Care,
That ev'ry Fop found his own Picture there :
And blush'd for shame at the surprizing Skill,
Which made his lov'd Resemblance look so ill.
SHADWELL, who all his Lines from Nature drew,
Copy'd her out, and kept her still in view :
Who never sunk in Prose, nor soar'd in Verse.
So high as Bombast, or so low as Farce :
Who ne're was brib'd by Title or Estate,
To fawn and flatter with the Rich or Great ;
To let a gilded Vice or Folly pass,
But always lash'd the Villain and the Ass.
Many within this crowded Pit I see,
Friends to our Author and his Memory :
To them he leaves, to cherish and maintain
The last and youngest Off-spring of his Brain :
By your just Care of this, you best will show
The kind Respect you to its Parent owe.
Crown you his last Performance with Applause,
Who love, like him, our Liberties and Laws.
Let but the honest Party do him Right,
And their loud Claps will give him Fame, in spight
Of the faint Hiss of grumbling Jacobite. }

Drammatis Personae.

Major General <i>Blunt</i> . Mr. <i>Lee</i> ,	An old Cavalier Officer, somewhat rough in Speech, but very brave and honest, and of good Understanding, and a good Patriot.
Coll. <i>Hackwell</i> , Sen. Mr. <i>Dogget</i> , Coll. <i>Hackwell</i> , Jun. Mr. <i>Powell</i> ,	An old Anabaptist Collonel of <i>Cromwell</i> 's, very stout and Godly, but somewhat Immoral. His Son, a Gallant well-bred young Gentleman, who has gotten much Honour in the Reduction of <i>Ireland</i> .
<i>Welford</i> . Mr. <i>Hodgson</i> ,	A brave young Gentleman, a Volunteer, of a good Estate, who has gotten much Honour in the late Wars.
Sir <i>Nicholas Dainty</i> . Mr. <i>Bowman</i> ,	A most Fantastick, Conceited Beau, of Drolling, Affected Speech; a very Coxcomb, but stout; a most luxurious effeminate Volunteer.
Sir <i>Timothy Kastril</i> . Mr. <i>Bowen</i> ,	An ugly sub-Beau, as Conceited as the other, but has a mortal hatred to War, that lives a lazy Dronish Coxcomby Life, writing Billet Doux.
<i>Nickum</i> . Mr. <i>Alexander</i> , Ding-boy. Mr. <i>Freeman</i> , <i>Hop</i> . ———	Mrs. <i>Hackwell</i> 's Stallion; a Sharper, which is a new name for a Rogue and a Cheat. Another Rogue of his Acquaintance. A Dancing-Master.
<i>Teresia</i> . Mrs. <i>Knight</i> , <i>Eugenia</i> . Mrs. <i>Mountford</i> , <i>VVinifred</i> . Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> ,	A foolish Confident, conceited and affected young Lady, Daughter to the Major General. A very fine young Lady, the Reverse of her Sister <i>Teresia</i> . An ill-bred, Scornful affected thing, a great Friend to <i>Teresia</i> , and Daughter to Mrs. <i>Hackwell</i> .
<i>Clara</i> . Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> ,	A Beautiful Ingenious young Lady, a great Friend to <i>Eugenia</i> , Daughter to Coll. <i>Hackwell</i> , by a former Wife.
Mrs. <i>Hackwell</i> . Mrs. <i>Lee</i> , <i>Lettice</i> .	A most Devilish Imperious Wife, and the worst of Step-Mothers. A very honest young Maid, Servant to Mrs. <i>Hackwell</i> .
<i>Prudence</i> . <i>Stitchum</i> . Mr. <i>Penkethman</i> .	Chamber-Maid to <i>Teresia</i> . A Taylor.

Servants, Footmen, Fiddlers, Singers, Dancers, Constable and Guards.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Teresia, Eugenia, and Hop.

Hop. **S**O Ladies ; 'tis enough this Morning, I must now to your Neighbour, Madam *Hackwell's* Daughter, Madam *Winifred*, she is the finest Lady ; Ah, 'twoud do a Man's Heart good to have such Schollars.

Teres. Let me dye, if she be not a fine Lady indeed. *Hop puts on his*

Eugen. Lord ! Sister, how we differ ; I take her to be *Galashoes, and takes*
the most Fantaſtick, Vain, Insolent, Ill-bred foolish *his Cloak and Kitt.*
Creature about Town,——except your self. *[Aside]*

Teres. Alas ! poor Ignorant thing, thou judge, the Country has stupified thee, may I perish else.

Hop. Her Mother is a fine discreet, sober, wise Lady, but her Father-in-Law's a damn'd old Phanatick Collonel of *Cromwell's*, and will not let his own Daughter learn :——He says Dancing is Whorish ; But thank Heav'n, his Lady wears the Breeches.

Teres. Out on him, old filthy Fellow ; Dancing is the prettiest innocent Accomplishment, upon my word, I'll say't.

Hop. Aye Madam, You are in the Right, there is not such another. I hate these damn'd Phanaticks, they wou'd ruin the Nation.

Eugen. You Cutters of Capers have no very good Friends of them indeed. *[Aside.]* Now does this Puppy think Dancing the most considerable thing in the Nation.

Hop. Well, sweet Ladies, your Servant.

Enter Major-General Blunt.

M. G. Bl. Good morrow *Hop.* What, will the Girls pace ? Shall we make 'em Amble ?

Hop. Your Worship's a merry Man ; Sir, I am in haſte. *[Exit Hop.]*

M. G. Bl. Well, get thee gone about thy capering Vocation Well said Wenches, you are early up ; bless ye both : *Eugen. and Teresia*

Teres. I wish you Joy of your Birth-day. *kneel.*

Eugen. And I Sir, may you see many more happy ones ; And live till you shall wish to dye.

M. G. Bl. Well said my Girl.

Teres. I vow, I wish you may live an Hundred Years : I'll swear I do.

M. G. Bl. A Dod Wench, that's not so well, that ſtin'st me ; 'Tis somewhat of the leaſt ;——Well, this is my Birth-day.

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And my Wedding Day, that joyn'd me to the best of Women, rest her Soul ; This Day, I always Celebrate with Jollity and Feasting.

Teres. Oh pray Sir, let's have Dancing ; Oh Lord, I am no body without Dancing, I'll swear.

M. G. Bl. Oh Lord, you shall have Dancing : [*Mimicking her.*]

But what need you affect, and drawl out your words so, like a waiting Woman, run over with Green-Sickness and Romance.

Teres. Are you angry with a Grace in Speech ?

M. G. Bl. Grace ! A Dod, it is a Disgrace ; can't you speak as you were taught ? But come on, I'll do my Duty to you both : For you I have left my dear Country Life, my sweet and fragrant Air ; with plain, natural and honest Company, for Essence of Sinks and Common-Shoars, for subtle Artificial Knaves, Ambitious Covetous Villains, who wou'd sell their very Country for Money, or a Title added to that of Villain.

Eugen. A sad Exchange for me, who love nothing like the freshness, ease and silence of the Country, to endure the Stinks, the ratling noise, and Tumult of the Town.

Teres. Poor thing ; The Country Life's a pretty Life for a Dairy Maid ; but for a fine Lady, there's nothing like this delicious Town : And I'll say't, *Hockley in the Hole* here is sweeter than a Grove of *Jessamin* in the Country ; Oh there is nothing in this World like *London*.

M. G. Bl. For Whores by'r Lady, among the Coxcombs and the Beau's, *London* ! They live not here the Life of Nature ; 'tis all Art and Trick ; every thing is put on, and Foppery.

Teres. The Life of Nature ? that's for Beasts.

M. G. Bl. Beasts ! By the Lord *Harry*, Fops are below Beasts. Who ever knew a Beast a Fop ; Nature never makes one, 'tis Affectation, which never is among Beasts.

Eugen. Who that has Sence or Vertue, cou'd endure the piteous Dullness of new Plays, the Idleness of *Basset* and *Comet* ; the most provoking Impertinence of how do you's, and visiting Days, with Tea Tables.

Teres. Oh Lord ! Speak against *Basset*, *Comet*, and visiting days, and Tea Tables ; I pity thee, poor Country thing : Thanks to my dear Aunt, that gave me *London* Breeding : I'll say't, 'twas a Portion, let me die else.

M. G. Bl. Come dear *Eugenia*, that hast Sense.

Teres. She Sence, hi, hi, hi, hi, Country Sence.

M. G. Bl. Yes, that she has, hi, hi, hi, hi, Country Sence is better than *London* Impudence ; I cannot say thy Aunt has corrupted thee ; for by the Lord *Harry*, there must be a strong Root of Folly in thee, to grow to this.

Teres. Aye Sir, you may say what you please.

M. G. Bl. But come *Teresia*, this is not my Business ; I am resolv'd to do well by both of ye ; — I have a pretty good Estate, and might have

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had a Thousand Pound a Year more, but that I must flye from the *University* forsooth, to run a Cavaliering, and so to have the honour to be flung from one Jayl into another, and be sequester'd, and Decimated, after being run, and shot through, and hack'd to some purpose for my Loyalty.

Eugen. No Man ever signalized his Courage and his Sufferings more than you : The Name of *Major General Blunt* will be remembred.

M. G. Bl. And I got well by't Adod, no more of that ; —I am come up to this *Smithfield*, like a Horse-Courser, to put off a Brace of Fillies, in this Market of Matrimony ; I am resolved to dispose of ye very soon, that I may go down and live, and breath again.

Eugen. Sir, I am not so fond of parting with so good a Father, 'tis time enough.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, 'tis high time, Wenches ; don't I know y'are full ripe ; and when y'are so, ye nothing but think and dream of Fellows, all of ye ; A Dod ye do.

Teres. Oh Lord, I think and dream of Fellows ; hi, hi, hi, hi. I'll swear it is the least of my Thoughts, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. G. Bl. I'll swear you lye ; hi, hi, hi, hi, 'tis the greatest of your Thoughts ; hi, hi, hi, hi, what a Pox, do you laugh when there is no Jest.

Teres. Smiling and laughing becomes ones Face.

M. G. Bl. What Laughter that's put on, and affected, it provokes to Vomit : what a Devil is this playing with a Fan, and falling back, and pulling up your Breasts, and thrusting out your Bumm, and tossing your Head, and distorting of your Body, and being more Antick than an Ape.

Teres. Say what you please Sir, I can never be put out of Love with a good Mien and Air, and Graceful Deportment, good breeding, and such things : With your Pardon Sir, you love Rusticity, I vow you do.

M. G. Bl. I love Nature, and hate Affectation, I vow I do ; well, 'tis in vain to strive to cure a Fop : Here is near hand a Parallel for you ; Collonel *Hackwell's* Wives, Daughter *Winifred*.

Teres. All the World says, one of the finest bred Ladies in Town, I'll say't they do ; who but Madam *Winifred*, let me dye.

M. G. Bl. And for thee my Girl, there's his Daughter.

Eugen. I never knew a young *Lady* of such Wit, Modesty and Discretion, in my Life ; nor one whom I cou'd wish so much to make a Friend of.

Teres. Nay, you are right now I'll swear, hi, hi, hi, hi, a poor Ignorant ill-bred Tit ; I'll say't she knows nothing of the Beau Mond, as Sir *Foppling* says.

M. G. Bl. What an Authors that ? A dod she is a provoking Jade.

Teres. An Author ; for my part, a Company of ill-dress'd Slovenly Course bred Fellows may laugh at him, but I'll say't, 'tis the best Character

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of a fine accomplisht Gentleman that e're I saw in a Play ; and Madam *Winifred*, my dear Friend, is in my Mind.

M. G. Bl. Ounds, I have much ado to forbear kicking her ;
But I'll contain.

[*Aside.*

Come Wenches, this is nothing to my purpose ; I am resolved to marry you out of hand, and will be so kind to you both to let you choose, if they be Gentlemen, and with indifferent Fortunes, and no blemmish of baseness ; ye shall have 'em : Come on Girls, deal plainly and honestly with your Father ; A dod do, hah.

Teres. Hi, hi, hi, hi, O Lord Sir, do you think I love a Fellow ? Hi, hi, hi, hi, I hate Fellows, I vow Sir, O Lord, I.

M. G. Bl. Pox on her, I cou'd wring her Neck off ; what ! do you hate Beau's ?

Teres. Indeed the Beau's are the finest Gentlemen ; I would not give a Farthing for one that is not a Beau.

M. G. Bl. Set thy Heart at rest ; by the Lord *Harry*, thou shalt have a Beau.

Teres. I have one ! Oh Lord, do not think so meanly of me, to imagine I am in Love ; who e're has a mind to me, I'll make him dye for me.

Eugen. Name Sir *Nicholas Dainty*.

M. G. Bl. What think you of Sir *Nicholas Dainty* ; he is the top of all the Beau's and Coxcombs of the Park, and Play-house.

Teres. Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! All the World says he is the finest Gentleman in *England* ; the most curious Dress, the finest Air, and the gallantest Mien ; let me dye, all the World, every body says it ; but I can't love any Fellow, alas, most of the Beau's Ogle and Dye for me now, and I mind 'em no more than my little Dog *Venny*. [*Aside.*] Oh how happy shou'd I be in the Arms of that delicate, perfect, most accomplished, sweet Sir *Nicholas*.

M. G. Bl. Thou hast hit her right ; what a rare Match 'twoud be, better one House than two troubled with them ; I was his Guardian, and I know by him, there is no more turning of a Fop into a Man of Sense, than of an Owl into a Nightingale. He has a good Estate, *Teresia* : But pray let me see, Dad he is going a Volunteer this Campaigne.

Teres. Oh Heaven and Earth ! a Volunteer ; I dye, I dye. [*She faints.*

M. G. Bl. How now, how now, what's the matter ?

Eugen. Why Sister, what ailst thou ?

Teres. Oh Lord ! A Volunteer.

[*Aside.*

Nothing but Wind upon my Stomach, with staying so long for my Breakfast.—I'll retire Sir ; Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord, a Volunteer ! I cannot out-live it.

[*Exit Teresia, Eugenia.*

M. G. Bl. Step in with her, and return instantly :
What Prodigy is this ? Was ever Creature so different, from Father and

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Mother, and Sister ; by the Lord *Harry*, I shall begin to believe the old Tales of Fairies changing Children in the Cradles ; by'r Lady they have sent me a damn'd Fantaſtick Fairy : — Come my *Eugenia*, thou art the Darling of my Heart, the Image of thy dead Mother.

Enter Eugenia.

Eugen. I should be happy to deserve the Favour, and that Character.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, out upon Complement, A dod thou dost ; come on, be plain and honest, no trifling ; tell me what Gentleman dost thou like best of all thou haſt ſeen at *London*.

Eugen. I know you too well to diſſemble with you, or conceal any thing from you, which you require me to let you know ; Young Collonel *Hackwel* our Neighbour, the old Collonel's Son ; is the moſt agreeable Perſon of a Man, the beſt bred, and of the beſt ſence I have ſeen : And I obſerve all Men of good Reputation, give him an excellent Character.

M. G. Bl. Faith Wench, let me kiſs thee for that : He is the prettieſt young Fellow in *England*, an underſtanding wiſe young Fellow, as much Wit as any Man, well tempered, of great Honour, in great Favour with the King ; he has done Wonders in the War of *Ireland* ; he has gotten much Reputation, but no black Cattle ; and adod Girl, he is as brave a Fellow as my ſelf ; There is as much difference between thy Choice and hers, as between an Eagle and a Jay.

Eugen. But Sir, All this is not to the Point, for he cannot be thought of for a Husband by you : For his Father, by the Indignation of his ſecond Wife, has turned him off, and is reſolved to diſinherit him.

M. G. Bl. That ever that old Blockheaded Round head ſhou'd fight for Liberty ; and I'll tell thee Wench, I ſhall ne're forget him ; we have had Rubbers, and adod he is a plaguy Fellow. I have had his dam'd long Tuck in my Body, and this Fellow, to ſneak to a confounded, ſilly, Fantaſtick, ugly, old ſecond Wife ; the moſt termagant Jade in *Chriſtendom* : But my poor *Eugenia*, if his Son had no Fortune, hee'd hew himſelf out one with his Sword, under ſo brave, and magnanimous a King : If not for thy ſake, I'd give him one, to make thee happy, but Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year is intailed upon him.

Eugen. I can ſcarce forbear to worſhip ſo good a Father : And on my Knees, I humbly thank you for your kind intention : Pray think it not immodeſt, if I ingenuouſly confeſs I love this Man more than Liberty or Light, or all that this World holds dear, or valuable : I could with him waſte all my Life in Wants, in Rags, and in a Deſert.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, a brave Wench, bluſh not, 'tis no ſhame to love a Gallant Fellow, 'tis natural to love, and 'tis a Diſeaſe not to be Subject to it. But let me ſee, there is ſomething to be conſidered, will he love ye, hah, adod hah.

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Eugen. Be pleased to peruse those billets, I would to have been lost for ever, e're I woud have proceeded farther without your leave ; in these you'll find him Honourable, Sir.

M. G. Blunt. Ha ! Let me see your Excellent Beauty, Incomparable Wit and Vertue, Passion, Transport, Honour, Right, a dod, thus it was when I was a young Fellow : ah Wench, I shall never forget I was ; ah, well, I say no more : Let me see, to begin at your Father, wou'd look like Imposition, yet without his consent, I must resolve to be miserable : by my Honour, a pretty young Fellow. This way of proceeding shews I have most Honour for the Daughter, the other would express more for the Father.

Eugen. You have lighted upon the first ; I have answer'd none, nor ever would, without your Consent.

Enter Coll. Hackwell jun. and Mr. Welford.

M. G. Bl. Cods my life, see who's here ? The very man.

Eugen. Give me my Billet Sir. [*She snatches the paper and runs out.*]

Hack. jun. Fair Lady, do you fly for the same.

M. G. Bl. These Cunning young Wenches wo'not be seen undrest, till it be too late to mislike 'em.

Hack. jun. I come to wait on you, my Noble Major General, to give you joy of your Birth-day ; and I wish you all the happiness Mankind is Capable of.

M. G. Bl. Thank ye heartily, young fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir this Friend of mine, who is a man of honour, and I dare say, you'll think worthy of your Acquaintance, desires the honour of it ; 'Tis Mr. *Welford*.

M. G. Bl. The brave Volunteer, who has not heard your name ? Y'are welcome, I am your Servant.

Welf. If any thing could make me proud, it would be praise from so brave a Souldier, and so great a Patriot.

M. G. Bl. Praise ! A Gentleman who maintains Twenty well appointed Horsemen at his own Charge ; and serves a private man among'st 'em, deserves praise from every brave fellow, and true *English* man ; you must Dine with me to day, both of yee, Adod I love brave young fellows, the noise of War fires my old Blood, methinks I long to be amongst you.

Hack. jun. You have shewn such Gallantry, as we can but faintly Copy after.

M. G. Bl. Well, I have seen Action in my time, and have swing'd and been swing'd, by my hilts I have : I have been shot and run thorough, and cut in the head and face, for a Cause not half so great as this : These knocks give me such Remembrance, that my old Carcase will not suffice my mind ; ———It wonot be.

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Hack. jun. The thought would perplex a man, to find, that a Cottage upon a Common may be sustained from Age to Age ; and these poor frail tenements, must drop for all the Reparations we can make.

Welf. Gallant old Soldiers, have nothing to do, but to be as easie as they can, and live and enjoy the fame, they Nobly wone.

M. G. Bl. A Dod it is a kind of Chewing the Cud upon honour ; Faith young Fellows, if this Carcase wou'd serve my mind, I'de not be the hindmost, by the Lord Harry ; War was another thing in my time, we fought and push'd it on, as troth you did well in *Ireland*, Now your *French* Trick is to lie secured in passes, and not fight.

Hack. jun. But delay like a Chancery Suite to undo the Plaintiffs purse-strings.

M. G. Bl. 'Tis not shot bags, but money bags that do Grand *Lewis* his Business ; but come on young fellow, how stand matters between your Father and you.

Hack. jun. In a most forlorn Condition.

Welf. Dear *Tom*, I'll go to him about that Business and meet as appointed.

Hack. ju. You'll find it in vain, There is no Creature so obstinate as a Godly Man.

M. G. Bl. Sir, your Servant, fail not at Two, at Dinner.

Welf. Sir, your most humble Servant, I will not. [*Exit Welf.*]

Hack. jun. That's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword ; I have seen him, in Clouds of Smoak, and Showers of Bullets, as Fearless as if he were Invulnerable ; He refuses all command and takes all the Duty and Fatigue of a Centry upon him ; and spends a thousand pound a Year among Sick and wanting Soldiers, and fares plainly himself.

M. G. Bl. He has the Spirit of *Cato*, brave *Cato*, *Monstrat tolerare labores non jubet*, such a Volunteer ought to be honour'd. Now a Company of fluttering Fops, think of nothing but living well in a Camp. A dod, one Dragoon's worth 40 such.

Hack. jun. To say the Truth, Instead of hardship, toil, abstinence, we have Introduced in Camps, Softness, Effeminacy and Luxury, and such Extravagance in Cloaths and Equipage.——

M. G. Bl. A Damn'd *French* Invention to undo men, and make them absolutely depend like Slaves, as the *Janizaries* did once upon the *Turks*. But look thee, to our Business, Your Father Dines with me to day. I know he has turn'd you out of doors ; and in the first place, no Complements, but it shall be a Mortal Quarrel between us, if you send not your Goods and Servants hither, and make my house your own.

Hack. jun. Sir, You.——

M. G. Bl. Look you young fellow, answer me not, but with your Leg ; But do what I say, A dod I will have it so.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Hack. jun. He's always in Earnest.

Aside.] Oh, most surprizing Joy, to be in the house with my Mistress ; I'll shortly reveal my love to him.

M. G. Bl. That Mother in Law of thine, is a Confounded Jade, and I believe given to stumble much ; there is an odd fellow keeps her Company.

Hack. jun. She calls him Cozen, his name is *Nickum*.

M. G. Bl. Aye *Nickum* ! what is that fellow, *Nickum*.

Hack. jun. He was a Notorious Sharper, and now she swells his pocket for him.

M. G. Bl. Sharper ! A pox on that new game, The old one is Rogue and Cheat are better, Dod I hate mincing ; so Miss is a pretty new name ; Miss with a pox ! Is not the old one Whore better, Miss with the Devils name ; Whore I say, There is a Sister in Law for thee ; a damn'd affected foolish Jade ; they say the young fellow calls her scornful Lady.

Hack. jun. Insolent enough of all Conscience, and affected to Nauseousness.

M. G. Bl. Dod, thou wilt live to see her take up with a Groom or some pittiful fellow.

Hack. jun. Truly she is somewhat liable.

M. G. Bl. But thy own Sister, is the very Reverse of her, but come lets into my Dressing Room and Consult about matters, and then we'l walk in the Park.

Hack. jun. 'Tis delicate weather ; every body will be there. *[Exit.*

M. G. Blunt and Hack. jun.

SCENE II.

Coll. Hackwells House.

Enter Winifred and Hop.

Hop. **N**ow sweet Madam *Winifred*, this Room is private, no more dancing, Oh Love, Divine Love.

Win. Get you gone you naughty Man, { *She pats him on the Face.*
sure you used Witchcraft, I that have scorn'd all the
young fellows in the Town, and used em like Dogs, to
be caught with you.

Hop. Indeed Madam *Winifred* 'tis your great Goodness and no desert of mine.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Win. Ah, that dear Kit, and plaid upon by those Fingers, 'twas that won upon me first, let me Die, Oh you make the finest musick of that pretty Kit.

Hop. Hist, hist, some body comes, fa, la, la, la, Coupee, fa, la, la, round streight.

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Madam, *Teresia*, desires your Ladiship wou'd favour her with your Company to St. *James's* Park this forenoon.

Win. Go tell my Dear, I'll not fail ; —— She is the finest Lady in the Universe I'll vow. *[Exit Prudence.]*

Enter Clara unseen and unheard.

Hop. Not when Madam *Winifred* is by let me kiss those dear pretty dear hands.

Win. Go, go, get you gone, let me dye you have the Charmingst way with you.

Clara. Is this learning to Dance ! very pretty ! is all her haughty Insolence and scorn come to this.

Hop. Dear sweet Lady of my Life, when shall our two half broad pieces meet ? I have a Minister ready at an hours time to joyn 'em ; this day we shall all be merry at Major General *Blunts*, we may easily drop out, —— Hah, who's here ? Madam, pray mind, fa, la, la, la, Lord you are careless.

Clara. What reason is there, this fellow shou'd not be Hamstring'd ; but I'll take no notice, her sence and breeding is fit for none but a Cut-Caper.

Hop. Nay whether do you turn ; why dont you mind me.

Clara. Methinks Mr. *Hop*, she does mind you ; and is much improved by your Instructions.

Win. Well, what's that to you what I am ; what did you come to listen ; must I have such a one as you to be a spie upon me Mrs. *Malapert*.

Clara. Breedings a good thing Sister ; a very good thing.

Win. Breeding, Thou talkest of Breeding, why thou canst not walk a Corant poor thing ; —— You breeding and never learnt to dance.

Hop. Breeding without dancing.

Exit Hop.

Clara. Breeding is in the head, not in the foot Sister.

Win. Come, come Mistress ; I'll not be used thus ; I that have been profered all the best and finest Gentlemen about the Town, who die for me ; and to be suspected for my Dancing Master.

Clara. The Innocent ne're fear suspicion.

Win. That is as much as to say, I am not innocent ; you are, I know what you are ; marry come up ? I'll not endure it.

Clara. You make me smile.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Enter Mrs. Hackwel.

Mrs. Hack. How now what's the matter?

Win. Am I born to be abused by that Family; Heres Mrs. *Pert*—must listen and watch, and be a Spie upon me, as if she suspected my being alone with a Dancing Master.

Mrs. Hack. Huswife! how dare you treat my Daughter thus, 'tis sawcy in you; shall I be perpetually affronted by your Paltry brood; I have gotten rid of one, and the other shall out suddainly, must we have Spies upon us forsooth, marry come up Minx.

Clara. Ill words shall not make me forget my duty to my Fathers Wife.

Mrs. Hack. Your Fathers Wife Impudence; what is that Fathers Wife of kin to you?

Clara. My true Stepmother.

Mrs. Hack. Stepmother! Hey day! there's a name, I shall have fine titles by and by; Mrs. Spie, I'll spoil your Office.

Clara. I scorn the Office; but Madam, the Innocent fear no Spies.

Mrs. Hack. Oh most Audacious, tell me of the Innocent!

Win. Have I scorn'd all the fellows of the Town, that have Ogled me and Written Billets.

Mrs. Hack. Aye, aye, and those that die for her now; tho' I must confess it is a fault.

Win. Don't I hate all the filthy fellows?

Mrs. Hack. And use em with all the Contempt Imaginable.

Win. To be watched when I am alone with a Dancing Master.

Mrs. Hack. Aye, aye, to be watch'd with a Dancing Master, he poor fellow.

Win. Nay, not such a poor fellow neither, the man's a pretty man, a very pretty man, but for my Vertue; my Honour to be questioned.

Mrs. Hack. If my Cozin *Nickum* comes to see me; we must be watch'd, and you must pop in and out forsooth; — and he is as fine a Gentleman as the Sun shines upon.

Clara. Oh my poor deluded Father, to be abused by a Rascal, Cheat and Rook.

Mrs. Hack. Come on Huswife; I'll not endure this under my roof.

Clara. How Innocence can smile at accusation.

Enter Coll. Hackwell, senior.

Hack. sen. Who has offended thee my dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. One that always will, am I and mine born to be affronted perpetually by your brood here.

Coll. Hack. sen. I am sorry dear Lamb, but what's the matter?

Mrs. Hack. Good Lack! what's the matter? As if I cou'd not tell when I was affronted; but you must judge.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Win. As if we did not know, when we were abus'd, huh.

Hack. sen. Look thee, I profess Lamb I am sore afflicted at these things ; but we are one Flesh, and thou art dearer to me than all the World, I will cleave unto thee.

Mrs. Hack. Cleave quoth he ! She listens and watches when my Daughters alone with her Dancing Master ; as if she wou'd be naught with him. Must my Daughter be suspected ?

Nay, she has the Impudence if any Gentleman (as my Cozen *Nickum* or so comes to wait upon me) to spy and listen, must my Vertue, my known Vertue be once in Suspition.

Hack. sen. Look thee lamb ; I beseech thee weep not dear lamb, verily none can be so wicked to suspect such known vertue ; I profess *Clara*, I am incens'd against thee, yea greatly incens'd.

Clara. I have been used to bear, and for your sake I can do it.

Mrs. Hack. Most audacious ! She smiles and laughs at us.

Clara. Let Guilt look dejected, Innocence will smile.

Mrs. Hack. In short, I am resolv'd not to be under the same roof with her ; your wicked Son and she, have made me weary of my life.

Hack. sen. Verily, thou art unto me my lamb, as the Apple of my Eye, and in truth *Clara*, I am greatly moved in Spirit, and I am resolved for the quiet of thy good Mother to dispose of thee, but first I'll seek the Lord upon it.

Mrs. Hack. Tell me of seeking ; seek me no Body, but do it.

Enter Mr. Welford.

Clara. I have born this Tyranny long enough ; Thank Heaven I have a Fortune of my own ; and will take care to dispose of my self. *Exit Clara.*

Welf. Heav'n grant it were to me ; by the world she is an Angel, I never saw killing beauty, till this Instant.

Win. What fellow's that ? But I must go to my dear, and walk with her in the Park : She sent to me. *Exit Winifred.*

Welf. Is this my Friends Sister, hah, I had forgotten.

Hack. sen. Who are you, Sir ? have you ought with me ?

Welf. I have, if you be Collonel *Hackwell* somewhat which concerns you.

Hack. sen. Men are wont to call me so ; Is it about the Linnen Manufacture.

Welf. Ha ! this Godly old fellow, is of the honest Vocation of Stock-jobbing——(*Aside*)——No it is not.

Mrs. Hack. The Glass.

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. The Copper.

Welf. No.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Hack. sen. The Tinn.

Welf. No.

Mrs. Hack. The Divers.

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. Oh the Paper.

Welf. None of these.

Mrs. Hack. It must be the Dippers ; who will make Sarcenet keep out rain like Drap de Berry.

Welf. None of all these, nor no wager about the retaking of *Mons, Phillipsburgh, Montmelian* ; Nor Invading of *France* by the first of *August*, none of all these, but some private business wherein I desire your care alone.

Mrs. Hack. What wou'd you part Man and Wife ?

Welf. No, If I had that Dispensing power, I wou'd mend all the High ways in *England* ; Repair the Old, and Erect New Bridges every where ; and build Churches Innumerable.

Hack. sen. And Hospitals.

Welf. Not one, that's your City Custom, to cheat all their lives time ; And give away what they have gotten from the Right owners, to the founding or increasing of an Hospital ; besides I like not the Charity of making half a score Knaves live Luxuriously, and the poor who shou'd be reliev'd to live miserably under them. But to my business which is not so fit for your ear Madam.

Mrs. Hack. I hope it is not Obscene Sir ?

Hack. sen. I profess that is not fit for my eares then ; but look ye Sir, my Lamb and I, are one Flesh.

Mrs. Hack. Do you think there is a secret of Mr. *Hackwell* that is not mine.

Hack. sen. Not one verily.

Welf. Sure this Fellow cou'd never be my Friends Father, pray heav'n his Mother was honest.

Enter Nickum.

Mrs. Hack. Wellcom dear Cozen *Nickum*.

Hack. sen. Good morning Cozen.

Nickum. Your most humble Servant.

Mrs. Hack. Well Sir, No whispering, I must and will hear all my husbands business.

Welf. Oh breeding and modesty whither are you flown, well then, I may plead my Cause in the Face of open day ; and in the greatest Assembly, Sir, you have a Son :

Hack. sen. I have, what then, wou'd he had Grace.

Welf. I don't know what you call Grace ; but he has as much Vertue and Honour, as any Gentleman living :

THE VOLUNTEERS

Hack. sen. Vertue and Honour will bring him but to hell.

Mrs. Hack. He vertue and honour.

Welf. Yes Madam, the world knows it, loudly speaks of it, for my part I think it my greatest honour to be call'd his Freind.

Hack. sen. But what's all this to me?

Welf. 'Tis to your honour ; he is greatly favoured by the King, extream-beloved by the People, much esteemed by the Generals, adored by the Soldiers, and has won immortal honour in the Reduction of *Ireland* ; he never speaks of you without Love and Reverence, and wou'd give all the world to be in your Favour, no Parent yet, e're had a Son of greater Piety, and you to turn him off.

Hack. sen. I profess to you, I do not think it fit for one who has liv'd 68 Years to take advice of one without a beard.

Mrs. Hack. What have you to do with us? pray sweet Sir, go your ways and meddle with your matters.

Welf. I have been told ye were stout and behav'd your self bravely in the Civil War.

Hack. sen. Indeed I must confess I was not wont to fly before the face of an Enemy in that day.

Welf. Methinks this should make you love and cherish a brave fellow that sprung from you, besides, what will Mankind say of you, for using him so ill, whom they like so well.

Hack. sen. The Righteous fear not the Censures of the Wicked, he has been disobedient and disrespectful to my dear Lamb.

Welf. aside } Lamb with a pox, why does not he call her Yew :
to him. } He is too much a well bred Man, and a Man of honour to be guilty of that.

Mrs. Hack. Sir, I cannot but wonder at your Impudence, out of my doors, he is a Scurvy, Sawcy, Scandalous Fellow.

Welf. death Madam, I wou'd not hear a Man say so.

Nickum. What if you shou'd Sir?

Welf. Why, I wou'd pull him by the nose, if you please I will shew you how.

Nickum. Do you know who I am?

Welf. You are now a fellow with a whole face, but if you dare speak one ill word of my Friend, you shall be a fellow with a slasht face.

Nickum. } Dare Sir?
Hack. sen. }

Mrs. Hack. So, very fine, he must send his Hectors to affront us, and our Freinds ; Avaunt, get the out of my doors Bully.

Nickum. Dare, —Let me go, Hilts and Blades.

Hack. sen. What is your name?

Welf. My name is *Welford*.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Nickum. Hah ! what a Devil, the Volunteer that's so talked of. Ounds he'll whip me through in the twinkling of an eye, I will retire. [*He sneaks out.*]

Hack. sen. Look you Mr. *Welford*, put me not to use the Carnal weapon in my defence, but leave me.

Welf. Mistake me not Sir, I come to you with all the respect imaginable ; and I am sorry I have offended, your humble Servant. [*Exit Welford.*]

Mrs. Hack. Rude Fellow, impudent Hector, do you see my Duck ; What a Bully he has sent to you, 'twas a Mercy my Cozen was here ; He might have assassinated you, your wicked Son is grown to the height of Impiety, I am afraid of thy dear Life, poor Duckling.

Hack. Sen. Ah my poor Lamb, thou art a dear sweet Creature.

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Is the Rogue, the Scoundrel gone ?

Mrs. Hack. Indeed Duckling we are mightily obliged to my Cozen *Nickum*.

Nick. This Rascal put me into such a passion, I was afraid I must have kill'd him before your Faces, and that he had been Uncivil : This made me retire.

Hack. Sen. I do not know whether this Man be stout or no ; but I remember in the War we always used to beat these Blusterers most exceedingly.

Nick. But I'll reckon with the Bully another time.

Hack. Sen. Hold Cozen, desist from that Resolution ; for I say unto you : and verily I speak it in knowledge, that all Manslaying, unless it be Defensive, or for the Faith is unlawful.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, Here are a great many wait in the Parlour to speak with you about the Manufacture.

Hack. Sen. I go,——Good morrow Lamb. [*Ex. Hack. Sen. and Lettice.*]

Mrs. Hack. Now we shall enjoy our selves without Interruption ; My dear Pigsny, let us triumph, I have gain'd an absolute Victory, the next thing is to make him settle his Estate (that is not entailed) as I please, or no quiet, no sleep shall be known to him, and I warrant thee Dear I'll do't. A Woman, if she has Wit and Industry, and will watch his Blind sides, and attack 'em, never fails of her Ends upon her Husband.

Ever since Grandam *Eve*, I dare maintain,
A Husband with his Wife contends in vain,
For she at length her point will always gain.

Nick. Gallants, take warning by me, how shall I be persecuted,
Fly an Intrigue with any old Man's Wife,
For trust me 'tis a sad laborious Life.

THE VOLUNTEERS

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir *Nicholas Dainty*, and Sir *Timothy Kastril*, with Foot-Men behind them.

Sir *Nich.* **S**IR *Timothy Kastril*, I kiss your Hands.

Sir *Tim.* Sir *Nicholas Dainty*, I am your most humble Servant.

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis a fine fresh Morning, we shall have all the Beauties here to be frost nipt.

Sir *Tim.* Cods my Life, I am come out without my Billets Doux : What a Devil shall I do, I shan't be able to talk with a Beau all day : Here, Sirrah, *Jack*, go to the Blockhead my *Valet de Chambre*, and ask him why he was such a Son of a Whore, to let me come out without my Billets Doux ; go and fetch them, run all the way.

Sir *Nich.* O fie, Come abroad with your Billets ; I don't look upon my self as drest, till I have put them up. But the Ladies do so persecute me, that damme if I be not weary of the Fatigue of answering them : I think I must keep a Secretary. I keep Grisons Fellows out of Livery, privately for nothing, but to carry Answers.

Sir *Tim.* } What wou'd he say, if he had my trouble ; for I Gad I

Aside. } write abundance of mine, and answer 'em too my self ; for a Man must not be out-done in Billets, by any Brother Beau : Hah ! I have found 'em, they are in my little Pocket.

Sir *Nich.* See what a Parcel I have received this Morning : It cost me Three Hours answering of 'em ; for you know a Man must write handsomely, and like a Gentleman.

Sir *Tim.* Thank Heav'n, I have as pretty a knack with my Pen as another.

Sir *Nich.* Hear this, ——— [Reads.]

If you knew how I languish for want of your Conversation, you wou'd be so kind as to afford it me this Afternoon, at Three a Clock, when all our People will be abroad, and I keep my Bed on purpose.—Yours entirely.

[*He speaks.*] This is from a Courtesie.

Sir *Tim.* And do you go, Sir *Nicky* ?

Sir *Nich.* Dam me not I : I sent an Excuse, I am not in Love with any Ladies, I only desire they may fall in Love with me, that's all : And 'tis hard for 'em to scape my Dress, and a certain languishing way I have of Ogling thus.—hah !

Sir *Tim.* Very well, the Devil take,——Gad I must learn that look.

Sir *Nich.* Look you thus.

Sir *Tim.* Aye, thus, thus ; is that pretty well ?

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir *Nich.* You must come to my Chamber, and practise a Mornings at my Glass. [*Aside.*] But 'twill never do well with his Complexion : he is but a very Olive, coloured Beau.

Sir *Tim.* I'll do't, but pray hear one of my Billets.

'Tis from Mrs. *Winifred.*

Sir *Nich.* Who the scornful Lady, that despises Fellows, as she calls us.

Sir *Tim.* The same, let me perish else ; she is desperately in Love with me : I thought indeed there was somewhat in it, she gives me such familiar Names, when I address to her.

Sir *Nich.* Yes, Puppy and Fool, and Impudence, are familiar Names : Let me die.

Sir *Tim.* Aye, so they are ; but see what she says.

Sir *Nich.* No Man has so great a share in my Heart, as Sir *Timothy Kastril*, and I'll give you leave to improve it : she ends well.

Sir *Tim.* Hah ! Is it not very well ? hah !

Sir *Nich.* Poor Sir *Timothy*, the Wits will play the Rogues with him, and Counterfeit Letters from all the Beauties, and he believes every thing ; Lord, that Men shou'd be so conceited ! but see here's a Billet from a Beauty indeed.

I was so much surpriz'd at the News of your going a Volunteer, that I sounded, and thought I shou'd never recover it : And if you continue that Resolution, you will most certainly break the Heart of, Your Admirer.

Sir *Tim.* Now you shall see one of mine.

Sir *Nich.* Here's another.

Sir *Tim.* Hold, here's a very pretty one.

Sir *Nich.* Let me see, here's one from the finest Lady in the Town.

[*Ladies in Masques, crossing the Stage.*]

Hold, the Ladies come, some by my Appointment.

Sir *Tim.* I appointed some.

Sir *Nich.* How does my Complexion look ? I am afraid I have been cheated of my cold Cream of late.

Sir *Tim.* Exceeding well, how does mine ?

Sir *Nich.* I believe you are not well to day : you do not look well.

Sir *Tim.* } I am not well indeed, but I am sure I look well : Sir *Nicholas*
[*Aside.* } is a pretty Gentleman, but he is so conceited, and will allow
no Man to look well but himself.

The Ladies again :

[*Ladies pass over again.*]

Sir *Nich.* They are nimble footed, and expect a Chase.

Sir *Tim.* Let's run, and board 'em.

Sir *Nich.* I cannot run, it doe, so disorder ones Perewig, and Cravat-string, but I'll be up with you. [Sir *Tim.* runs, and Sir *Nich.* shuffles after him.]

THE VOLUNTEERS

Enter Coll. Hackwell, Jun. and Welford, as Sir Nich. and Sir Tim. are going off.

Hack. Jun. Do you see who are yonder in pursuit of the Vizors ? My Volunteer, and a Bacon-fac'd Beau with him.

Welf. I can think of nothing but thy dear sweet incomparable Sister :

Hack. Jun. You do her a great deal of honour, and I can think no Alliance so happy as yours, though you are mine already by a stronger tie, by that of Friendship.

Welf. My Friendship to you, nothing can increase or lessen : but oh your Sisters Eyes ; no Dart e're flew so quick, or wounded yet so fatally : I feel 'em here.

Hack. Jun. There is no danger of that Wound, my Life for yours I'll mould her to your wish.

Welf. Such another word wou'd make me worship thee : I have safely gaz'd and star'd on other Beauties of the Town ; but the first view of her, like Lightning, stroke me, were I not engag'd in honour this Campaigne, I wou'd stay and live, and dye beneath her Feet.

Hack. Jun. I with my Mistress wou'd desire to get a little higher, but I'll tell thee, on a Friends Faith take it, I am not such a Fop, to say, tho' I say't that shou'd not (For I did not make my Sister) she has all the Wit, Modesty, Discretion, good Nature, and sweet temper'd, which a Woman can be capable of, and her beauty is the least Valuable of any quality she has.

Welf. Her beauty is beyond all other Ladies, you see but with a Brothers Eye, I with a Lovers, but thou describest an Angel, I know she might be all that's Excellent.

Hack. jun. Now Friend thou'l pity me, who am in Love even to desperation : I have told thee I have written to her several times without an Answer, and if I meet her here or any where, I can find no Return, but cold Indifferent Civility : Oh Friend she has all the Excellencies that Heav'n e're gave, or Mortal cou'd receive.

Welf. My Dear Friend, if she be what thou describest, she must, she cannot but Love so brave a fellow, now my dear *Tom* our Conditions as well as tempers suit to bind us fast to one another.

Hack. jun. Which tye, no time, Misfortunes, or Accident but Death can break ; I wonder my fair one is not here : Among ten Thousand I can ne're mistake her, she kills at distance. My Sister will certainly be with her, they are the dearest Friends in the world, and always together when they can.

Welf. Something methinks within me, foretells I shall be happy.

Hack. jun. Doubt it not, thou art brave and vertuous, and deserv'st all thou canst aim at.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Enter Major General Blunt.

M. G. Bl. So, so, go on, a dod I love to see two Gallant Fellows embracing 'tis hearty and in earnest, but by the Lord *Harry*, a Coward cannot be a Friend.

Hack. jun. We need no greater honour, than your good opinion.

M. G. Bl. Prithee no Complements, but do you know young fellow that your Sister is even now turn'd out of doors, by thy most Confounded Mother in Law, and is fled to me for Protection, and she has chosen me for her Guardian.

Hack. jun. Had I the Treasure of the *Indies*, I wou'd trust them all with you, and I will say, she is a Treasure.

M. G. Bl. A dod she is the fairest and best of all her Sex, and I will take more care of her then of a Daughter.

Welf. You are a Man of honour Sir, and 'tis fit I let you know I am most Infinitely in love with her.

M. G. Bl. By my Troth I think thou art in the right on't, 'twill be an Excellent Match, I'll advance it all I can.

Welf. I dye for her.

M. G. Bl. If I were a young fellow, I wou'd not die for her, but I wou'd live for her, A dod I wou'd, I tell thee, that I never knew a Valiant fellow, but he was Amourous and Compassionate, nor a Coward, but he was Cruel and Lustful.

Hack. jun. Your Observations are always just.

M. G. Bl. But come on young Springal, hast thou nere a Mistress, speak, A dod thou art in love too, hah! A dod thou art.

Hack. jun. I am not Considerable enough.

M. G. Bl. Pish! pox thou talkest like a Gentleman Usher, with White Gloves, Pearl Colour'd silk Stockings, and a Nose-gay; I am not Considerable enough! by the Lord *Harry*, thou knowest thy worth better.

Hack. jun. When I have ought fit for discovery, you shall be Master of it.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, A dod thou must have a Mistress; and I warrant if one knew all, thou hast a pretty way of inditing a Billet.

Hack. jun. [*Aside.*] Death, has he discover'd ought, this is a nice point. If I Prevaricate with him, he'll think me a dissembling Knave, and hate me.

M. G. Bl. I see it startles him———*Aside.*

Blush not my brave Stripling to be in Love, 'tis a Manly Passion, and none but beasts, or beastly fellows are without it.

Welf. By Heav'n spoken like an Oracle.

M. G. B. I warrant this Young Fellow knows all; but none of you will trust us Old Fellows, with such secrets.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Enter Teresia, Winifred, Sir Nicholas, and Sir Timothy.

But who are coming this way ? Upon my life two brace of such Fops ; as I'll be your bond-slave, if the whole Mall affords the like, and a Daughter of mine is one of 'em. *Let us step aside.*

Welf. 'Tis the featest finical fellow, I ever saw.

M. G. Bl. A dod he is a thing, and not a man, methinks we shou'd not call him he, but it.

Teres. } Does your Cruel resolution hold, to go to the War !
to Sir Nich. } O Lord ; what shou'd you do there ! Let me dye so fine
a Person shou'd not be ventur'd.

Sir Nich. Do you hear *Sir Timothy*—— { *Kicks Sir Timothy on the Honour Madam, Honour must be obey'd.* } *Shins, he rubs 'em.*

Teres. And Gentle Love be laid aside ? You will break many Ladies hearts.

Sir Nich. No, no, Madam, I, alas, alas, I'm but an Ordinary fellow : But I cannot help it.

Teres. Oh, Cruel man, Can you leave me ? { *Sir Nich. kicks Sir Tim.*
Sir Tim. Ounds ! he has broke my Shins. { *on the Shines.*

Teres. One that loves you more than life ; let me dye, I never said so much before : Lord how I blush !

Sir Nich. Me ! no, no, Madam ; You Rally, well may I perish.

Win. Let me dye if you talk, and walk with fellows thus, I'll say't I must leave you ; Oh Lord ! what will become of my Reputation ? What an Impertinent Puppy you are ; I wou'd not be observ'd to talk with such a fellow.

Sir Tim. I'll wait on you in private sweet Madam.

Win. I'll have you kick'd out of doors in publick then, stinking fellow : 'Tis fine indeed, such a fellow as you pretend to me.

Sir Tim. Ha ! what have I done ?——*aside.*

Did not you receive an answer to your Billet Madam ?

Win. Oh Lord, what means the Ass.

Sir Tim. Oh Madam, I understand you ; I'll take no notice before Company ; Let me kiss your sweet hand. *She gives him a slap on the Chaps.*

Win. Begone you sawcy Oafe, these fellows grow Impudent, if you don't keep them under, but come my dear, or I'll leave you here, oh Lord I talk with fellows.

Sir Tim. Ah, 'tis a dissembling Toad ; I see now she loves me.

Teres. Adieu we must see you at Dinner.

Sir Nich. Aye, Madam [*aside*] I'll drop this Billet. { *He drops a Billet out*

Teres. What has he dropt ?—Let me see—let me dye. { *of his Handkerchief,*

Its a Billet Doux, Oh I could tear her heart out that { *Teresia takes it up.*

writ it.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Win. Come, come.

What ugly awkward fellows are these, to my dear heart, my sweet Mr. Hop. *Exit Teresia and Winifred.*

Sir Nich. You have kissed your Mistress hands by way of a slap of the Chaps.

Sir Tim. 'Twas welcome, I know the Rogue Loves me.

Sir Nich. Oh dear Freind thou mistakest, I love this Lady best of any, but thou shouldst never let a Lady believe thou lovest her, but love and admire thy self ; Damme that's the only way ; they'll be stark mad for thee then.

Sir Tim. Ha I'll consider on't, ha ! I admire my self more than any man.

Sir Nich. Oh, here is my Guardian that was, and my Collonel that is to be : My noble Guardian good morning, and joy of your Birth-day : Sir I kiss your hands.

M. G. Bl. Thankeye my noble Pupil ; you are the Flower of Civility I'll swear. *Mimicks Sir Nich. Speech and Motion.*

Sir Tim. Sir, your most obedient Servant.

M. G. Bl. How dost thou do Knight, You and your Friend Dine with me to day.

Sir Nich. The General tells me I shall have the honour to Charge under you : And says you will shew me Play.

Hack. jun. The General does me honour, but he shall always find I will be in Earnest.

Sir Nich. This Sir, Is that noble Person I suppose, who is a Brother Volunteer.

Hack. jun. It is Sir.

Sir Nich. I have been twice at your Lodging to kiss your hands, and beg the honour of your Acquaintance.

Welf. You oblige me Sir, And I shou'd be glad to know where to return your Visit.

Sir Nich. I am in *St. James' Square*, but you must know Sir, we Young Gentlemen of the Town, are so taken up, either with Ladies with us in a morning, or receiving and answering Billets Doux, that it is Improper to have Visits from men at that time ; and in the afternoon we are always hurrying up, and down to the playes, Park, Musick meeting and the like.

Welf. Then I can never repay your favour.

Sir Nich. Sir, I am every day before dinner, and a while after dinner, at the *Wits Coffee-house*, and I shall be glad to wait on you, and either Dine or Sup.

Welf. Where is that Sir ?

Sir Nich. What Sir, never hear of the *Wits Coffee-house* ?

M. G. Bl. How the Devil shou'd any man know the *Wits Coffee-house*.

THE VOLUNTEERS

A dod every Man thinks himself a Wit.

Sir Nich. Why Sir, there is but one.

M. G. Bl. What is that ? The Wit Office ?

Sir Tim. Yes Sir, we judge of it, it must pass our Censures.

Sir Nich. Or Dammee 'tis no wit, let me tell you that.

M. G. Bl. Are they such wits as you Two.

Sir Tim. Oh Sir, there are great wits besides us Two.

Sir Nich. And we carry all the Town before us, but I beseech you Coll. when are we to go for *Flanders*.

Hack. jun. As soon as the weather breaks, and a fair wind presents.

My Regiment is Compleat and ready, at an hours warning.

Sir Nich. Dammee, what shall I do ? I must make great haste, I shall ne're get my points and laces done up time enough.

M. G. Bl. Ounds ! What say'st young Fellow, Points and Laces for Camps ?

Sir Nich. Yes, Points and Laces ; why I carry two Laundresses on purpose : Damme, would you have a Gentleman go undress'd in a Camp ? Do you think I wou'd see a Camp, if there were no dressing ? Why, I have two Campaign Suits, one trimmed with *Flanders*-Lace, and the other with rich Point.

M. G. Bl. Campaign Suits with Lace and Point ; ha, ha, ha, go thy ways, A dod there is not thy Fellow.

Sir Nich. Pshaw good Guardian, you are for your old fashion'd slovenly War, War's another thing now ; we must live well in a Camp, that's our business.

M. G. Bl. Live well, A dod you must fight well, that was our business.

Sir Nich. Pray Coll. can you tell me where I may have one that understands the Blanc Manger well ? I have a Cook that's excellent at Roasting, Stewing, Baking, Boyling, Biskes, Olio's, Ragousts and Fricasees.

M. G. Bl. Biskes, Olio's, Ragousts, and Fricasees, Blanc Manger, ha, ha, ha, *Monstrum horrendum*.

Sir Nich. Let him alone Sir ; I know you were brave, but the Customs of the World alter ; Sir, I carry as good a Confectioner as any in *England*, Ovens, and all Utensils.

M. G. Bl. Confectioner, ha, ha, ha : By the Lord *Harry*, thou art fit for nothing but Sugar Plums still ; did *Cato* ever dream of Confectioners, and blanc Manger.

Sir Nich. I carry all Garden Seeds.

Hack. Jun. For what Sir.

Sir Nich. I bought 'em when I thought of going to Sea, to have Sallets growing in Boxes : And now 'tis their business to lye in Camps a good while ; I will have every day fresh Sallets.

M. G. Bl. Ha, ha, ha, Collonel, hold me, A dod I shall drop down with

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Laughing, fresh Sallets, Ounds, how wilt thou get fresh Sallets for thy Horses ? Forrage, Forrage, young Fellow.

Enter Sir Nicholas's Foot-man, and gives him a Billet.

Welf. Though we have a Multitude of luxurious Fops, this Fellow will out-shine Twenty of 'em.

Hack. Jun. A Pox on him, I'll not be troubled with him, I will beg the Favour of the General, to pick him out a Beau Collonel.

Sir Nich. Why look ye now Sir, here's a Billet Doux, I must be gone Sir, at my good Guardians we will Consult about my Equipage. [*Ex. Sir Nich.*

M. G. Bl. Well, Knight, dost not thou go to the War ?

Sir Tim. I, no I thank you, if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into a Cannon, and shoot me out at a Stone Wall : No, thank Heav'n, I am well enough here with the Ladies.

Hack. Jun. What would become of your Country, if every Man were of your Opinion ?

Sir Tim. Pugh, There are Magnaminious Fellows enough that love Roaring, Rattling Gun-powder, and Cannon, what a Devil need I go ? I have a good Estate, and can pay those Fellows.

M. G. Bl. How should Gentlemen get honour Boy, ha !

Sir Tim. Damme, let them look to that ; I have a Title, and am a Knight already.

M. G. Bl. Look thee young Fellow ; if I were a desertless Coxcomb, such as thou maist be, and had shewn no Vertue in the World, I had as lieve be burnt in the Hand, as be Knighted.

Hack. Jun. What makes you such an Enemy to this War ? are you a Jacobite ?

Sir Tim. No Gad, not I, nor a *Williamite* neither ; 'tis all one to me who Reigns, if I can keep my 2000 Pound a Year, and enjoy my self with the Ladies : Look you Gentlemen, I dare do as much as any Man that wears a Head ; but War does not agree with me, I was so troubled with the Chin-Cough when I was a Child, Gad, I never recovered it, and am so subject to catch Cold ever since ; and so troubled with the Tooth-ach, I wou'd not for any Money lie out of my own, unless it be in a Ladies Bed : Then I had the Rickets when I was a Boy, that made me somewhat weakly.

Hack. Jun. Weakly ! That's as bad for a Ladies Man, as a Soldier.

Sir Tim. As for Valour, I have enough for my occasions, but are not there idle Rascals, and Scoundrels enough, mercenary Rogues to be had out of Jayls, Streets, High-ways, Dunghills, that can lie cold, march, and pop off a Gun, what need such as I go ?

I have an Assignment, and must leave ye.

[*Exit. Sir Tim.*

M. G. Bl. This Knight ought to be beaten, for talking thus of Soldiers.

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I was resolv'd to have these Puppies to laugh at, 'tis some variety of Entertainment : Ha ! *Tom.* yonders thy Father ; he has four or five with him ; they look as if they were very full of Revelation ; not honest, but Godly Men, farewel till two, pray if you see my Daughter, do you Squire her.
[*Exit.* M. G. Bl.]

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Welf. See who comes here, and how she shines ; and as she passes, guilds the Mall.

Hack. Jun. Madam, your most humble Servant, your Father commanded me to wait you in the Mall, and walk instead of him.

Eugen. I never disobey my Father.

Clara. Brother, your Servant, my sweet Step-Mother has routed me as well as you.

Hack. Jun. I heard so : This Ladies Father told me, Sister, this is my Friend, whom you have heard me speak of so often, Mr. *Welford*, let me recommend him to you, pray use him as my Friend.

Welf. The humblest of your Servants, Madam.

Hack. Jun. to } Your Father esteems this Gentleman very much.
Eugenia. }

Eugen. My Father speaks the Language of the World.

Welf. He honours me to much, Madam.

Hack. Jun. Will you give us leave to gallant you, and protect you from Beau's : I trust that Gentleman with my Sister, and my noble Friend, your Father, has commanded me to wait on you.

Eugen. With all my Heart ; for a Sheep cannot be more afraid of a Wolf, than I am of the Conversations of those vain Fops.

Clara. If one talk with common Civility to one of 'em, he'll swear next turn, he has had a Billet from her ; besides their Discourse is most upon the worst of Subjects themselves.

Eugen. They are always admiring themselves, than which, nothing can be more Nauseous.

Hack. Jun. True Madam, when-ever any one is found out to admire himself, the rest of the World will contemn him.

Welf. And yet 'tis a prudent Contrivance of Nature, to make Man over-value himself.

Clara. The greatest part of the World, which are desertless Fops, would live very miserably else.

Welf. That Tetter, Madam, spreads very far, and I shall show you that I have a great share of it, when I have the Confidence to tell you I love you Madam ; love you infinitely beyond what all Mankind call dear and precious : The wound you gave was sudden, but 'tis deadly ; Here sticks the fatal dart.

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Eugen. Nay, If they be at Love matters, 'tis uncivil to be within hearing, let's with-draw some paces.

Clara. This Sir, Is such a suddain gust, it is enough to over-set my little Bark.

Welf. 'Tis never to be laid, I know your Character, and I see your person, And 'tis impossible not to love 'till I am blind, or have no memory.

Clara. You surprise me so, I know not what to answer.

Welf. You surpriz'd me so, that you have absolute possession of my heart, where the impression ne'er can be defac'd.

Clara. I have too small an opinion of my own deserts, to be easie of belief; I know not well how I should take this discourse at the first meeting; methinks it looks like Battle more than Courtship.

Welf. Alas, how small a portion of Life is allotted to poor love, yet most of that is flung away in Ceremony.

Clara. I am not prepar'd for this kind of Conversation; but you are my Brother's Friend, and I can bear.

Eugen. I have done well to with-draw from the danger of hearing Love there, and brought it upon my self here.

Hack. jun. Your Father is generous and compassionate; and sure with that great stock of your own, you must inherit all his Vertues.

Eugen. Cou'd you think that your Bills were to be answered at sight, like *Bills of Exchange*; —What a damp is this talk of Love to Conversation; it puts a stop to all common Sence presently.

Hack. jun. It is the end of all common Sence; and all that art and industry, hazard and toyl can aim at is Love and Beauty, but alas, 'tis Impudence in me to offer Love to you, I am disown'd, an out-cast, with no other Fortune but this Sword.

Eugen. I hope you measure not my Thoughts so meanly, to think that consideration can weigh with me; your merits are equal to any man's; but I have no will, my Father has it in his keeping.

Hack. jun. Divineſt Creature! Shall I have your leave to make my address if I can procure his?

Eugen. I have said too much already; come *Clara*, let's walk, let's not be private in a publick place.

Clara. aside. I had peace of mind before; why should I see this man?

Eugen. Unequal custom, that shou'd thus impose upon our Sex, the worst of tasks, Dissembling.

Clara. Pray let us walk; my tender Mother-in-Law, is just at the back of us.

[*Ex. Hack. ju. Welf. Eugen. and Clara.*]

Enter Mrs. Hackwel, Nickum and Lettice.

Mrs. Hack. 'Tis most delicate Weather; the Sun shines as it were Easter-Day.

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Nick. It does so ; but 'tis very cold ; Gad I long for some exercise ; I hate a damn'd Beau ; I han't kickt a Beau this Week.

Let. He hates 'em for having clean Linnen, which he was never us'd to, till my Lady furnish'd him, the more shame for her.

Mrs. Hack. I'll swear if you talk so magnanimously, you'll fright me strangely : I shall fall into a fit for you.

Nick. I beseech you Madam, let me but kick one Beau and I'll be satisfied.

Let. Would I could see it.

Mrs. Hack. Lord, you are so exorbitantly valiant, restrain your Courage I beseech you ; besides, this is within the verge of the Court, and if you kick here, you'll lose your foot, I can assure you.

Nick. Nay gad, that I would not neither ; for I have often occasion for my Feet to kick Fellows.

Let. aside. I believe you have oftner occasion to run away with them.

Nick. Faith I kickt a Knight, last night, up and down like a Foot-ball ; nay, I have kickt a Lord in my time.

Mrs. Hack. Dear Cousin, you are the most fiery Person ; I shall be in a perpetual fright for you.

Nick. Ods my life, yonder's that Scoundrel *Welford*, let me but go and whisper him, and take him out of the Park, and in the twinkling of an Eye, i'll whip him through the Lungs, and kiss your hands again.

Mrs. Hack. Ye shall not stir, i'll hang upon you.

Let. You may let him go, I warrant him, he'll not stir for that.

Mrs. Hack. Go, I won't love you now.

Let. Must the poor Collonel, and his sweet Sister, the best Creatures that e'er were born, be turn'd out of the House for this Rascal, that's the main reason ; but I'll bring it home upon the infamous Couple one day.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Coll. Hackwell, sen, and after three or four Fellows in crapt Hair and Bands.

M. G. Bl. Come my honest Round-head, I had rather meet thee here than at *Marston-Moore*.

Hack. sen. In that great Day, we did not do the work negligently, verily, we stood to the Faith.

M. G. Bl. A dod you drub'd us to purpose ; but make haste and follow me ; 'twill be Dinner-Time : Madam, your Servant, you'll come ?

Mrs. Hack. Yes Sir, and bring my Kinsman.

M. G. Bl. He shall be wellcome ; the Collonels Son and Daughter, with whom I hear y'are both fall'n out, will be there ; but pray for my sake let it be mirth and jollity this day.

Mrs. Hack. Lord Sir, I have the least ill humour in the World ; but if I

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shou'd be displeas'd, I have too much breeding to trouble the Company with it. [Ex. M. G. Bl.]

Hack. sen. No Lamb, I'll say that for thee ; thou art a dear Lamb.

Nick. Well said, my pious Cuckold.

Hack. sen. Well, have ye been enquiring ? What Patents are they solliciting for, and what Stocks to dispose of.

1. *Jobber.* Why in Truth there is one thing liketh me well it will go all over *England*.

Mrs. Hack. What's that, I am resolv'd to be in it Husband.

1. *Jobber.* Why it is a Mouse-Trap, that will invite all Mice in, nay Rats too, whether they will or no ; a whole share, before the Patent, is fifteen Pound ; after the Patent, they will not take sixty : there is no Family in *England* will be without 'em.

2. *Jobber.* I take it to be a great Undertaking : but there is a Patent likewise on foot for one walking under Water, a share *twenty Pound*.

Mrs. Hack. That wou'd have been of great use to carry Messages under the Ice this last Frost, before it would bear.

Hack. sen. Look thee Lamb, between us, Its no matter whether it turns to use or not ; the main end, verily, is to turn the Penny in the way of Stock-Jobbing, that's all.

1. *Jobber.* There is likewise one who will undertake to kill all Fleas, in all the Families in *England*, provided he hath a Patent, and that none may kill a Flea but himself.

2. *Jobber.* There is likewise a Patent moved for, of bringing some *Chinese* Rope-Dancers over, the most exquisite in the World ; considerable men have shares in it ; but verily I question whether this be lawful or not ?

Hack. sen. Look thee Brother, if it be to a good end, and that we our selves have no share in the vanity or wicked diversion thereof, by beholding of it, but only use it whereby we may turn the Penny, and employ it for Edification, always considered that it is like to take, and the said Shares will sell well ; and then we shall not care, whether the aforesaid Dancers come over or no.

2. *Jobber.* There is another Patent in Agitation for Flying ; a great Vertuoso undertakes to out-fly any Post-Horse five Mile an hour ; very good for Expresses and Intelligence.

Nick. May one have a share in him too.

2. *Jobber.* Thou mayst.

Nick. These Stock-Jobbing Rogues, are worse than us Sharpers with Bars and false Boxes.

Hack. sen. Look ye Brethren, hye ye into the City, and learn what ye can ; we are to have a Consultation at my House at Four, to settle Matters

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as to lowing and heightening of Shares : Lamb let's away, we shall be too late. [Ex. Jobbers.]

Mrs. Hack. Do you dispatch your peremptory Daughter out of the House ; for I have vow'd not to sleep under a roof with her.

Hack. sen. Well Lamb, it shall be as thou wilt have it :

*An Old Man to his Spouse must quit the Field,
And after threescore Years, 'tis time to yield :
A man may strive in vain, and keep a pother,
If one way he can't please, he must another.*

Finis Actus Secundus.

ACT III. SCENE I. M. G. B. House.

Coll. Hackwell, jun. Welford, Sir Nich. Dainty, Sir Timothy Kastril, Teresia, Winifred, Eugenia, Clara, M. G. Blunt, with three or four Cavalier Officers, Col. Hackwell sen. Mrs. Hackwell and Nickum, &c.

M. G. Bl. **A**T Night we are to have a Ball ; and we our self will dance i' Faith : And Ladies, in the mean time, to help out your desert, you shall have a little Entertainment of Musick, when the Minstrels have Din'd.

Caval. And then a Bottle, Sir.

M. G. Bl. Be it so ; I hate to meet at a Dinner like so many Hogs at a Trough, to grumble, grunt, and fill our Bellies, and then every one a several way.

Teres. Oh Lord Sir, shan't we have a little chit chat, and the Tea-Table ?

Wini. Oh Lord, we are nothing without the Tea-Table, let me die else.

M. G. Bl. 'Tis ready for the Women and Men that live like Women ; a dod your fine bred Men of *England*, as they call 'em, are all turn'd Women ; but by my Troth, I'll not turn my back to the Pipe and Bottle after Dinner.

Caval. There spoke an Angel.

M. G. Bl. Fear not my old Cavaliers, according to your laudable customs you shall be drunk, swagger and fight over all your Battles, from *Edgehill* to *Brentford* ; you have not forgotten how this Gentleman, and his demure Psalm-singing Fellows used to drub us ?

1 Caval. No gad, I felt 'em once to purpose.

M. G. Bl. Ah a dod, in high crown'd Hats, coller'd Bands, great loose Coats, long Tucks under 'em, and Calves-Leather Boots, they us'd to sing a Psalm, fall on, and beat us to the Devil.

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Hack. sen. In that day we stood up to the Cause, and the Cause, the Spiritual Cause did not suffer under our Carnal Weapons, but the Enemy was discomfited, and lo, they used to flee before us.

1 *Caval.* Who wou'd think such a sniveling, Psalm-singing Puppy, would fight. But those godly Fellows wou'd lay about 'em, as if the Devil were in 'em.

Sir Nich. What a filthy slovenly Army was this, I warrant you not a well dress'd Man amongst the Round-heads.

M. G. Bl. But these plain Fellows would so thrash your swearing, drinking fine Fellows in lac'd Coats, just such as you of the drawing Room and Locketts Fellows are now, and so strip 'em, by the Lord *Harry*, that after a Battle those Saints look'd like the *Israelites* laden with the *Ægyptian* Baggage.

Hack. sen. Verily we did take the Spoil; and it serv'd us to turn the Penny, and advanc'd the Cause thereby: we fought upon a Principle that carried us through.

M. G. Bl. Prithee Collonel, we know thy Principle, 'twas not right, thou fought'st against Childrens Baptism, and not for Liberty, but who should be your Tyrant; none so zealous for *Cromwel* as thou wert then, nor such a furious Agitator and Test-man, as thou hast been lately.

Hack. Sen. Look you Collonel, we but pro-
ceeded in the way of Liberty and Worship.

M. G. Bl. A dod there is something more in it. This was thy Principle Collonel, Dominions is founded in Grace, and the Righteous shall inherit the Earth; and by the Lord *Harry* thou didst so; thou gottest Three Thousand Pound a Year by fighting against the Court, and I lost a Thousand by fighting for it.

Hack. Sen. Coll. I beseech you be not prophane, swear not.

M. G. Bl. Hold, I hear our Fiddles sound a Parley, let this Battle be over between us.

1 *Caval.* Damn these sneaking Rogues, why did not we clap Bags of Gun-powder to their Arses, and blow 'em into the Sky:

2 *Caval.* Because we were to beat 'em first.

Sir Tim. Pox on't, this way will never do; I have been admiring my self this half hour, and no Body takes notice of me; let me see, I'll drop some Billets: Hah! Damme, no Body minds 'em: [Drops 2 or 3 Billets. I am a most unfortunate Beau.

Eugen. See that vain Puppy dropping his Billets, take no notice.

Clara. Not to save his Life.

Teresia to } Thy Heart's as hard as Rocks of *Adamant*: how canst
Sir Nich. } thou flye to Camps, and leave thy mourning Mistress here
to languish, and to die for you.

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Sir *Nick*. Oh Madam, rally me no more ; I know my own Deserts and yours, there are some Hearts indeed will languish for me ; but honour calls, and I must go.

Sir *Tim*. What a Pox, not yet, not take up one of 'em.
Ah ! some Body has dropt a Note, a Billet there.

Sir *Nick*. Ah ! 'Tis no matter, 'tis none of mine. [*He pulls out a great*

Teres. Oh Lord ! you'll break my Heart, I'll swear ; *many, and tells 'em*.
How came you by so many Billets ?

Sir *Nick*. Alas ! What wou'd you have one do ? If Ladies will write to one, how can one help it ?

Hack. Jun. Madam, 'tis easier to fix Quick-Silver, than you ;
You will not be in earnest.

Eugen. Is there not more pleasure in seeing them play the Fool, than being in earnest our selves.

Cla. Which perhaps may be as foolish in the end, as any thing they can do.

Welf. I don't know what you are Madam, but no Man can look on these Eyes, and not be in earnest.

Sir *Tim*. Cods me, they are my own ; I would not for Five Thousand Pound they had been seen, Ladies of Quality all : [*To Welford*.
Two of 'em from two Ladies in this Company.

Welf. Which two ?

Sir *Tim*. I have Billets from all of 'em, they are all in love with me ; But these two are from that pretty Lady, and that beautiful Ingenious, well bred Lady, her Sister.

Welf. Look ye Sir, I wou'd not disturb this Company, but I will feel whether you have Ears or no ; and be well satisfi'd in it.

Sir *Tim*. Ears Sir, as good Ears as any Man in *England*, and that you shall find, when the Musick strikes up.

Welf. But I must find, whether they will endure lugging or no.

Sir *Tim*. What the Devil do you mean ? Lugging Sir, I am as sound as any Man in *England*, if that be the point.

Welf. I will try Sir, not a word to the Company, lest I lug 'em off : This for your Lying Sirrah.

Sir *Tim*. Upon my Honour Sir.

Welf. Peace Rascal, or I shall cut your Throat.

Sir *Tim*. Damme, this is a strange uncivil Fellow as ever I met withal.
What a Devil, has he no Breeding ?

M. G. Bl. Come, come, enter Musick. (*Enter Musick, they play and sing.*

Sir *Nick*. Ah, that's fine, that's Chromatick, I love Chromatick Musick mightily.

Sir *Tim*. Ah that Fuge ! That Fuge's finely taken.

Sir *Nick*. And bacely carried on.

Sir *Tim*. All *Italian* Sir, all *Italian*.

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Nickum to } I hate those two damn'd Fellows, I shall never be at rest,
Mrs. Hack. } till I kick a Beau.

Mrs. Hack. You put me in such fear, you bring my Heart to my Mouth.

Sir Nich. What did that Fellow say, he wou'd kick a Beau ; I am a Beau : And though unworthy, I shall take the Quarrel upon me in behalf of my Brother Beau's : And if you please to withdraw, and make use of a Friend, I'll bring one with me shall be witness of your kicking, if you please to Put your Foot to that trouble.

Nickum. I shall take a time to send to you.

Sir Nich. Let it be suddenly, or I shall be impatient.

M. G. Bl. Come, now the Musick's over ; my old Soldiers, stand to your Arms, your Pipes and Bottles, shew 'em to my Military Room : You Collonel, and your Friend here, to a sober Pipe by your selves, your Lady with the Women to their Tea and Cards, or what they will.

Hack. Sen. No Collonel, My Lamb takes a digestive Pipe after Dinner with me, every day.

Mrs. Hack. Good lack Mr. *Hackwell*, why will you say so ?

Enter a Fellow, with Patterns of Fringes and Embroidery.

Sir Nich. Ah Ladies ! I beseech you before you retire, let me have all your Judgments upon some Fringe and Embroidery, which I'm to use about my Tent.

M. G. Bl. Nay, faith Collonel, now stay a little, let us hear this Scene ; what is this about your Tent ?

Sir Nich. This Fringe and Embroidery is for my Velvet Bed, and Counterpane in my Tent.

Teres. Let me dye, I never saw any thing so fine.

Winif. 'Tis exceeding Noble.

Hack. Sen. 'Tis most amazing.

Sir Nich. The Hanging of my Tent is all Atlases, the outside is Damask.

Hack. Sen. Most astonishing ! What keepeth out the Water ?

Sir Nich. Oh ! It is prepared by the Dippers, and they turn it into Drab-deberry.

M. G. Bl. Have you not a Note of what you carry into the Campaign ; pray let us see.

Sir Nich. I have one, ——Come let us see.

Eight Waggon's ; one for my two Butlers, my Service of Plate and Table Linnen ; one for my two Cooks and Kitchen ; one for my Confectioner, one for my Laundresses and Dairy Maids, with all their Utensils.

Hack. Sen. Confectioners and Dairy-Maids ! for what use, I beseech you, Sir ?

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Sir *Nich.* For Creams, fresh Butter, and Desert : I suppose we shall not want black Cattle, Collonel, one for my Wardrobe, great and small, Valet de Chambres, and Upholsterers.

Hack. Sen. How Sir, A Waggon Load of Cloaths ! We in our Army us'd to fight with one Suit apiece.

Sir *Nich.* Your Army Sir :—I have 12 rich Campaign Suits, six Dancing Suits, and 12 pair of Dancing Shooes.

M. G. Bl. What sai'st thou to this Collonel.

Hack. Sen. Most intollerable, this worketh in me great Amazement.

Sir *Nich.* May be you wonder at this ! but when-ever we take a Town, I am resolved to invite the Ladies to a Ball.

The rest of the Waggons are for all sorts of Wines and Drinks ; I carry Fifty Horse, and 25 Carters, Mowers, Reapers, Grooms, and two Gardiners.

Hack. Sen. In truth this savoureth much of *Bedlam* ; behold I am filled with Wonder.

Teres. The finest Gentleman sure that e're the Sun shin'd upon.

Wini. The Gentleman indeed seems to be very much a Gentleman.

Eugen. And is this very choice Coxcomb to be your Volunteer ?

Hack. Jun. The General has ordered him upon me, but I hope to get rid of the Burden.

Clara. Sure, the whole Army will not afford so compleat a Fop ;

Welf. Nor so contemptible a one ; as a little time will shew him.

Sir *Nich.* I shall have the Honour to serve under your Son, Sir, but my Collonel, there's one thing we shall be miserably put to for, have you no way to come at it.

Hack. jun. What's that Sir ?

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis Ice ; there will be no Drinking without Ice.

Hack. Sen. Most Prodigious, and incredible.

Hack. Jun. There are Ice Houses in *France*.

Sir *Nich.* Then I am resolv'd, one of the first Actions I shew my Valour in shall be in storming of an Ice House.

M. G. Bl. A dod, go thy ways Boy ; If any Guardian in *England* shews such an Excellent, such a finished Fop, for his word as I have of thee ; I'll be Crucified.

Sir *Nich.* Ah noble Guardian ! I know your humour, you're for your old fashion'd Breeding : but you'll never perswade the Ladies to be of your Opinion : Ladies, how did you like my Fringes and Embroidery.

Teres. Let me die, they're the sweetest things that e're I saw.

M. G. Bl. A dod, these two Fops like Tallies, meet in every point.

Sir *Nich.* } Will your Ladyship please to take any Snuff.

to *Teresia* } 'Tis Right pongy bongy. —[*Gives her snuff with a Billet.*

Teres. With all my heart, Oh Lord ! What's here ? a Billet.

[*Reads*] If you'l let me have the favour of your Conversation this

THE VOLUNTEERS

Afternoon, our People will be abroad : And I'll keep my Bed on purpose
 — Mercy on me, What do I see ? *[drops the Billet and faints away.]*

Sir Nich. Ah, Look to the Lady.

M. G. Bl. What a pox, has he poyson'd my Daughter. *[He takes up the Billet.]*
Sir Nich. True pongy bongy upon my Honour.

Mrs. Hack. Carry her in, Carry her in she's falling into
 a Fit. *{ The Ladies are about her and carry her off.*

Sir Nich. Do you see Sir Timothy ? *[kicks him on the shins.]*

Sir Tim. Ay, and feel too, but a pox on't, they take no notice of me,
 and I am as good a *Beau* ; and as much a Gentleman.

M. G. Bl. This is a Billet written by this Coxcomb himself ; a dod I must
 look to this Business, 'twill go to far else, go young fellows, retire with the
 Women, this fit will be over presently : *Coll.* a word with you ; and *Tom*,
 do thou stay. *[Exeunt all but M. G. Blunt, Hack. sen. and Hack. jun.]*

M. G. Bl. I must have a word or two with thee, about that young fellow,
 thy Son : He's a gallant fellow, and the World speaks well of him, and you
 can have nothing to object against him.

Hack. jun. A Son that would give all the world to have your favour, Sir.

Hack. sen. Lookee, Col. I may have no Communication of this kind with
 you. And for thee, thou hast liv'd in continual Rebellion with me ; Thou
 didst run away from me at Nine years old, to be Christen'd, as thou call'st it.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, that was something hard ; but it was but a
 trick of youth.

Hack. sen. Besides, thou hast separated from the Congregation ever since.

M. G. Bl. And what ? Art thou for Persecution ? Dost thou make
 Heaven so narrow-hearted to own a Party only ? To hurt a man for not
 being of my Opinion, is of the Devil ; Why art not angry with me for
 having black Eye brows ? Why, thy Wife is not of thy Congregation
 neither.

Hack. sen. That was an Agreement before Marriage ; And she number'd
 down the Pounds that purchas'd that liberty.

M. G. Bl. The Righteous will do anything for money.

Hack. sen. Besides, he has offended my Lamb ; And I have engaged un-
 to her. *[Mrs. Hackwell peeps in with a Pipe in her mouth.]*

Mrs. Hack. God forgive me Mr. *Hackwell* !

Art thou talking with that insolent Fellow thy Son ?

M. G. Bl. A Dad, Madam, no man dares say that : He is a Fellow of
 Honour.

Mrs. Hack. He Honour ! Come come, Mr. *Hackwell* : Why do you listen
 to such discourses ?

Hack. sen. I come Lamb, I come. *[Exeunt Hack. sen. and Mrs. Hack.]*

M. G. Bl. Go thy ways, thou wert a pretty Fellow, to Rebel all thy life-
 time against Princes ; And trail a Pike under a Smock-Rampant at last.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Hack. jun. Did you ever know a Godly-man convinc'd by Argument ?

M. G. Bl. But look thee, young Fellow, I wou'd do't by Interest.

Let me see, hah ! Canst not thou think of some good Match, that we may lay down a Summ of Money and purchase a Settlement : Hah, *Tom.* think a little.

Hack. jun. What means he ? What shall I say ? *[Aside.*

M. G. Bl. Come, by the Lord *Harry*, out with it, young Fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir, I have thought, and often thought of a young Lady : But scorn'd the mean Consideration of a little Pelf ; She is alone Reward enough for all the Toils of Heroes, and the rough Fatigues and Perils of the longest Wars.

M. G. Bl. Hold, Boy ; this is Romantick : Stuff, stuff ; If thou hast any mortal Passion, acquaint me with it.

Hack. jun. I am so unworthy of her, Shame will not let me tell you.

M. G. Bl. Pugh, Pox ; Do not play the fool : wilt thou grow a Fop too ? Who is she ?

Hack. jun. I must ask a thousand Pardons, that I have disclos'd my Passion without your knowledge ?

M. G. Bl. My knowledge ? Fiddle, fiddle ; Prithee why ? be Concise.

Hack. jun. It is your Daughter, Sir.

M. G. Bl. Hah ! A Dad young Fellow, now thou say'st something.

By the Lord *Harry*, thou art a brave Fellow, and a Fellow of honour !

I have taken thee into my house ; And I will take thee into my family. Give me thy hand : A Dad, oy, thou shalt have her.

Hack. jun. Sir, upon my Knees. *[Blunt pushes him down.*

M. G. Bl. Pox o' this fooling : Now we shall have damn'd Raptures and senseless Romantick stuff ; Prithee young fellow no more : I'll break off the Match, if there be any more on't : Never use more words then need. Let's in, I'll try to purchase of thy old Fellow. If not, it shall be done.

Hack. jun. Millions of thanks !

M. G. Bl. Why, lookee, lookee, the Fellow's mad again ; A dod, I had as live be kickt as thank't, by the Lord *Harry* ; No man does good but to please himself ;——thanks,——pugh ! *[Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Eugen. This is not the first Fit this Coxcomb has put my Sister into.

Clara. You're a pretty Gentlewoman, laugh at your Sister.

Did your Colonel never put you into a Fit of Love ?

Eugen. No ; but I find your Volunteer will soon have a Command over your heart.

Clara. Dost thou think it so tender : I am sure thine's mortgag'd to the Colonel beyond Redemption.

Eugen. Who wou'd redeem a heart so well dispos'd on ?

THE VOLUNTEERS

Clara. Very fine, you own your frailty.

Eugen. Let's dissemble with Mankind : but prithee let's be honest one among another. What Sighs, what Agonies has this Volunteer rais'd in thee already ?

Clara. Ah, too many : Yet why should I say too many ? Methinks the very pain is pleasant.

Eugen. The very pain of *Love* is pleasanter than the Extasie of any other Joy.

Clara. Thou seducest me, thou temptest me into this seeming Paradise ; And if I suffer by it, upon thy head be it.

Eugen. Withal my heart : He's a man of honour and of sense. It cannot be.

Clara. I tremble yet to think on't : 'tis a dreadful Leap we Lovers take. But we must adjourn this discourse : I must go and get my Things remov'd, for this Night will bring me under thy Father's Roof, and within thy Embraces.

Eugen. 'Tis the happiest Night of my Life : I shall have my Friend in my Arms, and I'll keep her there.

Clara. And I had rather be within those arms, than any ones.

Eugen. Thou ly'st, Huswife, most wickedly.

Clara. Why so mischief ?

Eugen. Because you had rather be in *Welford's*.

Clara. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet : Adieu. [Exit Clara.]

Enter Hackwell junior.

Hack. jun. Wonder not, Madam, that I haunt you thus where ere you go : A Lover can no more be kept from his Mistress than a Shadow.

Eugen. Now you have my Father's leave, you talk of Love with Authority.

Hack. jun. Had I all the Authority of the World, I wou'd lay't at your Feet : But think not, Madam, I could be content with your Father's giving me your hand, till you had first given me your heart.

Eugen. You are engag'd in Courtship to another Mistress : Honour and that can never agree with tender Love.

Hack. jun. Honour is the Out-work to Love, without winning one, there are no Approaches to the other.

Eugen. You have courted Fame, and won her as a Mistress, but that contents you not : you marry her, and are strictly ty'd to her, that Love must be a poor neglected Rival.

Hack. jun. We fight for Peace and Love, the End and the Reward of War : For what but Liberty and Beauty are worth a good man's Sword ; I value your Favour so vastly above all Wealth, Power, and Honour, that I would quit for you my Country, and my chase of Fame ; but that I know you would despise me for't.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Eugen. Nay, think not, Sir, I'de have you quit so glorious a Cause as Consecrates each Sword that's drawn for't : But methinks Love-Treaties shou'd be Adjourn'd till softer times of Peace.

Hack. jun. Ah, Madam, if Love did not sweeten the Intervals of War, and the hopes of enjoying it were not in our thoughts as the end of it, we should all be Cowards, and no Gentleman would think the World worth fighting for.

Eugen. Wou'd you have me make my self so miserable, as to set my heart upon one who may be lost in every Rencounter or Attaque.

Hack. jun. Does not our Royal Mistress do the same and bears it with a Princely Magnanimity ; She and our Country have the greatest Stake in *Europe*, who will be sure to hazard himself with the bravest.

Eugen. She is to be reverenc'd and admir'd, but hard it is to Imitate so Glorious an Example ; and methinks a private Lady may be happier.

Hack. jun. We cannot in Gratitude pretend to be happier, than those from whom we have our Happiness ; in them our Countreys Cause, and yours, and all's at stake.

Eugen. But Love they say is tenderer than all.

Hack. jun. Would you were sensible of it, as I wou'd have you, but I am not so vain to think you e're can have that Care for me : The World's not worthy of it ; be pleased only to give your Consent, to make me happy, and all the Endeavours of my Life hereafter shall be to make you so.

Enter M. G. Blunt, and Sir Nich. Dainty :

Eugen. Thank Heaven I am Reliev'd, my Father's here.

M. G. Bl. Not so Giri ; go, get ye together, ye pair of Turtles, and Cove in private. Your Love Discourse is very pretty among Lovers, but wou'd sound very silly and Fantastick to those who should over-hear it : go, withdraw, an old Shooe after thee ; win her, and wear her Boy.

[Exit. Hack, Jun. and Eugenia.]

Sir Nich. He'll scarce meet Success, I'm sure I find by her Deportment, she is in love with me : *[Aside.]*

M. G. Bl. Look'e Knight, to be short with you, your Vanity and the Indiscretion of my Daughter, have made an Intrigue of Love betwixt ye, so smoaky, the Town takes notice of it.

Sir Nich. Alas Sir, we never conceal those things.

M. G. Bl. Then y'are Puppies ; but I suppose you know my Honour is so nice ; that I'll not suffer my Family to have the least blot.

Sir Nich. If all Families should be dishonoured, where the Ladies are in Love with me, there would be a great many infamous in this Town.

M. G. Bl. Vanity of Vanities : I believe there is not such another *Ass* as my Daughter ; but dost thou hear Knight, thou shalt not have the deceiving her ; by the Lord *Harry*, I will cut thy Throat, if thou attempt it.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir *Nich.* Lookee Guardian, I can take any thing from you, but what do you mean Sir, to treat me thus ?

M. G. Bl. I do mean, that either the Love you pretend to my Fop Daughter is false ; and then you are a Rascal, or true, and then if you make it not good, you are a Rascal too ; and if I fail in my Revenge, I will bequeath it to my Executors and Administrators, by my Honour I will.

Sir *Nich.* Sir, I am a Person of Honour, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil ; but the Beau's do so laugh at one, if one Marries, that upon my Honour, that I know not what is left for me to do.

M. G. Bl. Ound ! Did you mean to Whore my Daughter ? [*He takes him*

Sir *Nich.* No, no, Sir, we never bring it to Enjoyment, *by the Collar.*
If we can make a Lady fall in Love with us, or fall into Fits for us, 'tis all the Triumph we desire.

M. G. Bl. Death, Triumph ! And did you think to Triumph over me ?

Sir *Nich.* No, Sir, I have a greater Respect for your Family.

M. G. Bl. In short, I will make a better settlement, than your Estate can deserve : Consider, no fooling ; you two were design'd by Nature for one another.

Nich. Sir, You do me a great deal of Honour ; I know your free discourse, but I shall make such a return as your honourable proposals require.

M. G. Bl. Farewell, I must to my Cavaliers : they were got but to the second *Naseby*-fight, when I left 'em. (*Exit M. G. Bl.*)

Sir *Nich.* What shall I do ? If I Marry, the Beaus will all make Horns at me ; and laugh me out of *London*. Besides, I never knew one Marry, but the rest of 'em, Cuckolded him, or said they did, which is as bad : but hold, it's four a Clock, I must beat this Bully. Pray Heaven I disappoint not my Friend. (*Exit Sir Nich.*)

Enter *Nickum* and *Dingboy*.

Nickum. I warrant thee, *Dingboy*, we shall have the richest Caravan, the fattest Bubble.

Ding. Nay, O' my Conscience no Beau will fight, they dare not stir for fear of disordering their Perrewigs and Cravat-strings.

Nickum. I'll undertake, you and I might clear the Town of Beaux. We'll win five thousand pound of this Sir *Nicholas*, hee'll bring it to a Composition-Dinner, wee'll make him drunk and bubble him.

Ding. Prithee let's win ten thousand Pound of him, wee'll win all his Equipage, and break him for a Volunteer.

Enter Sir *Nich.* and *Welford*.

Sir *Nich.* Sir, I can scarce ever hope for a pardon, for being so confident to desire the assistance of your Sword and Arm. But we being Brother Volunteers, made me presume.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Welf. Name it no more, 'tis a Duty Gentlemen owe to one another.

Sir Nich. I am sorry I had not time to put on my fighting suit.

Welf. A fighting sute !

Sir Nich. Yes, Sir, I have the prettiest in the World, I'm never without one : A man ought to be drest proper for all occasions.

Welf. This is the Choicest Fop in Christendom.

Sir Nich. It is Scarlet slightly flourished with Silver ; A Bloody Cravat ; and the neatest, best stitch'd, Beau Gloves ; the finest light Perrewig ; and the prettiest Shoes in the world ; And the motto upon my Sword is Love and Honour, because Gentlemen fight for nothing else.

Nickum. Death and Heart, who's yonder ?

Ding. What a Devil makes you start and look pale ?

Nickum. Plague on't, have I catch't a Tartar ? I'm afraid *Welford* the Volunteer is his Second.

Ding. Gad forgive me, *Welford* ! I have heard of him, pox on him hee'l whip me through.

Sir Nich. Ah, here they are, Are you ready to Kick, Sir ? Are your feet in Order ?

Welf. What the Devil, is this the Business ? Pox that Fellow's a Coward. I am finely inveig'l'd by a Fop.

Nickum. Sir, I did not say I'd Kick, you mistook me, Sir ; for my part I love peace and quietness as well as any man that wears a Head.

Sir Nich. You lye, Sirrah, you're a Coward, Draw, you did say Kick, have at your Lungs.

Ding. The Devil take me if I fight.

(*Runs away.*

Welf. What the Devil, must I have a Race ?

(*Runs after him.*

Sir Nicholas pushes, *Nickum* runs back, falls upon his Breech, and drops his Sword.

Sir Nich. You cowardly Rascal, do you think an old sham trick of falling upon your Breech and dropping your Sword shall pass upon me ? Here take your Sword, and fight, Sirrah.

Nickum. Sir I have more Honour, than to fight with the man that has given me my Life : I know what belongs to your punctilios.

Sir Nich. Then, Sir, you shall be very much Kick'd.

Enter *Dingboy* running : *Welford* o'retakes him.

Welf. Not, Sir, that you are worth the Catching, I have had this Chase after you : but it is fit a Rascal that is so impudent shou'd be Kick'd to some purpose.

Ding. Do what you will. But I gad I won't fight.

Nick. This is most ungenerous, and highly disobliging. { *They give 'em half a*

Ding. Very unkind indeed. { *dozen kicks a piece.*

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir *Nich.* Come, Sir, I ask a thousand pardons, that I have disappointed you. I thought to have shewn you some play. But you see how a man may be mistaken in outsides.

Welf. Come, Sir, let's away. (*Exit Welf. and Sir Nicholas.*)

Ding. Are not you a damn'd Son of a Whore to bring me into these inconveniences.

Nick. Why, you impudent ungrateful Rascal ! How many good Bubbles have you shar'd with me ? Wou'd you have all the sweet, and none of the sowre ?

Dick. Thus we Bullies and Sharpers are always found out by such Block-heads as you are, who never knew your men.

Nickum. You senseless Dog : in a herd of Cattle, each knows, who can beat who. But how the Devil shou'd we know it among men ? But we must venture sometimes.

Ding. Venture ! A pox on you, see what you bring it to, by your venturing.

Nick. Well, Bullies, take warning by us, 'tis true a Sharper might quarrel sometimes, that's certain, but

*If he be wise, hee'l do what e're he can
E're he begins to Roar, to know his man.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Clara and Lettice, and four or five of Hackwell Sen.'s Servants.

Clara. GO, Porters ! Carry all those Trunks and Boxes, and my Scritore to Major General *Blunts* : Where's my good Mother-in-Law ?

Lett. Taking her repose upon her Bed : But this day, Madam, will break all our hearts to part with you !

Clara. I must leave you !

Lett. You'll leave very few dry Eyes behind you, Madam !

1 Serv. We shall never have the like within these Walls again !

2 Serv. Nay, now my young Master, and my Lady are gone, all good Nature has left the Family.

Clara. There, Mistress *Lettice* : there's two Guineas for you, and five to drink amongst you, and the rest of your fellow Servants.

Lett. A thousand thanks, Madam.

1 Serv. Heaven bless you Madam.

2 Serv. A shame o' this second Wife, for coming under our Roof.

THE VOLUNTEERS

1 *Serv.* And that scurvy proud Minx her Daughter : we never had good day since.

Lett. She's the very picture of ill Conditions : Stinginess and ill Nature came into the Family with 'em. ——— Here she comes.

Enter *Winifred*.

Clara. O Sister, I need not take my leave of you : We shall meet at the Ball.

Wini. Yes, and I'll Dance there too !

Clara. Awkardly, and affectedly, to my knowledge. (*Aside.*

Winif. I left my dear *Teresia* ill : I cannot answer my so long absence from her, ——— Let me dye. ——— Tell my Mother when she wakes, that I am gone thither.

Clara. Mr. *Hop* din'd at the Steward's Table, I heard,—will he be there ?

Winif. What's that to you ?—He dine at the Steward's Table ! He scorns it. You are a good Friend of his ;—Fare you well,— but hold, I have forgot something.

Clara. Fare you well,—I shall be there before you. (*Exeunt Clara and Serv.*

Enter Sir *Timothy Kastril*.

Sir *Tim.* She's here, a propo's.

Winif. Bless me, how came this Fellow here ?

Sir *Tim.* Madam, I perceiv'd how you were disturb'd, when I made addresses to you in publick : and therefore am come to make a private offer of my Heart.

Winif. Ha ! what says the Fellow ?

Sir *Tim.* You cannot be a stranger to my love, which you must often have perceiv'd by my continual Ogling you at the Play-House, and at Church : my side glassing you at the Park. And my humble Bowes to you in the Mall.

Winif. Oh impudence !

Sir *Tim.* And as a Confirmation of all,—Behold this Billet, I receiv'd from you ; you will not disown it, I hope ?

Winif. From me, Audacious Coxcomb.

(*Tears it.*

Sir *Tim.* What the Devil dos she mean ?

Winif. From me ? Let me dye, I would turn away my Miad, should she write to such a Fellow. Why sure you don't take your self for a Beau ? I'll say't I never saw so weasell'd-fac'd a Puppy ——— may I perish if thou hast not the Complexion of an East-Indian—I never say a Bantamite so ugly !—Thou a Beau ?

Sir *Tim.* Aye Madam ! I a Beau ? Why not I a Beau ?

The Town is pleas'd to call me one.

Winif. Let me dye, if anybody but your self, can be so impudent.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir Tim. Come, lay this Raillery aside ; and let us grow familiar—I know you'll own your Billet. Dam me Madam, if you don't write very prettily, you had not need to be asham'd on't.

Winif. I can bear no longer, I'll swear I'll have the Kickt, Beaten & Buffeted—and toss'd in a Blanket, let me dye else.

Sir Tim. What a Devil is the matter ?
O my Conscience and Soul, she's mad.

*{ Gives him a box o'the Ear
and plucks off his Perrewig.*

Winif. Who's there ? who waits ?

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Madam, I am here at your service.

Sir Tim. Damn this Bully.—What does he do here ?

Winif. I have been so affronted by that Fellow, with the ugly Fiz, that calls himself a Beau,—that I'll say't I never was in my life.

Sir Tim. O Lord—I abuse you ! mercy upon me ! Madam, are not you asham'd ? Sir, I have the greatest honour for her in the world. I am in Love.

Winif. If I have no body to beat thee ;—I'll beat thee my self.

Nick. I dare swear this is a Coward,—and I'll revenge my self to purpose on him, for that Rogue his brother Beau : Madam, you shall not be put to that trouble. Have at you, Sir. *(Cudgels him.)*

Sir Tim. Why Sir, Sir,—As I hope to be sav'd, Sir why what a pox are you out of your Wits.—Why, Madam,—Oh, what a Devil ailes you, Let me never stir I meant her no more hurt than my own soul.

Nick. You had best give the Lady the lye, Sirrah. *{ Trips up his heels, beats*

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, Murder, murder, Help, help. *{ him when he's down.*

Winif. Now Couzen let him alone, 'Tis enough my Honours satisfi'd.

Your Servant.

(Exit Winifred.)

Nick. Gad I think I have made this an Example ! I hope I shall never light on a wrong one again. *(Exeunt Nickam.)*

Sir Tim. What a Devil will become of me ? I am a most miserable unfortunate fellow, if my lugs by the Ears, my Kicks and Drubs come to be known. I shall be undone with all the Beaux and Ladies too.—I will walk out and Consider.—A Knight a Beau ! a Wit lugg'd by the Ears ! Cudgel'd, cuff'd Box't, Kick'd, *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est*—Dam me a man had better be kill'd or hang'd : Well, Revenge shall be had, that's certain,—But how will Honour be had again, when I have lost it—besides when this is known, I shall be buffeted every day—let me think a little as I go. *(Exit Sir Tim.)*

Enter at the other Door Colonel Hackwell Senior, and Lettice.

Hack. Sen. What noise was that, I heard even now from my Closet ?

THE VOLUNTEERS

Lettice. Mr. *Nickum* beat a Knight, that affronted Madam *Winifred* most exceedingly ; as long as the Knight was able to be beaten.

Hack. Sen. I profess I think I am much bound to that *Nickum*.

Lettice. Yes, if you knew all, and in troth it shall out. (*Aside.*

Hack. Sen. He is as a faithful friend, I take it, unto me, and my Lamb, as any of the Wicked can be to the Godly.

Lettice. He faithful : I am glad you are come so fitly, that I can make you an eye-witness of his baseness. He dishonours the House, nay, for ought I know, makes it a Bawdy-house, even now.

Hack. Sen. Verily is my House become a nest for Hornets ? A Bawdy-house ! with whom ?

Lettice. Nay,—I know not with whom,— But I saw him through a—, on a Bed, with one of our Sex, even now :—May be one of the Maids—Pull off your Shoes and follow me, and you may see the most unhallow'd sight.

Hack. Sen. Will it not unsanctifie my Eyes—But I will follow. (*Exit*

(*Hack. Sen. and Let.*

Nick. Little does your sanctifi'd Dive-Dapper of a Husband think what prancks we play him ? { *Nick and Mrs. Hack.*
in a Bed.

Mrs. Hack. Not he good man ;—but you are a naughty man, and will make me hate you, if you be so abominably valiant, to venture your Dear person upon all occasions thus. The relation makes me tremble.

Nick. Pshaw, Waw,—no danger : indeed when he came up first, he threw in a Pass or two, very briskly—faith—But when he found how strongly I parryed ; and how like Lightening I flung my passes in, ha, hah, hah—He soon retir'd,—and I made him mortgage most wickedly.

Mrs. Hack. Mortgage.

Nick. A phrase we Killcows of the Town use, when we make a Spark give ground : As I and my Friend made this Beau, and the terrible Volunteer *Welford* do. Gad we made 'em scamper, as if they had been employ'd to measure the ground, I faith we did.

Mrs. Hack. How glad am I that I have thee safe within these Arms.

Enter Collonel Hack. Sen. and Lettice.

Hack. Sen. Bless my Eyes.

What do I see ? it is my Lamb.

Let. Now I think I have brought my business about.

(*Aside.*

Nick. Ounds we are undone ! Counterfeit a sounding fit : Oh Heavens she's gone ! she's gone ! Nay, you are come to late, wou'd no body hear me, when I knock't for help (as if I would have beaten the house down ! poor Lady ! I heard a noise in her Chamber ; and found her upon the Floor, beating her self and knocking her Head against the Ground. She has kill'd her self, I believe. { *She groans and falls down on the Bed.*

THE VOLUNTEERS

Lett. Oh Devil ! Thou father of Lies !

Hack. Sen. Oh my Lamb,—my poor Lamb,—take my Keys ! run, run for some spirit of Hearts-horn, run—run.—

Lett. How the Devil helps his Servants. *(Exit Lettice.)*

Nick. If she comes to her self, four men cannot hold her, call for help.

Hack. Sen. Help, help, help ; Oh poor Lamb—Lamb—Lamb—sweet Lamb—Dear Lamb—hold up thy head,—speak Lamb,—Oh that ever I was born—Lamb,—Lamb I say. *(Rubs her and pulls her by the Nose.)*

Mrs. Hack. Oh, oh.—

Nick. Look to it,—she begins to come to her self.

Enter Lettice with a Vial.

Lett. Here's the Spirit.

Hack. Sen. Give it me,—Oh Lamb, Lamb,—Lamb. *(Pours it in her mouth.)*

Mrs. Hack. Oh, what do you do,—Where am I ?—whither am I going Oh, oh—

Nick. Help,—help,—where are you all,—Help, help.

Hack. Sen. Where are you :—Win the Fight,—stand fast to the Faith ! perseverance—Long suffering,—fight a good fight. *Habakkuk, Nehemiah,*—where are you all ?

Nick. What a Muster Roll of Christen-names is here ?

Mrs. Hack. Let me go, let me go ;—Murder, murder, Help, help.

Enter four or five Servants.

Hack. Sen. Why Lamb : Now dear sweet Lamb. All hold her !

Hold her, she will beat her self in pieces.

Nick. Rarely acted ! Incomparably acted.

Hack. Sen. Ah my poor Lamb,—Hold her !

Lett. Lamb—Aye dear Lamb.—She has made a Ram of thee. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Hack. Let go, let go, what am I taken ?

Nick. Hold your peace ! she comes to her self. *(Sits down, still groans,*

Hack. Sen. Oh my dear Lamb, be pacifi'd, what shall I do ? Oh, oh. *(then sobs and cr'yes. Sits down, & and cryes by her.)*

Lett. Oh Heaven ! will you suffer truth to be thus run down, with falsehood ?

Nickum. to *Lettice.* This is your malice, Huzzy, —I warrant,—We'll be reveng'd of you.

Hack. Sen. My dear, my sweet—speak, speak to thy own Duckling.

Mrs. Hack. Who's here ? My Honey, my Dear.

Hack. Sen. Oh my dear Lamb ; Dry thy Eyes.

Mrs. Hack. Oh Cousin *Nickum*, art thou there ?

Hack. Sen. Ay my Lamb—or thou hadst not been here ! I mean alive !

Mrs. Hack. Truly Cousin, I must own, I am much bound unto thee.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Lettice. This is most amazing, Now will all this turn upon me.

Mrs. Hack. Pray retire all : I have something for my Ducklings private Ear.

Hack. Sen. What a mercy it is, I have thee in my Arms again ! *Exeunt.*

Mrs. Hack. You see what your Brood—— your Son and Daughter have brought me too ! Into Fits, most dangerous Fits : Oh I am sore ! very sore ! I cannot lift my Hands to my Head :

Hack. Sen. How am I afflicted.

Mrs. Hack. I have one Secret to Unburden my self of ! and I beg thy pardon that I did not discover't to thee before——Oh——

Hack. Sen. What's that ? Dear Lamb ?

Mrs. Hack. Your Son ! your wicked Son——It sets my Hair an end to think on't :——Has pressed me with Love from time to time : He would have dishonour'd your Bed——and defil'd me.

Hack. Sen. Gad forgive me——thee——defil'd thee !

Mrs. Hack. Yes, defil'd me ! the thought of this ; and the horror it brought along with it, when I was alone, cast me into this killing fit : Which how long I have been in, or how I came out ! Thou best know'st.

Hack. Sen. I will disinherit the wicked Wretch ; and settle all that is unsettled upon thee and thy Daughter——If thou hast not Issue of thy Body by me !

Mrs. Hack. No, no, my dear Duckling ! Thou art too kind : How can we deserve so great a bounty ?——I hope thou do'st not believe I ever had it in my thoughts.

Hack. Sen. Nay, I observe, when any one deserts our Congregation, they stop at no Wickedness after that.

Mrs. Hack. But how cam'st thou so happily to my help ?

Hack. Sen. By Providence ; But to say Truth, thy Hand-maid *Lettice* told me she saw *Nickum*, upon a Couch, with a Woman, dishonouring my House ; and making it a Bawdy-house.

Mrs. Hack. O most pernicious Jade ! where is she ? *Lettice, Lettice !* I'll make an Example of her.

Enter Lettice.

Hack. Sen. Verily she deserveth to be made an Example.

Lettice. What to do now ?

Mrs. Hack. Oh Impious Wretch ! Would'st have dishonour'd me ; I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Lettice. They saw too much : Did they ?

Mrs. Hack. Most Audacious Jade ! I'll beat thee to Pap.

Hack. Sen. Fret not thy self, dear Lamb ! thou wo't endanger a Fit.

Lettice. Yes, She will have many such Fits.

Mrs. Hack. Pack up all your Trinckets, and be gone, Huswife !

THE VOLUNTEERS

Lettice. A happy opportunity ! since the Young Coll. and his Sister are gone ; every one in the House, would take it for a favour, to be turn'd out of it.

Mrs. Hack. Look there, You see what Faction she is of ; No, Huswife, that shall not serve your turn ; ——I'll tie you to my Bedpost, and lash you soundly my self ! And then have you whipp'd to some purpose in *Bridewell*.

Lettice. Say you so ;——But I have a way worth two on't. (*Exit Lettice.*

Hack. Sen. In truth she's a wicked Creature : But disquiet not thy self, nothing can make me entertain one ill thought of my Lamb.

Mrs. Hack. Thou are a dear sweet Duckling ! But pray let me go into the Air. It may refresh me after this Fit.

Hack. Sen. Come my sweet Lamb—Lean upon me, Lamb.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Timothy Kastril.

Sir Tim. If I suffer my self to be beaten, cuff't, and kick'd thus any longer : Instead of saluting me with their Hats, Fellows will salute me, with Fist, Foot, and Cudgel. I shall be beaten like Hemp or Stock-fish,——I shall grow in a little time, the common Anvil of the Town.—Well,—In short I dare not endure beating any longer : —— Let me see, —— What a Pox, 'Tis fifty to one, he does not hit my Vitals, if he hits me : And if it be but a flesh Wound——that's no great matter——hah ; I have a pretty long Sword——What a Devil ! I'll fight I am resolv'd : For 'tis better to be kill'd, than to live such a beaten Life as I am like to live without it.—Where is this Rogue *Nickum* ? I'll watch him till Midnight,——If he does not bolt out before.

Enter Nickum.

Nickum. These kicks from this damn'd Beau, sit very uneasily upon me ! He touch'd my Honour to the Quick, ——as *Hudibras* says, ——I must resolve to fight him : For if not, after this Baffle, I shall not get a debt that's owing me by a Bubble in *England* ; ——I have a Challenge ready penn'd. I fancy if *I* come roundly up with him, he will be modest yet.

Sir Tim. Ha ! here the Rogue is ! What is he muttering to himself ?

Nick. I shall go——Porter, Porter.

Enter Porter.

Porter. Who calls Porter ?

Nick. Here, *I* ; Take this Note and carry it, as it is directed : And here's six Pence for your pains. *Exit Porter.*

Nick. Well, 'tis gone : *I* must resolve to fight this confounded Beau will tell all the Town, what Men he baffles, as well as what Women he lies with.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir Tim. There's no more to be said——*I will fight——Sirrah, Rogue, Rascal, Scoundrel, Coward. I'll whip thee through——I'll make thee fuller of holes, then e're pink't Satin was !*

Nick. What the Devil, is this Coward Beau run mad ?

Sir Tim. He begins to fear me, ——*Sirrah, —— I will mangle thee so ; that when I have kill'd thee —— They shall not know whether thou art a Man or a Fish.*

Nick. If you long to be beaten agen——(*Draws.*

Sir Tim. Beaten you Dog ! Have at your Lungs, or some other of your Entrails. *He runs at Nickum as hard as he can,*

Damme, beg your Life Sirrah. and disarms him.

Nick. I do,——*I do.*

Sir Tim. What a Pox, is this all ? *I have no hurt to make such a business of fighting ; —— Here Sirrah, take your Sword, and fight agen ! Here's a Business indeed.*

Nick. What with one that has given me my life ?

Sir Tim. Prithee, *I gave thy life to thee to fight with it: Gad I must fight with you, or some body else ; ——It's an admirable Exercise ! I intend to use it a Mornings instead of Tennis.*

Nick. This is most amazing ! What a Metamorphosis is this ? He is a bloody minded Beau ; ——*That I shou'd light on two wrong Beaus in an hour ! Pox on 'em for me, ——I'll meddle no more with 'em.*

Sir Tim. Will you fight again Sirrah ? *If you won't, get you about your Business, —— What have I to do with you ? A company of cowardly Rascals of you ; ——Now I think on't, you laid me on confoundedly.*

Nick. This is the Devil in his shape sure, *struts up and down and My Sword Sir ? Cudgels him.*

Sir Tim. No Sirrah, You have no occasion for it ; you durst not fight, *I'll keep it Sirrah, —— begone.*

Nickum. What a Devil ! Does he take the Plunder o' the Field ? *I see I must fight now. —— Exit Nickum.*

Sir Tim. Gad take me, this is rare sport ; *I long to be fighting with some body else, ——I must pick a Quarrel.*

Enter Welford.

Here's one comes for the purpose : I must have a bout with him, for his familiarity with my Ears.

Welf. What the Devil is here ? A Filou ? Are you Robbing of Passengers of their Swords ?

Sir Tim. No, Winning 'em Honourably ; And I'll have yours before you go much further.

Welf. What says the Coxcomb ?

Sir Tim. Coxcomb ! *Dammee y'are a Puppy, —— I am a Knight.*

THE VOLUNTEERS

Welf. Oh wondrous Transformation in two hours.

Sir Tim. Hah, let me see, —— I'll run you through in Teirce.

Welf. Prithce Fool, —— Don't trouble me.

Sir Tim. No, no, trouble you ; I won't trouble you ; only run you through the Body, —— I never saw a Man so slow in my Life. Have at you.

Welf. Pish—Pox o' this Feble,—there trouble me no more.—What sudden change is this ? He was mad before, or is mad now. { *Welf. Runs at him disarms him, flings him his Sword, & Exit.*

Sir Tim. Hah ! This is a very pretty Fellow. He fights very prettily : Gad as well as my self ; —— I see 'tis nothing, the Devil take me, I'll fight with every body that has ever frown'd upon me in his life.

Enter Nickum, Constable and Guard.

Nickum. That's he : He has the very Sword he robb'd me of, in his Hand, —— lay hold on him. *Constable seizes Sir Tim.*

Sir Tim. How now ? What's the matter ?

Constab. You are a bold Thief ! A fine Rogue ! Rob Gentlemen of their Swords, in the Day time ? There will be no passing the Streets, for such Rogues as you are.

Nickum. He came upon me before I was aware ; and whipt away my Sword.

Sir Tim. You lye Sirrah ! Coward ! I fought with the Rogue, and won it nobly.

Const. Ah, Come, come, and you shall be hang'd nobly.

Watchm. He would have robb'd another Gentleman ; but he was too hard for him, and beat him.

Sir Tim. Why, what the Devil are you mad ? Why, I am a Knight, these are Rogues, they lye.

Const. A Knight, and such a Thief, —— away with him ! away with him.

Enter Taylor.

Sir Tim. Oh here's my Taylor ; —— He can tell you who I am ?

Taylor. Are ? —— Yes ; Why what's the matter here ? This is Sir *Tymothy Kastril* ; As honest a Gentleman, and pays his Bills as well as any Gentleman, and bates as little.

Const. How pay his Bills well ? He has perplexed the Cause ; why this Gentleman has accused him of flat Felony.

Taylor. He ! Why that's a Sharper ! A Rogue ! A Cheat !

Nick. Sirrah, I shall remember you.

Const. No threatenng here Sir.

Nick. Let me see the Sword he robb'd me of ; here's the Scabbard to't, why this is Demonstration.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Taylor. What ! A Bully ? A Sharper ? And Robb'd of his Sword ?
This is a Cheat, a plain Cheat.

Const. I see it now, Sir, You are an honest Gentleman ; and may go about
your Business, —— I have a good mind to lay that Rogue by the Heels.

Nick. No, not so, —— I'll go about my Business ; —— I see I must
run some body through ; or I am utterly undone.

Sir Tim. Honest Stichum, I am beholding to you. I beat this Rogue
and disarm'd him ; and had a mind to shew his Sword for fear the Rascal
should deny it. —— And put me to beat him again. —— And he accuses
me of Robbery, Mr. Constable ! There's a Guiney for your watch to drink.

Const. Thank you Sir ; —— A very worthy honest Gentleman.

Watch. Thank you Sir ; a very honest Gentleman. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, the M. G's House.

Enter Sir Nich. Daynty, and Teresia.

Sir Nic. Fa, la, la ; sweet Madam ; your Father acquaints me that you
are pleased to honour me with your best Affections.

Teres. Oh Lord ; you make me blush ; —— sure he would not say
such a thing ?

Sir Nich. Nay, Madam ; if you deny it ; I know not what measures to
take then.

Teres. Sir, I dare not deny, that I have said to my Father, That you are a
fine accomplisht Person !

Sir Nich. Ah Madam, —ah, —no, —no.

Teres. And that your Air and Miene are Excellent.

Sir Nich. Sweet Madam, you will make me too proud.

Teres. And that the Charms of your Conversation are invincible, let
me die !

Sir Nich. Nay Madam, Dam mee, if you don't go a little too far now.

Teres. I can never go too far in the praises of so compleat a Gentleman,
I'll say it.

Sir Nich. No Madam : Yes, yes, you may : But what's all this to your
Love Madam ? This will shew that you admire a Person ; But never that
you love him.

Teres. But Oh my Weakness ! I told you in the Park, I did love you ;
blushes will o'recome me.

Sir Nich. Did you Madam ? I protest I had forgot it ; I am so far from
deserving the Honour ! But dear Madam, Do you love me now ?

Teres. Yes, yes ; I am afraid too well !

Sir Nich. I must confess you have a great many Rivals Madam ! But
you have the preference in my affections : And shall ride Sovereign in my
heart.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Teres. Let me die if I can look upon you !

Sir Nich. Madam, I must tell you, tho the Beaux will laugh at, and discord one that marries : Yet I am content for your sake to be laugh'd at.

Teres. And will you set aside your Campaigne, and yield to loves soft Charms.

Sir Nich. Not for the World Madam, What ? set aside my Honour ? that cannot be for all the Treasures upon Earth.

Teres. Nay, then you love me not, and I am miserable.

Sir Nich. Dammee Madam, I have had 50 Ladies in love with me, and never lov'd any one of 'em half so much.

Teres. No, No, You love not me ! all I have to do is to retire and weep ; and sigh my self into a Ghost, I'll swear. *Exit Teresia.*

Sir Nich. Why, Madam, Madam ———

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, here's a Note left for you, by a Porter.

Sir Nich. Hah ! this is no Billet : This is made up by some Blockheadly Fellow ! Ha ! *Nickum !* This is a Challenge ! its a very odd one ! Let me go in and enquire about it. *Exit.*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Hackwell Junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Blunt. I have left my old Officers at the last *Newbury* fight, as drunk as ever they were in the Army : They will fling Bottles at one anothers heads, as they were wont to do ; But—ah—how goes on your process of Love betwixt you ?

Hack. Jun. Much too slow Sir, for my eager wishes.

Eugen. I see our English Soldiers, are for nothing but storming ; they have not patience for a siege !

M. G. Bl. Look thee *Tom.* I'll say that for her ; she's as good a Girl as any man can boast of.

Hack. Jun. She's all Excellence ! she's all Perfection.

M. G. Bl. A Dod, Countrey Gentlemen are Knaves enough ; when they put Horses that are Jades into one anothers hands : But they may be chopt away, or sold in *Smithfield* ; but to put a Woman Jade into ones hands, that he must never part with ; by the Lord Harry, it is unpardonable.

Hack. Jun. The same Honour ever shines in all your Actions.

M. G. Bl. I have indeed an Ass of a Daughter ! which I put off to an Ass of a Knight : but he likes her for being an Ass, and she likes him for being an Ass ; so 'tis an equal match. The Devils in't, if they don't agree : They are so like, they are almost one flesh already.

Eugen. Methinks Sir, 'tis time enough to talk of this in time of peace.

M. G. Bl. A Dod that's very well : That's like a Fellow whose Bridge was a falling, ——— Would not flux because times were unsettled : Does not

THE VOLUNTEERS

War make a Destruction of Men? What should good Subjects do then; — But lay about them to replenish. A dod, this young Fellow and his Friend, are gallant Fellows! And if they be knockt o'the head this Summer, — I'd have some of the breed left, — which is almost lost in England.

Eugen. I beseech you Sir, be not so hasty.

M. G. Bl. Thou dissembling Jade thou: By my troth Huswife, if thou be'st not a little Civiller, I'll tell Tales.

Eugen. For Heaven sake! if ever you loved me, betray not my weakness.

Enter Clara.

M. G. Bl. Well well; — oh here comes my fair Charge.

Clara. My dear, now I am come to thee, never to leave thee.

M. G. Bl. Hold, hold, — I forbid those Banes: There's a brave young Fellow, *Welford*, and this Youth here, shall part you both, and to your hearts content, — and see here he comes.

Enter Welford.

Look you, Sir, There's your Mistress; to her, and see what you can make of her — I am her Guardian, and dispose of her to you — Come, come, leave 'em together.

Clara. Good Guardian — what do you mean? My Dear! my *Eugenia*.

M. G. Bl. Nay, Adod if you be not Civil — I'll lock you up.

Hack. Jun. And Sister, I present this Gentleman to you, as the greatest treasure you can have: He'll make you as happy, as you are capable of being.

Clara. I am besieged on every side.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, away: fall to your Love tricks — Be not too long in Ceremony: think of the substance: Women are not to be perswaded — They perswade themselves.

Welf. Madam, Can you flye from your Adorer? { *Exeunt M. G. Bl.*

Clara. Can you imagine I can be so vain to think — I have an Adorer. { *Col. and Eugenia.*

Welf. There's nothing on this side Heaven, that I can worship equal to you: The world in Ballance, is too light for you.

Clar. A man only shews his parts, by fine Language, that never goes for any thing.

Welf. Madam, I scorn to speak a language that is not from my heart: I would renounce the Universe for you.

Clara. No, I dare say, not this Campaigne for me.

Welf. I could not d'ot for you? For should I quit my honour you'd despise me.

Clara. 'Tis a hard task to speak against ones Conscience. (*Aside.*

Welf. But I must be miserable without your favour, and if you will not grant it, I shall desire to be shot from out of a Bomb upon the Enemy.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Clara. What a foolish thing is a Woman, when a man makes love to her.
(*Aside.*

Sure, you would not have me set my Love upon one that's going to be knock't o'the head.

Welf. The better, Madam —— When he leaves all that's dear to him in this World for't.

Clara. That were to make my self miserable, should I loose him.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Madam, Your most humble Servant, Sir, I love and honour you : Y'are brave——and I'll draw my Sword for you.

Welf. Pox o' his Puppy.

Enter Sir Nicholas, with a Challenge in his Hand.

Sir Nich. Oh Mr. *Welford* ! I am glad you are here !

You are a Judge of Honour, —— and I would consult with you : I have sent for the Major General——and Col. *Hackwell*.

Sir Tim. If it be about Honour, Consult with me, *Nicky* : I have fought two Duels since I saw you : And long to fight a third. One of 'em was with this Gentleman here.

Sir Nick. Dam me, what has he cast his Skin, or is become a new Creature ? Two Duels ! ——'Tis impossible.

Enter M. G. Bl. Hackwell Junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Bl. Pox o'these Fools !

How came they here to interrupt Love ?

Sir Nich. Come Gentlemen : Nay, the Ladies may hear it too !

You must know, I was challeng'd by a Fellow this Afternoon, whose name I conceal'd,—And this Gentleman did me the Honour to be my second.

Hack. Jun. What a Devil ! wert thou drawn in, by this Fop.

Sir Nich. His Opposite would not fight at all ; —And mine fought so scurvily, that he ran back, and dropt his Sword on purpose—I gave it him again, and bid him use it better—But he durst not——so, we kick'd 'em both exceedingly, and left 'em.

Sir Tim. Rogues,——Cowards,——Damn'd Cowards :——that men can be such Cowards.

Sir Nich. Now, my Rogue has sent me the most unmannerly rude Challenge——that ever was——And the point in question is, whether I ought to answer this ; from a Fellow whom I have given his Life to,——or have him drub'd immoderately, by my Footman.

M. G. Bl. A Dod, a pretty Farce ; Lets hear the Challenge.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir Nich. Reads.) Coxcomb Daynty——for Knight, I do scorn to call thee ; Did you ever hear such a rude Fellow ?

M. G. Bl. A Dod, he comes up roundly with thee Knight.

Sir Nich. Reads.) *When thou should'st have attack'd me to my Face, Thou did'st basely invade me behind my back : Therefore I challenge thee to meet me face to face ; not as thou did'st before, Face to Arse.*

Speaks. With the pardon of the Ladies, these are his words.

Reads. *Tho the most unworthy part of Man, is too honourable to be encountred by such a Rascal. Consider and Tremble : Thy Father if he were alive, cou'd not give thee better Counsel : For there is no Composition for thy safety——unless thou wilt heal that part with thy Tongue, like a Dog as thou art : which thou did'st offend with thy Hoof ; like an Ass as thou wert : All the mercy thou art to expect from me in this admonition : To prepare thee to dye, with thy Sword in thy Hand ; and if thou refusest, I will be thy Destroyer.*

No matter for the name. Now your judgments upon the Case, Did you ever see such an ill bred Fellow ? Fight or Drub ?

Sir Tim. Fight, fight,——and I'll be your Second.

Clara. Eug. Let's steal off.

(*Exeunt Eugen. and Clara.*)

M. G. Bl. How came this Knight so furious o'the suddain ?

Hack. Sen. He has been kickt and beaten into valour : And this is the first day of his Reformation——H' has fought twice in an hour.

M. G. Bl. Hah, sayst thou so ?——I have known some such Examples have been the most troublesome quarrelling Coxcombs about the Town after it ; But a Dod, they are Cowards at the bottom for all that : Look you Pupil in this Case, if the Fellow be a Gentleman : He must not be drub'd : Thou may'st cane him thy self, if thou wilt when thou meet'st him——If he be not a Gentleman, laugh at him——But I faith the Rogue has an arch knack at his Pen.

Sir Nich. Upon my word Sir, you have decided the matter like an Oracle : ——It shall be so.

M. G. Bl. Why Gentlemen, you have let the Girls escape, for shame follow 'em.

Sir Nich. For my part, I ne'er trouble my self to follow Ladies, they follow me fast enough.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, shall we have no fighting then ? Gad—I'll quarrel with some body or other.

*Twas somewhat long, before I durst begin ;
But I'll fight like a Devil, now I'm in.*

Exeunt.

Finis Act 4.

THE VOLUNTEERS

ACT V. SCENE I.

Teresia and Winifred.

Teres. **H**E is so fine a Person, that I vow I cannot blush to own my Passion to him : He is the charmingst Creature in the World, let me die. That Air, that Mien, that bewitching Conversation ! Oh my Dear ! all the Town is in love with him.

Wini. Not all the Town, my Dear ! For my part, I wonder what thou canst see in such Fellows ? Thou shouldst learn to value thy self, and despise them. I'll say't, ——I scorn that any Fellow should make me in love with him.

Teres. Ah my dear, Thou know'st not *Cupid's* power ; I warrant thee he has an Arrow for thee yet ; he'll pierce thy stubborn heart.

Wini. I care for ne're a *Cupid* of 'em all. Tell me of Cupid ?

Enter Hop.

Oh sweet Mr. *Hop*, ——I thought we had lost thee, ——Where hast thou been all this while ?

Hop. I din'd very well, at the Stewards Table Madam.

Wini. The Stewards Table ? Good lack ! sure thou art Company for their betters ? Thou shouldst value thy dear Person more. ——

Teres. How do you Master ? You are come to help us out in our Countrey Dances ?

Hop. Yes Madam, I am ready to serve you !

Winif. Talk of an Aire and a Miene ? Here's an Aire and a Miene ? a charming Person, and bewitching Conversation ? And that Divine Musick on the Kit ?

Enter Sir Nich'las Daynty.

Sir Nich. Ladies, your most humble Servant. How do'st thou do *Hop* ?

Winif. Hah ! ——Proud Coxcomb ! Plain *Hop* ? Sure Mr. *Hop* might become his Mouth ? Come, Mr. *Hop*, let's retire ; You shall show me a little——before we begin Dancing.

Sir Nich. Ah Madam ! that's not fair play.

Winif. Good Sir, I know not what to do. —— *Exit Winif. and Hop.*

Sir Nich. I hope Madam you have composed the temper of your mind, and are contented with my venturing for Honour, especially since you shall secure my love.

Teres. Nay, ——I'll say't ; ——you cannot love me, that can leave me for Drums and Trumpets.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Sir Nich. Nay, then we have done Madam, I wont quit my Honour for the World : Alas,——the Ladies in the Town are in Mutiny about it ; and I deny 'em all !

Teres. Break heart, break——I cannot bear it.

Sir Nich. I am sorry Madam, you will quit your Lover, for being a Man of Honour ;——but I despair not of Mistresses.

Teres. Oh Cruel Tyrant of my Heart !

Enter M. G. Blunt.

M. G. Bl. How now Pupil ? How goes on this Treaty ?

Sir Nich. It stops at the Preliminaries, and is not like to go on : she will not suffer me to satisfy my Honour, and go to the Campaign ; now I have given my word, and have my Equipage all ready. I'll sooner lose my life than stay.

M. G. Bl. A Dod Knight, thou art in the right there, tho thou seldom art so :——By Heav'n thou'rt an Ass ; thou shalt let him go ; and I'll hold 50 *l.* to one, he does not bring thee to abandon this Summer !

Sir Nich. Upon my Honours I'll venture for it, noble Guardian.

M. G. Bl. Mr. *Welford* has been at Court,——and they are countermanded, and are not to go these 5 weeks. And a Dod, may be that may be long enough to be married. You may be weary of one another by that time——there have been such Examples.

Teres. Oh, never, never ;——I'll say't——shall I be weary ?

M. G. Bl. Go, go, get you into the drawing Room, and agree upon your Treaty :——my Pupil and I, shall have no words upon ours.

Sir Nich. Your Servant Sir.

Exit Sir Nich. and Teresia.

Enter Hackwell Junior, and Welford.

M. G. Bl. Oh come young Fellows, ——I have found out a way to Dispatch your Business with these skittish Girls. I over-heard 'em say ——they would have some private Conference in this Room. We'll into a Closet, and over-hear it——A Dod. They are coming——in——in——
retire.

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Clara. Come my Dear, we are alone ! Let's enjoy one another ? what can make us so happy ?

Eugen. The Colonel and Volunteer can make us happier.

Clara. That's true indeed ; ——but we are now alone, and are not forced upon the Drudgery of dissembling.

Eugen. 'Tis very hard that honest Women must be tyed to that as well as Wenches.

Clara. Indeed a little lying is a necessary quality in our Sex !

Eugen. That's but convenient policy——for us to use with Men ; Fiction in Love and Poetry is lawful.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Clara. That's a very civil word, for lying ; but there is no pleasure in Conversation, where hearts are not open to one another.

Eugen. Thou art in the right my Dear ; Oh my most bewitching Colonel ! I wou'd not for the world, he knew the power he had over me !

Clara. My Brother is a generous and worthy Fellow ; he'd use it nobly if he did.

Eugen. Nor is there a Gallenter Fellow than thy Volunteer ; and I had best let him know the power he has over thee.

Clara. Not for the world, my Dear ; he shall have no Temptation from me, to be a Tyrant. You see power alters almost every Man.

Eugen. 'Tis fit indeed we conceal out foibles ; for if they apply their strengths to our weakness, they will be too hard for us.

Clara. Thank Heaven ! we have always something to ballance that—— And can find out their weakness. And the great cunning of our Sex, and all our Dominion comes from attacking that.

Eugen. To say Truth, they are more open-hearted, than we, and more easily discovered. But what power has thy Volunteer over thee ?

Clara. My Lawful Monarch has as much, as ever Tyrant aimed at ; Oh, he's the charming'st Creature upon Earth ; I could live all my life time in a Wilderness with him, and never see the Face of any other Man.

Eugen. I cannot say that of my Colonel, because I have a Father, that next to him, I love above the World ; but I could gladly share with him in all his hazards and his toiles.

Clara. That's true taking for better for worse ; ——Thou art a brave Heroick Girl ; ——we are both sprung from Soldiers ; and methinks rather than not be in my *Welfords* presence ; I'de lie in Camps without all Covering but the Skie.

Eugen. I'd mount a breach with my Colonel.

Clara. Well said my brave *Amazon*,——With my *Welford* I could stand a pass, with shours of Bullets flying about our Ears, and only be concerned, least an unlucky one, should cut him off.

Eugen. Huff ! what thou wilt, I am as valiant as thy self ! And for mine, I would gladly intercept the Bullet that would hit him,——Oh he is the dearest, sweetest Creature, that the Earth ever bore.

Clara. Mine, besides his worth, his Honour, and his Fame, with his Person might conquer all our Sex.

Eugen. Mine is the glory of his Sex, and the delight of ours ; his Look, his Miene !

Clara. Ah *Welford* ! his Aire ! his Shape ; and his Address——

Eugen. His Wit, his Sense.——

Clara. His Courage, and his Gentleness.——

Eugen. Pray let's not quarrel, who is most charming.——

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Clara. They are both best ; and I would we had 'em each within our Arms.

Eugen. It were a Joy beyond the World.

Enter M. G. Blunt.

(They squeak.

M. G. Bl. Ah,——why 'tis not come to that yet.——Ye are brave Girls, never blush for the matter ;——'Tis natural,——'tis honest, 'tis discreet and virtuous.

Clara. Oh Sir, what Confusion would it cause, should you discover one word of this to our Lovers ?

Eugen. As e'er you priz'd your most obedient Daughter, be secret as a Confessor :—I blush to look on you.

Clara. I never shall behold you more, without such shame as will confound me.—But, for Heav'ns sake be secret, Sir.

M. G. Bl. You are foolish Girls ;—This is an Honour to you. By the Lord *Harry*, I'll say nothing :—But adod, y'are the bravest-mettl'd Girls in *Christendome*.—Come Lovers, enter. *(Takes 'em by the Hand.*

Enter Hackwel jun. and Welford.

*{ The Women shriek, and
endeavour to run away.*

Ah-ha,———What a pox do you squeak for? Here's no Rape intended. No flying,——adod you shall stand to't.

Eugen. I'll never forgive you, tho' you are my Father.

Clara. You had better have staid, and made me such an account, as Guardians won't do,——than use me thus.

M. G. Bl. Come adod, I love Plain-dealing,——I'd have Love come out like the Small Pox, or else 'tis dangerous.

Welf. to *Clara.* Madam, I never suffer'd such Confusion ;——I know not what to say or think of my surprizing Joy.

Hack. jun. The Blessing of this minute is so high, so ravishing, and extravagant, methinks I dream.

Eugen. Methinks you do. Ours was Railery ! all Railery ;—as if we did not know you were in the Closet.

Clara. Can you imagine otherwise ? Why, 'twas nothing but a Scene well acted betwixt us.

Welf. It is too much to my advantage, not to believe you were in earnest Madam.

Hack. jun. You will not sure be so cruel ! to strangle my poor Infant-Hope, and make me desperate.

M. G. Bl. Why, you young dissembling Sluts ! Adod ! this is rare Confidence ! Do you think this will pass upon us ? No, no, the Business shall be immediately dispatch'd :——We'll first employ an able Lawyer,——and then a competent Divine,——that, I warrant you, shall make

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you fast enough, and tye you in such a Noose, you shall never riggle out agen.

Enter Servants holding Sir Timothy Kastil.

1 Servant. Hold, hold him fast.

Sir Tim. Let me go, you Dogs, let me go.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. What's to do here? What's the matter? Why, *Sir Timothy*, are you out of your Princely Wits?

M. G. Bl. Pox o' these Puppies,———Must they still put a stop to us, when like Chymists we are at the moment of Projection?

Sir Tim. The matter! why I did but chastise some rude fellows, and these laid hold of me, and haul'd me in thus.

M. G. Bl. Let him go:———What's the matter?

1 Servant. The matter Sir! why he'll be kill'd in half an hours time, if we let him go:———Some Masqueraders would have press'd in, and he sallies out upon 'em, beats three or four of 'em, and runs one through the Arm; and that would not satisfie him, but a rough Souldierly man came by, with Whiskers, and he pull'd him by a Whisker,———and told him he did not like his Countenance, and to't they went;———If we had not parted them, one had been kill'd.

M. G. Bl. Why, adod, thou art the strangest *Orlando Furioso* that' e'er I knew;———What Transformation's this?

Sir Nich. Are you not asham'd? The greatest quality of a Beau is to be soft of Speech, very gentle and civil of Deportment, much joy'd with the Contemplation of himself, and well pleas'd with others.

Sir Tim. Pish, Pox of a Beau! I'll have nothing to do with 'em; nor the Women neither; they have used me like a Dog. I would go to the War,—but that he that was my Tutor, that's a Non-swearer, has perplex'd my Conscience so, that I do not know which side to take.———But a Pox on me if I don't fight at home;—I am out of humour with the World.

Sir Nich. For shame, art thou mad?

Sir Tim. Don't you provoke me to whip you through the Body.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, Knight, thou canst not live a { *Fiddles*
week. Oh, the Fiddles are yonder! look to the Doors, let none { *flourish.*
in but those you know: These Fiddles are Fop-Calls, and Whore-
Calls; we shall have the Town assemble.———Come, young fellows,
let's go, Faith, I'll lead you up in a Country Dance my self.

Exeunt omnes.

THE VOLUNTEERS

SCENE a Dining-Room.

Enter Teresia, Winifred, Hop, and Fiddles; *to them* M. G. Blunt, Coll. Hackwel *jun.* Welford, Sir Nich'las, Sir Timothy, Eugenia and Clara.

M. G. Bl. Come, when shall we begin?—I think we want some of our Company.

Hop. Pray give me leave Sir, to present you with a Maggot of mine.

M. G. Bl. Ha fellow, what dost thou mean by a Maggot?

Hop. Sir, a little Concern of mine in my way,——a little whim, or so sir.

M. G. Bl. Prithee fellow speak plain English: Adod, I know not what thou mean'st.

Hop. Why, a little Dance sir,——I have all ready.

M. G. Bl. Why now thou sayest something. Let 'em come in. These Dancing-masters and Fiddlers are so devilish witty alwaies!

Enter Hackwel *sen.* Mrs. Hackwel, and Nickum.

Oh Collonel, I sent to you: I was afraid you would have fail'd me.

Hack. *sen.* Save you sir, I look upon Dancing as Vanity, and I crave leave to be absent: It is but the Ceremony, I will be present at the substantial part——your Supper.

M. G. Bl. Well, well,——you have liberty.——The Godly will seldom baulk a lusty Meal; they will eat till it flies out at their Mouth, Eyes, Ears, and Nostrils.

Sir Tim. I fought with that fellow there, that Rogue, that Sharper, and run him over and over. *To Sir Nich'las.*

Nickum. I am a Rogue: Now I see 'em, my mind misgives me, and I find plainly I dare not fight.

Mrs. Hack. What's the matter? I am afraid you are angry.

Nickum. My Blood rises at these Rogues, and I would fain run 'em into the Bowels.

Mrs. Hack. I'll keep you under my wing.

Hack. *sen.* It seemeth to me, that my Lamb is somewhat more concern'd for this Nickum than is decent.

M. G. Bl. Come enter.——Where is the Dance?

Hack. *sen.* I will retire from these Vanities, and give my self to Meditation. *Exit.*

Enter Dancers, and dance.

M. G. Bl. Pox o' these Entries, give me your jolly Country Dance, it puts good Humour into us, warms the Ladies, and makes 'em kind and coming, young fellows. Hah! we'll fall to that now.

Mrs. Hack. *to Nickum.* I cannot dance, and am afraid the M. General will take me out;——Let's retire. *They sneak out.*

THE VOLUNTEERS

M. G. Bl. Now, young fellows, take out your Ladies.

[A Noise without, Part'em, part'em.

Enter a Servant.

How now, how now, what's the matter?

Serv. The old Cavalier-Gentlemen are fall'n out, and will kill one another:—I believe they flung all the Bottles at one another,—and have fought their way thro' three Rooms, and are fighting their way thro' this.

Teres. Oh, I shall dye, I shall dye,—Save me, save me. (*Runs to Sir Nich.*

Winif. Oh Mr. Hop save me. (*Runs to Mr. Hop.*

M. G. Bl. Fear nothing, there's no danger; they have done this three times a week this fifty year. (*Cavaliers roar and rant, with their Swords drawn.*

What's the matter here.

1 *Caval.* This fellow said, He was nearer being hang'd for Plots for the King than I was.

2 *Caval.* Yes, and more, and better Plots, I'll justifie it; the Major-General knows it.

M. G. Bl. Know,—adod, all the Plots that I knew ended in being damnable drunk; and I believe you drank and spew'd in the King's Service as much as most.

1 *Caval.* He that says he was as near being hang'd for the King as I, lies.

Sir Tim. Look ye Sir, you lye, you both lye, and you all lye; and if you have a mind to fight,—I'll fight with you all round.

M. G. Bl. Fools, put up your Swords, and for you *Knight*, I will send for a Constable, if you will not be quiet: Go, go and drink Friends, till you can't speak, and then you'll be good Company.

1 *Caval.* Sir, you are my Officer, and I'll obey.

2 *Caval.* I honour my Officer.

Exeunt Cavaliers.

Sir Nich. Look you, *Sir Timothy*, I brought you into this Family, you dishonour me, if you disturb it, and I'll cut your Throat.

Sir Tim. No more, Let this be somewhat between you and me.

M. G. Bl. Come, come,—take out your Ladies:—Adod, I have lost my Mate; but here's a pretty young Wench, a very good exchange, Ifaith.

He takes Lettice, Sir Nich'las Teresia, Welford, Clara, Hack. jun. Eugenia.

Sir Tim. to Winif. I shall remember you,—but I'll do you the honour to dance with you.

Winif. I scorn to join Hands with such a fellow, upon any occasion: Sweet Mr. Hop,—you are my Mate.

Sir Tim. Why you impudent Rascal, dare you take out an unmannerly Slut, that has refus'd me, and think your self fit to dance with Gentlemen?

Winif. Oh sweet Mr. Hop! { *Breaks Hop's Head, Hop pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe the Blood, drops a*

Oh, look to Mr. Hop.

M. G. Bl. Thou *Knight*!

Paper, Clara takes it up.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Thou Puppy, I could find in my Heart to have my Servants fling thee out of the Window,——for affronting me in this manner.

Sir Tim. Well,——he shall be the next to Sir *Nich'las*. (*Aside.*)

Clara to *G. Blunt*. Sir, Sir, look what here is, which this same *Hop* has drop'd, a Paper with half a broad Piece, and a Contract penn'd by that sweet Lady, my Sister-in-Laws own Hand; a Contract with this compleat Gentleman Mr. *Hop*. (*Blunt takes it from her.*)

Winif. Mercy on me! we are undone; give me my Paper.

M. G. Bl. I beg your Pardon, I will shew it to my Neighbor the Collonel. Ha *Tom*! this will be of use, Ifaith.——Did I not say she would take up with a Groom? This indeed is somewhat higher.

Sir Tim. What, is your Ladships haughty person dispos'd of to a Dancing-master?

Sir Nich. Is the terrible scornful Lady taken up with a Dancing-master? Mrs. *Hop*, your Servant Mrs. *Hop*.

Clara. Sister, I wish you Joy with your Caperer.

Teres. Oh that so fine a person should be so cast away! I grieve for thee, my Dear.

Winif. Curse on 'em all,——I'll carry it off.——(*Aside.*)

Look you, all at once, that there has not only been a Contract, but the Marriage has been celebrated between this dear Creature——and my self. I think him the finest Gentleman in *England*, and there's an end on't. Come, my Dear, let's go.

Sir Tim. Doſt thou hear, scornful Lady, Mrs. *Hop*?——I could find in my Heart to cut thy Rogues back-Sinews, and spoil his capering; ——but every time I meet him——I will kick him thus.

Winif. He's a Coward, *Nickum* beat him before me, and he never resisted.

Hop. Say you so? Have-at you Sir.

Sir Tim. Go, get you gone with another Kick for a Pass.——Hah——Gentlemen! Your Judgment! Don't I fight pretty well——Hah, Major-General, Sir <i>Nich'las</i> . Colonel.	<i>{ Sir Tim. and Hop. draw; Sir Tim. whips up Hop's heels and disarms him; Women shriek and run away. Exit Hop.</i>

All. Very well,——very well.

M. G. Bl. We shall dance the merrier, for this Interruption, I warrant you.——Here,——Who waits.

Enter Servant.

Servant. I am here Sir.

M. G. Bl. Where is the old Colonel?

Servant. He is not gone out of the House,——but he is in none of the usual Rooms——where the Lights are.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, let's find him out; ——And let him know this joyful News.

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Hack. jun. Nothing could have happen'd so luckily as this.

Welf. Yes,——if he had discover'd his Wife, as we have done her Daughter.

Exeunt omnes.

The SCENE a Dark Room.

Enter Colonel Hackwel Senior.

Hack. sen. I have gotten pretty well out of the Paper, and other Patents, and made a pretty Sum of them :——I have shares in some that cost me nothing, but were given me to prevent my Caveats : those I'll keep a while, but for the Linnen, we have agreed when that shall rise,——and then I'll wriggle my self out of that.

Enter Nickum and Mrs. Hackwel.

Mrs. Hack. I thought we should never have found a private Room, all are so full of Lights this Night.

Nickum. This is to our purpose,——my dear Madam.

Hack. sen. Bless me ! What do I hear, *Nickum* and my Lamb ?

Mrs. Hack. Have not I brought my old Fool to a *fine pass* ? I'll never leave him now, till he settles all his Estate unsettled upon me, and afterwards upon my Daughter.——He has promis'd,——and then I'll make thy Fortune.

Hack. sen. I am confounded, most exceedingly abash'd.

Nick. Thou dear sweet Lady of my Soul and Body,——I am not worthy of thee ; but methinks it is a great part of the Pleasure, to consider how fond, how silly, and how credulous these poor Cuckolds are.

Hack. sen. Is it so, Devil Incarnate ?

Mrs. Hack. Ah, ah, we are undone, utterly lost, kill him, kill him.

Hack. sen. Rouze Old Man within me. Hah ! I see a glimmering of a Light.

Nick. Have at your Bowels.

{ *Nickum runs at him, he puts him by and
lays him on: and cuts him back Sword
way, and beats him about the Room.*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Colonel Hack. Jun. Welford : Servants and Lights.

Hack. Jun. Heaven, my Father engag'd ?

Hack. Sen. Stand by——let me alone with him.——

M. G. Bl. What's the matter man ? By my troth, I think thou art as pretty a Fellow with a Sword in thy hand ;—And lay'st about thee as thou didst 50 year ago.

Hack. Sen. The matter : That fellow is the lewdest son of *Belial* ; And my Spouse the most ungracious *Jezabel* on the Earth. They have made me that profain filthy and unclean Beast call'd a Cuckold : And in this

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dark Room, little knowing *I* was here : they boasted and gloried in the Fact : And when I discover'd my self they would have kill'd me.

Hack. Jun. O horrible Villany ! Secure this Dog in some place.

He shall not scape.

Nick. I feel my blood trickling.—I believe you have kill'd me.

M. G. Bl. Come my old Soldier,—Comfort thy self : Cuckoldom is no dishonour in our Country : But we shall have another discovery for you and your sweet Lady. Thy Daughter *Winifred* has confess'd She is marry'd to Hop the Dancing-Master—his head was broke ; and taking his Handkerchief to wipe the blood—He dropt the Contract with this half broad Piece in't.

Mrs. Hack. This is a most compleat Ruin. I will hide my head in some dark hole, and never see the light again. (*Exeunt Mrs. Hack.*)

Hack. Sen. Let her go ! And for the other piece of vanity she's aptly dispos'd of.

M. G. Bl. Go, call all the Company—lets into the great Room : and we will Rejoyce this Night, for all this.

{ *Exeunt Servants first.*
{ *Then Exeunt all the Rest.*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Collonel Hackwell Sen. Hackwell Junior, Welford, Sir Nich'las, Sir Timothy Kastril, Teres, Eugenia and Clara.

Hack. Sen. Son and Daughter, give me your hands, I have been led away by a wicked Instrument, to injure you both ; I was poison'd with lyes : And I have discover'd her, and her wicked falsehood ; And have put her away, Repenting me that ever I took her unto Wife : And I desire you will forgive me.

Clara. What happy change is this ? (*Aside.*)

Hack. Jun. Pardon me Sir, for all that I have offended you in.

I desire now, nothing but your favour, which I so long in vain have sought.

Clara. If I regain your favour ! I shall reckon this the happiest day of all my Life.

Hack. Sen. You have it both of you ; and I will make some amends, and verily you shall find it.

M. G. Bl. Look thee my old Acquaintance : we have another discovery to make to you ;—When you had cast your Son an Daughter out, *I* undertook to to serve them :—And for your Son, *I* have provided this Daughter for a Wife :—And for your Daughter that Gentleman, Mr. *Welford*, (whose Fortune and Family you know) for a Husband.

Hack. Sen. I profess *I* am very greatly bound unto you : Good M. General : And I am so abundantly satisfi'd in the Wisdom of your Disposal, that *I* look upon it as a great and signal Dispensation unto me and mine, and for settlement, *I* will do what you shall approve.

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M. G. Bl. That's well, now we come to a point.—Well Pupil ! how are you now agreed ?

Teres. I have that duty to my Father,—That *I* never can resist his pleasure.

Sir Nich. I must do, what Love and Honour oblige me to ! Madam, you have won me from all the Ladies in the Town—You will be envy'd, and I shall be laugh'd at—But *Jaſta eſt Alea*.

Sir Tim. What a Devil am I here ? *I* am no body : *I* must fight or marry, or lye with some body,—But a Pox on't, now *I* think on't, *I'll* Beau it no longer—But turn Whore-master.

Clara. Sir, *I* beseech you let me have *Lettice* with me : She's a very Good Girl.

Hack. Sen. O yes, thou wert wrong'd,—much wrong'd.

M. G. Bl. Come on my pair Royal—*I'll* lead you up a Country-Dance : And then to Supper : And the whole House shall ring. Come my young partner—Colonel—Thou shall stay and see this Adod.

Hack. Sen. *I* will for once.

M. G. Bl. To morrow the Lawyers shall to work : Articles shall be sign'd and Bonds given. And the next day we will have a pretty nimble Divine.

Clara. Why such haste.

Eugen. Sir, Consider a little.

M. G. Bl. No more you little jilting, dissembling sluts !

By the Lord Harry, it shall be so : Take 'em by the hands.

Hack. Jun. My joy is so transporting—That *I* am besides my self.

Welf. And mine is so beyond all bounds ;—*I* shall not endeavour to express it. (*The Fiddels strike up, and they Dance.*)

M. G. Bl. Wee'l dedicate this Night,

To Mirth and Joy : And may you all have cause for't ever after : And now my old Neighbour, who ever marries a second Wife,—When he has a good Brood at first, which is like to be his best Brood.

*By her abus'd and jilted, Friend like thee.
Let him a most Notorious Cuckold be.*

F I N I S .

POEMS

A LETTER

FROM

Mr. *SHADWELL* to Mr. *Wicherley*.

INSPIR'd with high and mighty Ale,
That does with stubborn Muse prevail :
Ale, that makes Tinker mighty Witty,
And makes him Droll out merry Ditty :
Ale, that much strengthens Pedlar's Back,
And makes him lightly trudge with Pack :
With Ale that makes e'en Hunting Sweet,
When Hunters after damn'd Falls meet,
And o'er Black Pot together set,
All that day's Accidents repeat :
In Rhyme I greet my Friend in Town,
From *Hall* yclepped *Chaderton* :
Parenthesis is some what long,
But that excus'd in Verse or Song.
I did salute Friend with Epistle,
Which has by this time wiped his Tayl ;
But he when Letters to him come,
With wise *Italian*, answers Mum.
Thus by the way I gently Dun ye
For Letter that is due, not Money :
I'm drinking now with Lusty *Parson*,
Such as in *London* there is scarce one ;
'Tis true, in Latin they may quell him,
For *Alum Stalum non est Malum*,
Is all the Latin he can Conster,
Who in his drink is a meer Monster,
He out-does *Clements*, the World's wonder,
Nay more, he can make me knock under.
Nor cou'd I e'er be forc'd to say
White C——t I love thee, 'till this day ;
But that he's now out of my reach,
To be reveng'd, I'd hear him Preach :

P O E M S

Were there of strong Ale here a full pit,
He'd make no more down Throat to gulp it, }
Than belch out Uses in a Pulpit.
Which he can do when e'er he will,
Easily as I can Shite with Pill.
In fine, this Priest has mighty Pow'r
At Supernaculum, and drinks more
At six Go-downs on Reputation,
Than e'er a Levite in the Nation.
But now to leave off Country Story,
Which tediously I've laid before ye,
Pray let me know what's done in City,
Among the Brisk, the Gay, the Witty :
If at the Theatres they talk aloud,
And about Whores in Vizards crowd ;
If they break Windows when they're Drunk,
And at late hours, wake *Whetstone's* Punk,
That has all day been hard at Service,
With Clerk and Prentice, *Tim* and *Gervas*,
If being with powerful Drink made able,
Like doubty Knights, they Assault Constable.
What Poets now with Plays or Farces :
To whipping Criticks, turn up Arses ;
Criticks that Damn with little Wit
As *Ned*, or *Fleckno* ever writ ;
This and that, what other News in Town
Occurs, take pains and send it down,
While you of Stum, Alom and Sloes,
Molossus, Arsnick, Lime, take Dose,
From Roguy Vinter, and do venture
Your Life, when you in Tavern enter ;
In White-wine, Claret, Sack, or Hockum,
Beyond the cure of Doctor *Stockum*,
And pay dear for't : We can Carouse
For *Harry* Groat, in low Thatch-house,
With Country Justice, or with Squire,
With sleek Black-pot o'er good Coal-fire,
Like your true Englishmen in Ale,
That Wholsom, Nappy, Clear and Stale.
While you to *Chloris*, or to *Phillis*,
(Who's as Expensive as *Su Willis*,)
Must Cringe, and humbly vail your Bonnet,
And full of Wine and Love, make Sonnet :

P O E M S

For Treat of Ale, or at most Brandy,
We can have wholsom Lass that's handy,
That will lye down with all her heart :
Here Love is Nature, there 'tis Art,
Whilst you of Politics talk much
Of Jealousies 'twixt French and Dutch ;
Of setting Fleet out, raising Forces,
And talk of Dogs, and Hawks, and Horses.
Instead of *Phillis*, or of *Chloris*,
Who with you no better than a Whore is
We here remember in full Can,
Dear Jowler, Ruffler, Towser, Vulcan,
Or Dog that is of high Renown,
That famous Mouth, or Nose does own :
Which sure is much a worthier Creature,
Than *London Punk* of brightest Feature.
But now 'tis late, Post will not stay,
But like old Time, will flye away ;
To Morrow he's to dust a Stand,
That is your Servant to Command.

THE ANSWER.

THAT I have only answer'd Mum,
To Letter which long since did come,
It is confest,
But that it ever kiss'd my Bum,
Is but a Jest.

I will not make you vain Excuses,
Which between senseless Fops the use is :
Those civil Fops, who without bidding,
Forswear themselves to shew good Breeding ;
But Faults forgiven when confest
You are as Merciful as Priest ;
No business for my self or Friend
Was 'cause I Letter did not send, }
Nor F—cking can like you pretend.
For sure you cannot drink and F—ck,
Like Husband of St. *James's* Duck ;
Those by your leave, are mighty Talents,
Which only meet in wadling Gallants ;
You I believe in low Thatcht-house,
With *Cloris Vicar* do Carouse,
And Kiss his Ruby and Clip'en ;
But *Thomas*, you F—ck now in Shipen :
That's an Employment does not suit ye,
'Tis for your Officer a Duty :
So to each other Reason do,
You drink for him, he F—cks for you.
With Nut-brown Bowl at long Hall-Table, }
You make't appear how you are able,
In Shipen, he with Nut-brown Bauble.
While you for him, make Neighbour Drunk,
He keeps your word with Bare-foot Punk ;
Such as you call cheap wholsom Doxy,
Who will not Beggar you, nor Pox ye :
Such as for Apron green and Shoon, }
In Ditch with Tinker, will lye down,
But she for Money will Swive none ;

P O E M S

For poor Whore's Lace to garnish Pinner,
You may *Tom* (if you can) get in her ;
For Shoe-strings blue, or Inkle Garters,
You may too get between her Quarters ;
For F—cking she believes no Sin is,
But taking the Half-Crown ; or Guinea's.
But stay I think you News bespoke,
Of what is done, 'mong our Town Folk.
Know then there is an end of Lent,
And Money given by Parliament,
Yet Nation still must Fast, and eke repent.
By Prorogation some Ajourn
To the Fleet, 'till Priviledge return,
To *Ireland*, or *Geneva* some,
'Till theirs, and Court wants call 'em home :
To *Dunkirk*, *Paris*, or *Mompelier*,
Cause of Consumptions they are ill here,
And in a hundred other Cities,
Our Commons sit in close Committees :
So *Bayliff-Bum*, like *Noll* so fierce
Can prating Multitude disperse,
And with their Priviledge wipe his Arse.
Now you wou'd know some *White-hall* News,
But my Obnoxious wary Muse
For want of Ale, begs your Excuse.
Yet you may know that from *French* King
Is lately come a well-bred Thing,
Who is not with a Challenge sent,
But with a Mourning Complement,
A formal Melancholy Drolling
Which Folks do use to call Condoling ;
By which *French* King we must infer,
Is sorry, Duke's a Widdower,
But Dukes not sorry I dare Swear.
The Players, who had lost their Tongues
For Grief, again now stretch their Lungs,
And drunken Punk and Fop do sit
And brawl and sweat and stink in Pit ;
And then in *Hide-Park* do repair
To make a Dust and take no Air,
And shortly, your Friend *Vinegar*,
With whip in hand will make a Ring
While *Brawny* North, the West doth sling,

P O E M S

And then I hope you'l come to Town
With Captain, who is new gone down,
I wou'd turn o're the Leafe, but know
My Muse has tyr'd her self and you.

And so Adieu.

*On the Dutchess of New-Castle
her Grace.*

MADAM,

WHilst others study Books, I study you,
And can b'Experience this affirm for true,
Of all your Sex you have the greatest worth
As ever yet these later times brought forth,
And I have Studied many, and some such
As former times could hardly better much,
Your Soul so Spiritual it doth appear
Fram'd for some Angel of a higher Sphere,
However 'twas infus'd, I know not how,
Into a mortal Body here below,
Aspiring restlessly like Fire and Flame
To mount again to th'Sphere from whence it came,
So nobly active, as it doth by Truth,
As by the World the *Macedonian* Youth,
As soon as y'ave o'recome and Conquer'd one,
You grieve there are not more to overcome,
There being nothing so Sublime and High
But you can reach in all *Philosophy* ;
Nor so profound and deep again, but you
With ease, can dive and penetrate into,
Your Virtues being so infinite, I find
When I consider but your Soul and Mind,
'Twere easier for me never to begin
Than ever to give o're when once I'm in ;
Which whosoe're should go about to tell,
Might number all the Stars of Heav'n as well,
The blades of Grass upon Earth's spacious Plain,
Or Sands the Sea's vast Bosome does contain,
But as your greatest Beauties have their moles,
So some small faults are still in greatest Souls,
And I shall tell you, *Madam*, what they be,
T'acquit my self, o'th Crime of Flattery :
'Tis an Ambition above mortal state,
And Mind with Glory never satiate,

P O E M S

Without which Glory and Ambition
No noble Action yet was ever done,
So avidious and so Covetous of Fame,
As only for Eternizing their Name
They, as the *Phœnix* life to's young do's give,
Would be content to die that that might live.
But now I'll tell what my opinion is
Of Fame (and pardon if I Judge amiss :)
Fame's but a shadow of great action,
And but the *Eccho* of't when we are gone,
Than whose Trumpet no Musick is more sweet
Nor none's alive more pleas'd with hearing it,
But I do'nt know what pleasure I should have,
When I am dead with Musick at my Grave.

*An Elegy upon the death of the
Incomparable Princess Margaret Dutchess
of New-Castle.*

Henceforth be Dumb, ye Oracles of Wit ;
Ye humbly must to Fate submit :
How soon must ye decline ! How low must fall !
Since She is gone who did Inspire ye all ?
Her Books are the best Patterns for the Pen,
Her Person was the best of Subjects too ;
In Wit and Sense She did excel all Men ;
And all her Sex in Virtue did outgoe.

Though Grief affords some Eloquence,
Henceforth expect but little Sense ;
For, since she's gone, all we can do
Will but the Pangs of Dying-writers show.
When the bright Ruler of the Day
Th'*Horizon* of his Presence has bereft
Some feeble streaks of Light are left,
Yet darkness soon must come, and all that light decay.
Our Sun's forever set, we have no hope
Of this as of the other Sun's return :
We all in Darkness must forever grope,
And we for ever must in Tears her absence mourn.

Philosophers must wander in the dark ;
Now they of Truth can find no certain mark ;
Since She their surest Guide is gone away,
They cannot chuse but miserably stray.
All did depend on Her, but She on none,
For her *Philosophy* was all her own.
She never did to the poor Refuge fly
Of Occult *Quality* or *Sympathy*.
She could a Reason for each Cause present,
Not trusting wholly to Experiment,
No Principles from others she purloyn'd,
But wisely Practice she with Speculation joyn'd.

P O E M S

None was more good, and once none was more fair :
She was not as most of her frail Sex are ;
 Who've Fruitful *Wombs* but Baren *Brains*,
 She left the best Remains :
Though we no Issue of her Body find
 Yet she hath left behind
The Nobler Issue of her mighty *Mind* ;
Learning she needed not, nor yet despis'd :
 Though from herself all Arts she knew ;
The truly Learn'd she nobly Patroniz'd,
And every Artist, she encourag'd too.

Let all her sex fashion by her their Lives :
She was the best of *Women*, best of *Wives*.
T'her Lord Sh'was warme and loving as the Spring,
 But to all others cold as Winters Ice,
Her sight on all a shiv'ring awe did bring,
 And nipt, at first, all vain attempts of Vice ;
But though in Love she bore a Noble pride,
 She to each Skilful man of Art
Her Conversation freely doth impart,
And to all others civil was beside.

But we by praising thus provoke our Grief
 Which never can expect Relief,
 Nor can the most luxurious Praise
(Though penn'd with Art that might deserve the Bayes.)
 Nor all which we can think afford
 Ease to her much lamenting Lord :
 Whose loss does now by far outvye
 All he yet e're sustain'd
Yet he once lost much more for Loyalty
Than any Subject, and much less has gain'd ;
 This noble half she left behind
Who by her much lamented death must find
Too great a Trial for the greatest Mind.

Oh what Expedient can there be
Found to support his Magnanimity !
The best of Husbands, and the noblest Peer ;
 The best of Generals, best of Subjects too,
Whose Arts in Peace as well as War appear :
 He knows how to advise, and how to do ;

P O E M S

His Prudence and his Courage might uphold
The most decay'd and crippled State,
And rescue it from the Jaws of Fate :
His Body may, but Mind, can ne're be old ;
Him she has left, and from our sight is hurl'd
And Gloriously shines in the true Blazing World.

Thomas Shadwell.

EPILOGUE to the LOVING ENEMIES.

Written by Mr. Shadwell. Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

*Oh ! How severe is our poor Poets Fate !
Who in this barren Trade begins so late.
True Wit's no longer currant, 'tis cry'd down,
And all your half-wits into Knavery grown.
Those who once lov'd the Stage, are now in years,
And leave good Poets for dull Pamphleteers ;
Nay, for the worst of Rascals, Libellers. }
In none of these will the young Sparks delight,
They never read, and scorn all those that write.
They only come the Boxes to survey,
Laugh, roar, and bawl, but never hear the Play.
In Monkey's tricks they pass the time away,
At least, the Poet hopes, th've done to day.
The Graver sort, he's sure, have so much Sense,
That they'l ne're damn him for his first Offence.
He may take warning, and fling off this Itch, }
That does poor Poets Hearts so much bewitch,
And, in a duller way, drudge and grow rich.
Ye have no harden'd Malefactor here ;
He ne're before did at this Bar appear.
If he should suffer, the first time he's in,
'Twere hard, as for a Girl, fresh, at sixteen,
To meet, at the first Venture, the mishap
To lose her Maidenhead, and get a Clap.*

To my Much Respected Master,
and Worthy Friend,

Signior PIETRO REGGIO,

On the Publishing his Book of SONGS.

I F I could write with a Poetick fire
Equal to thine in MUSICK, I'd admire,
And Praise Thee fully : Now my Verse will be
Short of thy Merit, as I short of Thee.
But I by this advantage shall receive,
Though to my Numbers I no Life can give,
Yet they by thy more lasting Skill shall live.
Thou canst alone preserve my perishing Fame,
By joyning Mine with Thy Immortal Name.
Heroes and Conquerours by Poets live ;
Poets, from Men like Thee, must Life receive :
Like Thee ! where such a Genius shall we find,
So Quick, so Strong, so Subtile, so Refin'd,
'Mongst all the Bold Attempters of thy Kind ?
Till I such MUSICK hear, such Art can see,
I ne'r shall think that thou canst equal'd be.
My only doubt is now, which does excell,
Or thy Composing, or Performing well ;
And, Thou'rt in both, so exquisitely Rare,
We Thee alone can with thy self compare.
Thou dost alike, excell in every Strain,
And never fail'st to hit the Poet's Vein.
The Author's sense by Thee is ne'r perplex't,
Thy MUSICK is a Comment on his Text.
Thou Nobly do'st not only give what's due
To ev'ry Verse, but dost Improve it too.
Poetick Gems are rough within the Mine,
But Polisht by thy Art, with Lustre shine ;
Even COWLEY's Spirit is advanc'd by thine.

POEMS

*Good English Artists, (to their Judgements true,) }
Admire thy Works, and will respect thee too ;
Thy Worth, and Skill, great Jenkins lov'd, and knew ; }
The Worthiest Master of my Youthful days,
Whom Thou so justly honour'st with thy Praise.*

*But the Pretenders of this Quacking Age,
Who, (with their Ditties,) plague the Town and Stage ;
If their dull Notes will but the Numbers fit,
Ne'r mind the Poet's Spirit, or his Wit ;
But think All's done, if it be true by Rule,
Though one may write true Grammar like a Fool :
Still in their Beaten Road, they troll along,
And make alike the sad and cheerful Song :
The Past'ral, and the War-like are the same ;
The Dirge, and Triumph, differ but in Name.
Such their Performance is : Nay, not so good ; }
A Funeral Song they Chaunt with cheerful Mood,
And Sigh and Languish in a Drunken Ode. }
In Martial ones they're soft, in Am'rous, rough ;
And never think they Shake and Grace enough.
Each Shake and Grace so harshly too, th'express,
A Horse's Neighing does not please me less.
We cannot call this Singing, but a Noise ;
Not Gracing, but a Jogging of the Voice :
And this is in such narrow Compass too,
That in one Song we hear all they can do :
These, who behind thy back dare rail at thee,
Would, (if they knew Themselves) thy Scholars be.
But they against thy Harmony are Arm'd,
They're duller Beasts than any Orpheus charm'd.*

*In thy Invention, and thy Singing too,
Thy Fancy's ever Various, ever New.
Thou to each Temper canst the Heart engage,
To Grief canst soften, and inflame to Rage.
With Horror fright, with Love canst make us burn, }
Make us Rejoyce one Moment, and next Mourn, }
And canst the Mind to every Passion turn. }
And to each Grace and Cadence, thy great Art,
Such soft Harmonious Sweetness does impart,
With gentle Violence thou dost storm a Heart. }*

P O E M S

*How oft dost thou my Anxious Cares destroy,
And make me want, or wish no other Joy !
For when thy Ayres, perform'd by Thee, I hear,
No Wealth I envy, and no Power, I fear ;
Nor Misery, nor Death I apprehend,
For Fame nor Liberty can I contend,
When I am Charm'd by Thee, my Excellent Friend.* }

*And thou art so ; and every Qualitie
Which in a Friend's requir'd, does shine in Thee.
Thou hast read much, and canst Philosophise,
Quick in thy Reason, Fancy-full, yet Wise,
Honest and Kind art, Gentle, and yet Brave,
Modest, not Bashful ; Humble, yet no Slave :
In your own Language Y'are a Poet too,
So good, I wish that Ours as well You knew,
Though I should blush at what You then would do :
Yet th'English Tongue so well thou canst command,
Great COWLEY's Virtues thou dost understand.
Thou on each Excellence of His canst bit,
On every Master-stroke of his Unbounded Wit.
And which yet makes me Love, and Praise thee more,
Thou above All, dost his Illustrious Name adore.
But to thy Praise I now must put an end,
'Tis using of Self-Int'rest with my Friend,
For who e'r Praises Thee, does then Himself commend.* }

THOMAS SHADWELL.

A Lenten PROLOGUE *refus'd by* *the Players, 1682.*

OUR Prologue-Wit grows flat, the Nap's worn off ;
 And howsoe're we turn, and trim the Stuff,
 The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy ;
 'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
 But Plots and Parties give new matter birth,
 And State-Distractions serve you here for mirth.
 At *England's* cost Poets now purchase Fame,
 While factious Heats destroy us without Shame,
 These wanton *Nero's* fiddle to the Flame. }
 The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become
 The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum :
 Here Poets beat their brains for Volunteers,
 And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears :
 Their gingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow ;
 Like *Orpheus* Musick which makes Beasts to follow.
 What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread ?
 How can it change a Libeller's Heart, and clear a *Laureat's* Head !
 Open his Eyes till the mad Prophet see Medal,
Plots working in a future Power to be. p. 41.
 Traitors unform'd to 's *Second Sight* are clear ;
 And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear ;
 Rebellion is the Burden of the *Seer*. }
 To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd
 Whigg *Armies*, that at Knightsbridg lay conceal'd :
 And though no mortal Eye could see't before,
 The *Battaile* was just entring at the Door !
 A dangerous *Association*—sign'd by None !
 The Joyner's Plot to seize the King alone !
Stephen with *Colledge* made his Dire Compact ;
 The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact—
 Of riding arm'd : O Traitorous *Overt-Act* !
 With each of 'em an ancient Pistol sided,
 Against the Statute in that Case provided.
 But why was such a Host of Swearers prest ?
 Their Succour was ill Husbandry at best.

Reh. Com.
 p. 31.
Reh. Com.
 p. 52.

P O E M S

Bayes's crown'd Muse by Sovereign Right of Satyr,
Without Desert can dubb a Man a Traitor ;
And Tories, without troubling Law or Reason,
By loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason.
But here's our Comfort ; tho they never scan
The Merits of the Cause, but of the Man,
Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake
Law—that is made by Judges whom they make.
Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease
They turn those plyant Puppets as they please ;
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such shall be sure to meet—but when there's Need ;
When a sick State, and sinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em :
Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of Defence,
Gratefull to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
If it dare speak th' untamper'd Nation's Sence. }
Nay, Paper's Tumult, when our Senate's cease,
And some Mens Names alone can break the Peace ;
Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet,
As choosing honest Sheriffs makes a Ryott.
To punish Rascals, and bring *France* to Reason, }
Is to be hot, and press things out of Season ;
And to damn Popery, is *Irish* Treason.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot against the State :
To Skreen his Person from a Popish Gun,
Has all the Mischief in't of *Forty One*.
To save our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tories deep inditing,
The very best they have—but Oaths and Fighting.
Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
And *Roger* vapour o'er us in *Effigie*.
Let 'em in Ballads give their Folly vent,
And sing up Nonsense to their Hearts content.
If for the King (as All's pretended) they
Do here drink Healths, and curse, sure We may pray ;
Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
Safe from old Foes—but most from his new Friends !
Such Protestants as propp a *Popish* Cause,
And Loyal Men, that break all Bound of Laws !
Whose Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,

P O E M S

And when they've scarce left him a Crust of Bread,
Their corrupt Fathers Foreigne Steps to follow,
Cheat ev'n of Scraps, and that last Sopp would swallow.
French Fetters may this Isle no more endure ;
Spite of *Rome's* Art stand *England's* Church secure,
Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it,
But false Sons, who designing worse to rend it,
With leud *Lives* and no *Fortunes* would defend it. }

THE
M E D A L
OF
John Bayes:
A
S A T Y R
AGAINST
FOLLY and KNAVERY.

—*Facit indignatio versus.*



L O N D O N :
Printed for *Richard Janeway.* 1 6 8 2.

EPISTLE TO THE TORIES.

WE here present you with a Medal of an Heroick Author, which most properly belongs to you ; (he being at this time hired to Lye and Libel in your service) and in his last Essay, has perform'd it so dully, that if you put him away (as it is said of the Gentleman-Usher and the Doctor in the Rehearsal) No body else will take him ; No, No body else will take him. We cannot say his Portraiture is done at the full length, or has all its Ornaments, since there are many touches to be added to it, which we shall reserve for the occasions he shall give us hereafter. But we dare say, these rough strokes have made the lineaments and proportions so true, that any one that knows him, will find there is a great resemblance of him ; and will believe that he has sate above five times for it. Though indeed he is so liberal of shewing himself, that in an hours space, he will expose all his Parts ; and a good Drawer, in that time, may observe enough to make a *Nuditie of him.

You may know he is no concealer of himself, by a story which he tells of himself, viz. That (when he came first to Town) being a young raw fellow of seven and Twenty, as he call'd himself when he told the story, he frequenting but one Coffee-house, the Woman (it seems finding him out) put Coffee upon him for Chocolate, and made him pay three pence a dish for two years together : till at length, by what providence I know not, he discovered the Cheat. This stupidity were incredible, if he had not told it of himself publickly : but there is somewhat to be said for it ; for (as he said of himself at the same time) the opening in his head (which in Children usually closes about the age of three) did not close in him till he was seven and twenty ; which may be the reason he has had such a devilish soft place there ever since.

There are several Witnesses that heard these things from him publickly. There are a multitude of notable Sayings upon himself, which we may present you when he shall provoke us to show you his Life at full length.

This may give you some taste of his Discretion and Judgment. But you who have had his Conversation, know it is so lumpish and flegmatick, or arrogant and silly, that he never pleases you with, or makes you merry at any thing but his folly.

* So the Painters call a naked Picture.

POEMS

As for ready Wit, he carries very little or none about him ; but, if you draw a Bill upon him, like a Banker, he can answer you at home ; and, as Bankers do, with the Cash that is other Mens.

Whoever has been conversant with Spanish, Italian, French, and Classick Authors, will find all that's tollerably good in him in some of those ; he can, indeed, new trim, and disguise a little, the Clothes he steals.

He has an easiness in Rime, and a knack at Versifying, and can make a slight thing seem pretty and clinquant ; and his Fort is, that he is an indifferent good Versificator.

If at any time he has Wit of his own, 'tis in Rayling, when the venome of his malice provokes his fancy. His Panegyricks are full of such nauseous flattery, that they are Libels ; and he is now become so infamous, that his Libels will be thought Panegyricks.

His prostituted Muse will become as common for hire, as his Mistress Revesia was, upon whom he spent so many hundred pounds ; and of whom (to shew his constancy in Love) he got three Claps, and she was a Bawd. Let all his own Roman-tick Playes shew so true and so Heroick a Lover.

You who would know him better, go to the Coffee-house (where he may be said almost to inhabit) and you shall find him holding forth to half a score young fellows, (who clap him on the back, spit in his mouth, and loo him on upon the Whiggs, as they call 'em) puffed up, and swelling with their praise : and the great Subject of his Discourse shall be of himself, and his Poetry ; What Diet he uses for Epick what for Comick ; what course he is in for Libel, and what for Tragedy.

He has never been conversant in any Science but Poetry : Philosophy, of all sorts, he has an aversion to, having no rational or argumentative head ; but, if he be any thing he is a meer Poet : and from such an Animal, libera nos, &c. from a man of one business, as the Italian Proverb says.

'Tis not two years since he consulted with an Eminent and Learned Physician of this Town ; telling him, he was obliged to write a Play, and finding himself very dull, desired he would prescribe him a Diet, and course of Physick fit for his Malady : the Dr. merrily asked him Whether 'twas Comedy or Tragedy he designed ? he answered, Tragedy ; the Dr. replied, The Steel Diet was most proper for Tragedy ; whereupon the Poet desired to have it prescribed, and did undergo it for six weeks.

Before the writing of the Medal, he might e'n as properly have been prescribed a Diet of Brass : for (to use his own expression) never was there practised such a notorious piece of Impudence in the face of an Established Government, as the villanous Libelling so great a Peer, so instrumental in the restoring of the King, who has so deservedly born, and so faithfully discharged such great Offices in the State ; and, who is still (in spite of Popish Clamours, and false Witnesses) ready, upon all occasions, to serve his Majesty and the Kingdom, with the highest Loyalty and Integrity.

Consider what Stripes the Varlet deserves, for giving him these words in his

POEMS

Libel ; Monster, Base within, Counterfeit and light, Rebel, Vermin, Lewd, Villain, Wretch, Knave, Impious, Fiend, Jehu, Traiterous : lays Curses on his hated Name : nor can his Gout scape him, but he must be call'd Formidable Cripple. The unpunish'd audaciousness of this frontless Scribler, would be a reproach to any Government ; and therefore no man can think him too hardly dealt with in the following Medal ; especially, since he knows, and so do all his old acquaintance, that there is not an untrue word spoken of him.

There is not so vile an employment, as that of a Hired Libeller, an Executioner of mens Reputations : the Hangman is an Office of greater Dignity. Were all which your Poet says of this great Peer true, yet the Libeller ought to be whipt out of a Countrey for his Insolence : but what does he deserve, when he himself knows every word of it to be false ! and scarce a Papist in England believes any thing of it to be true.

He is as unlucky in his allusion to the Turks wearing of Scanderbegs Bones, as he is afterwards in his bungling Simile, about the feign'd Association. They were the Turks, Scanderbegs Enemies, that wore his Bones ; and therefore he thinks this Lords Friends must do the same.

According to the example which he cites you, Tories should do it, and I doubt not but ye would be glad on't ; but we hope he will last, till by a happy Agreement of the King with a Parliament, your Party will hide their heads, or become of no signification ; which for that very reason ye endeavour all ye can to obstruct.

I know not what good his Bones might do ye, were he dead ; but I am sure his Brains, while he is living, would be very much to the advantage of the best of ye : those would keep ye from the ridiculous Follies and mad Extravagancies ye daily run into.

'Tis you that are apparently the Faction ; since ye are the Few that have divided from the Many. 'Tis you who in your Factionous Clubs vilifie the Government, by audaciously railing against Parliaments, so great and so essential a part of it. They ought to lose the use of Speech, who dare say any thing irreverently of the King, or disrespectfully of Parliaments.

If any thing could make the King lose the love and confidence of his people, it would be your unpunish'd boldness, who presume to call the Freeholders of England the Rabble, and their Representative a Crowd, and strike at the very Root of all their Liberty. Ye are those who abuse our gracious Prince, and endeavour to delude him with false Numbers, and promising to serve him when ye have no Interest, as in all the frequent Parliaments (his Majesty has been pleased to promise us) will plainly appear.

If any thing could dishonour him, it would be the bloody violence of your Spirits, your unpunished Exorbitances, and breach of Laws ; your Huzzaing, Roaring, Quarrelling, and Damning by much the greater part of the Nation, and their whole Representative Body. Who made ye Judges in Israel ? but whatever ye might have been in Judea, ye will find very few of ye will be made, in England, Trustees for the Liberty of the people, as your Poet says, who (as if he had been hired for the whole Popish Plot) vilely casts dirt upon the best reformed Protestants in his next Page.

POEMS

That Beza has been charged by the Papiſts for having inſtigated Poltrotius Meræus to Aſſaſſinate the Duke of Guiſe, is readily acknowledged ; but withal, we know how uſual, and how meritorious a thing it is with them, to brand Proteſtants with whatſoever they can ſuppoſe will render them odious. Nor was this Calumny ſo much faſtened by them upon Beza, as upon the Admiral Coligni, who was known to be a man of more Vertue and Honour, than to allow the leaſt acceſſion to ſo baſe a Crime. Had this vile Libeller but common honeſty and ingenuity, he would (at the ſame time he preſumes to revive this calumnious Accuſation) have taken notice of the vindication which the Admiral published to juſtifie his innocency. Vide Stat. Repub. & Relig. in Galliâ, part 2. p. 358.

And for Buchanan, the character which Archbiſhop Spotswood has given of him, is enough to ſecure and preſerve his memory from the ſtains which ſuch Fellows as this, or any Enemies to truth and Learning could throw upon him. Nor will Calvin loſe the reverence he has from good Proteſtants, for this Libeller's mercenary Reproaches.

For the Association, which he next mentions, dropt out of the Clouds, entred into, and ſubſcribed by no body, and ſeen by no one of our Party that ever we could hear of, (and we believe, by none of yours, but thoſe that contrived the putting it into the Earls Cloſet) it renders you more ridiculous and extravagant than ever ye were ; to ſet up an Abhorrence through all England, of a Paper, which you can lay to the charge of no Party, nor at one ſingle mans door.

But we doubt not but if you had found or put the Libel your Poet was Cudgell'd for (though few of your Loyal Cloſets, perhaps, are without that, and other Libels upon the King) into the Earls Cloſet, ye would have ſet up an abhorrence of that, rather than not have kept up the Fermentation and Division amongſt the people. When this is run out of breath, we ſuppoſe ye will ſet up the Ticket for the Forbidden Dinner, and ye will abhor Factions, Schiſmatical, Seditious, Fanatical, and Rebellious Dining, or ſome new Red-Herring out of his Lordſhips Kitchin will come forth.

The insolence in the ſame page of your Libeller, in comparing the Jury (that gave in Ignoramus to the Bill againſt our Noble Peer) to a Jury taken out of Newgate, deſerves the Pillory, ſince 'tis evident to the whole City, they were all men of ſingular Honeſty and Integrity in all their dealings, of ſignal good Lives, of good Underſtandings, and of great Wealth ; and, in the Memory of man, the City has not ſeen a Jury better qualified ; nor was there one Diſſenter amongſt them, to prevent your weak Cavils ; Cavils, I ſay ; for it had been no Objection if they had been all ſo, ſince they value their Oaths and Conſciences as much as any ſort of men, and have no Diſpenſations to go againſt them.

And this Clamour againſt the Jury, is becauſe they would not believe an incredible matter from incredible Witneſſes, who either were then, or had been lately, moſt of them Papiſts ; who were ſo inſiſtent in their Teſtimony with one another and themſelves, that I am confident not one of the reverend Bench believed them : if they did, they muſt be very ſhallow, and muſt take this Lord to be little better than an Ideot. If ye look upon the Oath of a Grand Jury-man, ye will find that the meaning

POEMS

of those two words Billa Vera is, they do believe the matter of the Bill in their Consciences to be true ; which if they did not, they must have been perjur'd if they found the Bill. The Law provides, that in capital Cases, a man shall not be wrongfully accused, and therefore appoints two Juries, both which are bound to find according to their belief ; and the injustice is as great, though the injury be less, for the former to accuse by Indictment, if they believe the party innocent, as for the latter to hang him with the same belief.

If he had had the disposal of the Juries, we doubt not but there are Conspirators would have found Witnesses to have sworn that most of the Nobility and Gentry who have been zealous and active against Popery, had entred into this feigned Association. Heaven keep us from Juries, such as will give 800 l. dammages to a Powder-monkey, without any Damage proved, (for words spoken by a Magistrate in rebuking the sawcy Fellow) as if it were Scandalum Magnatum to abuse a Tory, though a seller of Wash-balls : And from that which gave 1000 l. to a Knight for being called Papist, whom it would not, perhaps, have cost 100 l. if he had been convicted : Or 500 l. to a notorious Varlet, for being six hours detained by a Messenger, (after notice of the Dissolution of a Parliament) and perhaps no legal notice neither. Our Juries are zealous to preserve the Innocent, and yours to ruine and destroy them.

Ye see what manner of Spirit it is that actuates ye ; and by the Fruits we can guess whether it be good or evil : it seems to us to breathe forth nothing but Ruine, Murther, and Massacre. And, for your understanding, 'tis sufficiently shewn, by your professing to believe a Protestant Plot (to Seize and Depose the King, and destroy the Government) without any other Circumstance proved, than that of a Joyner riding with Sword and Pistols to Oxford, who had used to ride so armed many years before ; and yet ye have the face to deny a Popish Plot, (for the destruction of the Kings Person and Government) after Coleman's Letters, and the others published by the Recorder (by command from the House of Commons) ; the Murther of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, the Assassination of Mr. Arnold : After a general Report among the Jesuites in all forein Popish Countries, of the Kings being dead (it seems they thought themselves cock-sure) at the time Dr. Oates swears he was to be murther'd here ; and a multitude of other convincing Circumstances, which were of that force, that there were at least ten of the Kings Proclamations that affirmed it, a publick Fast was enjoyned for it, and three successive Parliaments, nemine contradicente, upon a full hearing of the Evidence, reading all the Letters, and weighing all the Circumstances, declared it to be a horrid Conspiracy against the Kings Life and Government. What impudence or stupidity is this, let the world judge !

Now, Tories, fare ye well ; apply your heads to thinking a little, and do not, like young Whelps, run away with a false Scent, and cry out Forty One and Ignoramus ; and in time ye may be wiser ; and let your Poet know, that the first occasion he gives, he shall hear from us farther.

T H E
M E D A L
O F
John Bayes :
O R,
A Satyr upon Folly and Knavery.

HOW long shall I endure, without reply,
To hear this * *Bayes*, this Hackney-rayler lie ?
The fool uncudgell'd, for one Libel swells,
Where not his Wit, but Sawciness excels ;
Whilst with foul Words and Names which he lets flie,
He quite defiles the *Satyr's* Dignity.
For Libel and true *Satyr* different be ;
This must have *Truth*, and *Salt*, with *Modesty*.
Sparing the Persons, this does tax the Crimes,
Gall's not great Men, but Vices of the Times,
With Witty and Sharp, not blunt and bitter rimes. }
Methinks the Ghost of *Horace* there I see,
Lashing this *Cherry-cheek'd Dunce* of Fifty three ;
Who, at that age, so boldly durst profane,
With base hir'd Libel, the free *Satyr's* Vein.
Thou stil'st it *Satyr*, to call Names, Rogue, Whore,
Traytor, and Rebel, and a thousand more.
An Oyster-wench is sure thy *Muse* of late,
And all thy *Helicon's* at *Billingsgate*.

* *His Name in the Rehearsal.*

P O E M S

A Libellers vile name then may'st thou gain,
 And moderately the Writing part maintain,
None can so well the beating part sustain. }
 Though with thy Sword, thou art the last of Men,
 Thou art a damn'd *Boroski* with thy Pen.
 As far from *Satyr* does thy Talent lye,
 As from being cheerful, or good company.
 For thou art * *Saturnine*, thou dost confess ;
 A civil word thy Dulness to express.
 An old gelt Mastiff has more mirth than thou,
 When thou a kind of paltry Mirth would'st show.
 Good humour thou so awkwardly put'st on,
 It sits like Modish Clothes upon a Clown ;
 While that of Gentlemen is brisk and high,
 When Wine and Wit about the room does flie.
 Thou never mak'st, but art a standing Jest ;
 Thy Mirth by foolish Bawdry is exprest ;
 And so debauch'd, so fulsome, and so odd,
 As——

Let's Bugger one another now by G--d.
 (When ask'd how they should spend the Afternoon)
 This was the smart † reply of the Heroick Clown.
 He boasts of Vice (which he did ne'r commit)
 Calls himself *Whoremaster* and *Sodomite* ;
 Commends *Reeve's* Arse, and says she Buggers well,
 And silly Lyes of vitious pranks does tell.
 This is a Sample of his Mirth and Wit,
 Which he for the best Company thinks fit.
 In a rich Soyl, the sprightly Horse y'have seen,
 Run, leap, and wanton o're the flow'ry green,
 Praunce, and curvet, with pleasure to the sight ;
 But it could never any eyes delight,
 To see the frisking frolicks of a Cow ;
 And such another merry thing art Thou.
 In Verse, thou hast a knack, with words to chime,
 And had'st a kind of Excellence in Rime :
 With Rimes like leading-strings, thou walk'd'st ; but those
 Lay'd by, at every step thou brok'st thy Nose.
 How low thy Farce ! and thy blank Verse how mean !
 How poor, how naked did appear each Scene !
 Even thou did'st blush at thy insipid stuff,

* *In his Drammatick Essay.*

† *At Windsor, in the company of several persons of Quality, Sir G. E. being present.*

P O E M S

And laid thy dulness on poor harmless Snuff.
 No Comick Scene, or humour hast thou wrought ;
 Thou'st quibbling Bawdy, and ill breeding taught ;
 But Rime's sad downfal has thy ruine brought. }
 No Piece did ever from thy self begin ;
 Thou can'st no web, from thine own bowels, spin.
 Were from thy Works cull'd out what thou'st purloin'd,
 Even *D--fey* would excel what's left behind.
 Should all thy borrow'd plumes we from thee tear,
 How truly * *Poet Squab* would'st thou appear !
 Thou call'st thy self, and Fools call thee, in Rime,
 The goodly *Prince of Poets*, of thy time ;
 And Sov'raign power thou dost usurp, *John Bayes*,
 And from all *Poets* thou a Tax dost raise.
 Thou plunder'st all, t'advance thy mighty Name,
 Look'st big, and triumph'st with thy borrow'd fame.
 But art (while swelling thus thou think'st th'art Chief)
A servile Imitator and a Thief †.
 All written Wit thou seize'st on as prize ;
 But that will not thy ravenous mind suffice ;
 Though men from thee their inward thoughts conceal,
Yet thou the words out of their mouths wilt steal.
 How little owe we to your Native store,
 Who all you write have heard or read before ?
 Except your Libels, and there's something new ;
 For none were ere so impudent as you.
Some Scoundrel Poetasters yet there be,
Fools that Burlesque the name of Loyalty,
Who by reviling Patriots, think to be
From lousiness and hunger ever free :
But will (for all their hopes of swelling bags)
Return to Primitive nastiness and rags.
 These are blind Fools : thou had'st some kind of sight,
 Thou sinn'st against thy Conscience and the Light.
 After the ‡ drubs, thou did'st of late compound,
 And sold for th'weight in Gold each bruise and wound,
 Clear was thy sight, and none declaim'd then more
 'Gainst *Popish Plots*, and *Arbitrary Power*.
 The *Ministers* thou bluntly would'st assail,
 And it was dangerous to hear thee rail.

* *The Name given him by the Earl of Rochester.*

† *Oh imitatores servum pecus !*

‡ *In Rose-Alley.*

P O E M S

*(Oh may not England stupid be like thee !
 Heaven grant it may not feel before it see.)*
 Now he recants, and on that beating thrives :
 Thus *Poet Laureats*, and *Russian Wives*,
 Do strangely upon beating mend their Lives.
 But how comes *Bayes* to flag and grovel so ?
 Sure your new *Lords* are in their payments slow.
 Thou deserv'st whipping thou'rt so dull, this time,
 Thou'st turn'd the *Observer* into Rime.
 But thou suppliest the want of Wit and Sense,
 With most malicious Lies, and Impudence.
 At *Cambridge* first your scurrilous Vein began,
 When sawcily you traduc'd a * *Nobleman*,
 Who for that Crime rebuk'd you on the head,
 And you had been Expell'd had you not fled.
 The next step of Advancement you began,
 Was being Clerk to *Nolls* Lord *Chamberlain*,
 A Sequestrator and Committee-man.
 There all your wholesome Morals you suckt in,
 And got your Gentile Gayety and Meen.
 Your Loyalty you learn'd in *Cromwells* Court,
 Where first your Muse did make her great effort.
 On him you first shew'd your Poetick strain,
 † *And prais'd his opening the Basilick Vein.*
 And were that possible to come agen,
 Thou on that side wouldst draw thy slavish Pen.
 But he being dead, who should the slave prefer,
 He turn'd a Journey-man t'a ‡ Bookseller ;
 Writ Prefaces to Books for Meat and Drink,
 And as he paid, he would both write and think.
 Then by th'assistance of a § Noble *Knight*,
 Th'hadst plenty, ease, and liberty to write.
 First like a *Gentleman* he made thee live ;
 And on his Bounty thou didst amply thrive.
 But soon thy Native swelling Venom rose,
 And thou didst him, who gave thee Bread, expose.
 'Gainst him a scandalous Preface didst thou write,
 Which thou didst soon expunge, rather than fight.

* *A Lords Son, and all Noblemens Sons, are called Noblemen there.*

† *See his Poem upon Oliver.—And wisely he essay'd to flanch the Blood by breathing of a Vein.*

‡ *Mr. Herringman, who kept him in his House for that purpose.*

§ *Sir R. H. who kept him generously at his own House.*

P O E M S

(When turn'd away by him in some small time)
 You in the Peoples ears began to chime,
 And please the Town with your successful Rime. }
 When the best Patroness of Wit and Stage,
 The Joy, the Pride, the wonder of the Age,
 Sweet *Annabel* the good, great, witty, fair ;
 (Of all this Northern Court, the brightest Star)
 Did on thee, *Bayes*, her sacred beams dispence,
 Who could do ill under such influence ?
 She the whole *Court* brought over to thy side,
 And favour flow'd upon thee like a Tide.
 To her thou soon prov'dst an * *ungrateful Knave* ; }
 So good was she, not only she forgave,
 But did oblige anew, the faithless Slave.
 And all the Gratitude he can afford,
 Is basely to traduce her Princely Lord.
 A *Heroe* worthy of a *God-like* Race, }
 Great in his Mind, and charming in his Face,
 Who conquers Hearts, with unaffected Grace.
 His mighty Vertues are too large for Verse,
 Gentle as billing Doves, as angry Lions fierce :
 His Strength and Beauty so united are,
 Nature design'd him *Chief*, in Love and War.
 All Lovers Victories he did excel,
 Succeeding with the beautious *Annabel*.
 Early in Arms his glorious course began,
 Which never *Heroe* yet so swiftly ran.
 Wherever danger shew'd its dreadful face,
 By never-dying acts, h'adorn'd his *Royal Race*.
 Sure the three *Edwards* Souls beheld with Joy,
 How much thou outdidst Man, when little more than Boy.
 And all the *Princely Heroes* of thy Line,
 Rejoyc'd to see so much of their great Blood in thine.
 So good and so diffusive is his Mind, }
 So loving to, and lov'd by Humane kind,
 He was for vast and general good design'd.
 In's height of Greatness he all eyes did glad,
 And never Man departed from him sad.

* When he had thrice broken his Word, Oath, and Bargain with Sir William Davenant, he wrote a Letter to this great Lady to pass her word for him to Sir William, who would not take his own ; which she did. In his Letter he wisht God might never prosper him, his Wife or Children, if he did not keep his Oath and Bargain ; which yet in two Months he broke, as several of the Dukes Play-house can testifie.

P O E M S

Sweet and obliging, ease of access,
 Wise in his Judging, courteous in address.
 O'er all the Passions he bears so much sway,
 No *Stoick* taught 'em better to obey.
 And, in his Suffering part, he shines more bright,
 Than he appear'd in all that gaudy light,
 Now, now, methinks he makes the bravest show,
 And ne'er was greater *Heroe* than he's now.
For publick good, who wealth and power forsakes,
Over himself a glorious Conquest makes.
Religion, Prince, and Laws to him are dear ;
 And in defence of all, he dares appear.
 'Tis he must stand like *Scæva* in the breach,
 'Gainst what ill Ministers do, and furious Parsons preach.
 Were't not for him, how soon some *Popish Knife*
 Might rob us of his *Royal Fathers Life* !
We to their fear of thee that blessing owe :
In such a Son, happy Great King art thou,
Who can defend, or can revenge thee so.
 Next, for thy Medal, *Bayes*, which does revile
 The wisest *Patriot* of our drooping Isle,
 Who *Loyally* did serve his *Exil'd Prince*,
 And with the ablest Council blest him since ;
 None more than he did stop *Tyrannick Power*,
 Or, in that *Crisis*, did contribute more,
 To his Just Rights our Monarch to restore ;
 And still by wise advice, and Loyal Arts,
 Would have secur'd him in his Subjects Hearts
 You own the Mischiefs, sprung from that Intrigue,
 Which fatally dissolv'd the *Tripple-League*.
 Each of your *Idol mock-Triumph*'s rate knows,
 Our *Patriot* strongly did that Breach oppose.
 Nor did this Lord a *Dover-Journey* go,
 * *From thence our tears, the Ilium of our woe.*
 Had he that Interest follow'd, how could he
 By those that serv'd it then discarded be ?
 The *French* and *Papists* well his Merits know ;
 Were he a friend, they'd not pursu'd him so :
From both he would our beset King preserve,
 For which he does Eternal wreaths deserve.
 His Life they first, and now his Fame would take,
 For Crimes they forge, and secret Plots they make.

* Bayes *his own expression*, Medal, pag. 5.

P O E M S

*They by bir'd Witnesses the first pursue,
 The latter by vile Scriblers bir'd like you.*
 Thy Infamy will blush at no disgrace,
 (With such a harden'd Conscience, and a Face)
 Thou only want'st an *Evidences* place.
 When th'*Isle* was drown'd in a Lethargick sleep,
 Our vigilant *Heroe* still a watch did keep.
 When all our strength should have been made a Prey
 To the Leud *Babylonish Dalilah*,
 Methinks I see our watchful *Heroe* stand,
Jogging the Nodding Genius of our Land ;
 Which sometime struggling with sleeps heavy yolk,
 Awak'd, star'd, & look'd grim, and dreafully he spoke.
 The voice fill'd all the Land, and then did fright
 The *Scarlet Whore* from all her works of night.

But——

With unseen strengths at home, and Forreign Aid,
 Too soon She ralli'd, and began t'invade,
 And many Nets she spread, and many Toils she laid.
 To lull us yet asleep, what pains she takes !
 But all in vain, for still our Genius wakes.
 And now remembers well the * dangerous Test,
 Which might have all our Liberty opprest,
 Had not the cover'd snare our *Heroe* found,
 And for some time bravely maintain'd the ground,
 Till others saw the bondage was design'd,
 And late with them their stragling Forces joyn'd.

A † Bill then drawn by B—— did we see,

A zealous Bill against —— for Popery.

Then Murther'd *Godfrey*, a lov'd *Princes* blood,
 Ready with precious drops to make a purple-flood.
 When *Popish Tyranny* shall give command,
 And spread again its darkness o're the Land.
 Then Bloody Plots we find laid at their door,
 Than whom none e're have done or suffered more,
 Or, would to save the Prince they did restore.
 Amidst these hellish Snares, 'tis time to wake ;
 May never more a sleep our Genius take.
 These things did soon our glorious City warm,
 And for their own, and *Princes* safety arm.
 The Joy of ours, Terrour of other Lands,

* April 75.

† Anno 76:

P O E M S

With moderate Head, with unpolluted Hands,
 To which the Prince and People safety owe,
 From which the uncorrupted Streams of Justice flow.
 Through thickest clouds of Perjury you see,
 And ne're by *Hackney-Oaths* deceiv'd will be
Resolv'd to value Credibility.

Thou vindicat'st the Justice of thy Prince,
 Which shines most bright by clearing Innocence.
 While some would Subjects of their Lives bereave,
 By Witnesses themselves could ne're believe,
 Though wrongly accus'd, yet at their Blood they aim,
 And, as they were their *Quarrey*, think it shame
 Not to run down, and seize the trembling Game.

Thy *Justice* will hereafter be renown'd,
 Thy lasting name for *Loyalty* be crown'd.
 When 'twill be told who did our Prince restore,
 Whom thou with zeal, didst ever since adore.
 How oft hast thou his Princely wants supply'd?
 And never was they needful aid deny'd.

How long his Kindness with thy Duty strove!
 Great thy Obedience, and as great his Love;
 And curst be they who would his Heart remove.

Thou (still the same) with equal zeal wilt serve;
 Maintain his Laws, his Person wilt preserve.
 But some foul Monsters thy rich womb does bear,
 That, like base Vipers, would thy bowels tear;
 Who would thy *ancient Charters* give away,
 And all thy *stronger Liberties* betray:

Those *Elder Customs* our great Ancestors
 Have from the *Saxon* times convey'd to ours.
 Of which no Pers'nal Crimes a loss can cause,
 By *Magna Charta* backt, and by succeeding Laws.
 This is the *Faction's Brood* we should pursue:

For as in *Schism*, so in *Sedition* too,
 The Many are deserted by the Few.
 These Faction's Few, for bitter scourges fit,
 (To shew *Addressing* and *Abhorring Wit*)
 Set up a *Jack of Lent*, and throw at it.

But those, alas, false silly measures take,
 Who of the Few an * Association make.
 Thou need'st not doubt to triumph o're these Fools,
 These blindly led, these Jesuited Tools;

* *Their Addressing is plainly making an Association.*

P O E M S

Whilst bravely thou continu'st to oppose,
 All *would be Papists*, as all *Romish Foes*.
 In spite of lawless men, and * Popish flames,
 (Inrich'd by thy much lov'd and bounteous *Thames*)
 May into thee the Wealth of Nations flow,
 And to thy height all *Europes* Cities bow.
 Thou great support of Princely Dignity !
 And Bulwark to the Peoples Liberty !
 If a good *Mayor* with such good *Shrieves* appear,
 Nor Prince, nor People, need a danger fear :
 And such we hope for each succeeding year.
 Thus thou a Glorious City may'st remain,
 And all thy Ancient Liberties retain,
 While *Albion* is surrounded with the Main.
 Go, *Abjeſt Bayes* ! and act thy slavish part ;
 Fawn on those *Popish Knaves*, whose Knave thou art :
 'Tis not ill writing, or worse Policy,
 That can enslave a Nation, so long free.
 Our King's too good to take that rugged course ;
 He'll win by kindness, not subdue by force.
 If *King of Slaves and Beasts*, not *Men* he'd be,
 A *Lyon* were a greater Prince than he.
 Approach him then, let no malicious Chit,
 No insolent Prater, nor a flashy Wit,
 Impeachments make not men for States-men fit.
 But——
 Truth, Judgment, Firmness, and Integrity,
 With long experience, quick sagacity,
 Swift to prevent, as ready to foresee ;
 Knowing the depths from which all action Springs,
 And by a Chain of causes judging things :
 That does all weights into the ballance cast,
 And wisely can fore-tell the future, by the past.
 Where ere such vertuous qualities appear,
 They're *Patriots* worthy of a Princes ear,
 To Him and Subjects they'l alike be dear.
 The Kings and Peoples Interest they'll make one.
 What personal greatness can our Monarch own,
 When hearts of Subjects must support the Throne !
 And Ministers should strive those hearts t'unite,
 Unless they had a mind to make us fight.

* See the Chancellors Excellent Speech before the Sentence on the Lord Stafford.

P O E M S

Who by Addresses thus the Realm divide,
(All bonds of Kindred, and of Friends untide)
Have in effect, in Battle rang'd each side.
But Heaven avert those Plagues which we deserve :
Intestine Jarres, but Popish ends can serve.
How false, and dangerous Methods do they take,
Who would a King but of Addressers make !
They from Protection would throw all the rest,
And poorly narrow the Kings Interest.
To make their little Party too, seem great,
They with false Musters, like the *Spaniards*, cheat.
He's King of all, and would have all their Hearts,
Were't not for these dividing *Popish* arts.
Statesmen, who his true Interest would improve,
Compute his Greatness, by his Peoples Love :
That may assist our Friends, and Foes o'recome ;
So much he will be fear'd Abroad, as lov'd at Home.
He at the Peoples Head, may great appear,
As th' *Edward's*, *Henry's*, and *Eliza* were.
And curst be they who would that Power divide,
Who would dissolve that Sacred knot by which they're ty'd.
Those Miscreants who hate a *Parliament*,
Would soon destroy our Antient Government.
Those *Slaves* would make us fit to be o'recome,
And gladly sell the Land to *France*, or *Rome*.
But Heaven preserve our Legal Monarchy,
And all those Laws that keep the People free.
Of all Mankind, for ever curst be they,
Who would or Kings, or Peoples Rights betray,
Or ought would change, but by a Legislative way.
Be damn'd the most abhorr'd, and Traiterous Race,
Who would the best of Governments deface.

Now farewell wretched Mercenary *Bayes*,
Who the King Libell'd, and did *Cromwel* praise.
Farewel, abandon'd Rascal ! only fit
To be abus'd by thy own scurrilous Wit.
Which thou wouldst do, and for a Moderate Sum,
Answer thy Medal, and thy *Absolom*.
Thy piteous Hackney-Pen shall never fright us,
Thou'rt dwindl'd down to *Hodge*, and *Heraclitus*.
Go, *Ignoramus* cry, and *Forty One*,

P O E M S

And by * *Sams Parsons* be thou prais'd alone.
Pied thing ! half Wit ! half Fool ! and for a Knave,
Few Men, than this, a better mixture have :
But thou canst add to that, Coward and Slave. }

* *A Coffee-house where the Inferiour Crape-gown-men meet with their Guide Roger, to invent Lies for the farther carrying on the Popish-Plot.*

F I N I S.

SATYR
TO HIS
MUSE.

By the Author of
ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL.

*Quo liceat libris non licet ire mihi
Turpiter huc illuc Ingeniosus eat.*

LONDON,
Printed for *D. Green*, 1682.

SATYR

TO HIS

MUSE, &c.

Hear me dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,
 Like her the shame and clog of my dull Life,
 Whose first Essay was in a Tyrants praise,
 Bawdy in Prologues, Blasphemous in Plays,
 So lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,
 And I had sterv'd but for a lucky hit,
 When the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit ;
 Stols't me from Business where I might have made
 A solid Fortune to thy barren Trade,
 My Father wisely bad me be a Clerk,
 Thou whisperd'st, Boy be thou a Tearing Spark ;
 I from that Fatal hour new hopes Pursu'd,
 Set up for Wit, and Aukwardly was Lewd,
 Drunk 'gainst my Stomack 'gainst my Conscience Swore,
 Against my Will I Marry'd a rank W—
 After two Children and a Third Miscarriage,
 By Brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage,
 Affected Rapes and Lusts I'd never known,
 As if that all *Gomorrhah* was my own,
 Nor Love nor Wine cou'd ever see me Gay,
 To writing bred I knew not what to Say,
 With Scolding Wife and Starving Chits Beset,
 When I want Mony and no Friend will Treat,
 Cheard with one Cup of thy *Castalian* Spring,
 I can Abuse the Church, my Friend, and King ;
 Tell him, he's jilted, foold, led by the Nose,
 Then like *Almanzor* turn upon his Foes ;

P O E M S

Libel his Mistresses and Statesmen too,
 Then o're his Whoring life old *David* Throw,
 By whom *Uriah* was so basely Slain,
 But our good Monarch spares his *Castle*——
 And *Oates* his Plots and Treasons swears in vain ;
 Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Clothes,
 And then Deny it with a thousand Oathes.
Adriel to Please, call *Rochester* a Fool,
Sidley a Capuchin, and sharp *Dorset* Dull.
 I like *Borosky* by the false *Count* hir'd,
 On *Scroop* my Blunderbuss of Satyr fir'd,
 In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too,
 What more to *Hall* or *Cranborn* cou'd I do,
 Who long enjoy'd e're I began to Woe,
 Thoul't say perhaps what is all this to thee,
 If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be ;
 Oh but thou shouldst thy sacred aid Refuse,
 When I Invoke it to so base an use,
 Blunt of my Murdring Pen, the killing Point,
 And Honestly refuse the Odious Hint,
 But thou ne're com'st so gladly to my call,
 As when on merit unprovok't I fall,
 Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
 Lady abused or Virtuous Action blam'd,
 Thou with Officious hast, rankst ev'ry word,
 And giv'st thy Raging Madman a sharp Sword ;
 Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
 Than thou, when I an Hellish task Command ;
 To thee ungrateful ! what has *Monmoth* don,
 That Parson like, thou call'st him *Absalon*,
 And by that Name dost Foolishly infer,
 He from old *Davids* Head the Crown wou'd Tear ?
 Was he Ambitious, he had kept his Place,
 Stood high in *Davids*, as the Peoples Grace,
 And VVarlike chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
 To the whole Nations Hearts had joind their Hands,
 Of Public good dissembled his deep Care,
 VVith the false *Jebusite* a while kept Fair,
 Then in some great decisive glorious Day,
 Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
 Our Church, Religion, Freedom and our Laws,
 Those Darling, Morsels of their longing Jaws,
 (VVise *Stanly* thus till *Bosworths* fatal Day,

P O E M S

Did seeming Faith to Cruel *Richard* Pay,
But left the Tyrant in the heat of Fight,
And brought success to *Harry's* drooping Right.)
Monmoth's brave mind cou'd no disguise endure,
Still Noble ways preferring to secure ;
VWhile *David* lavishes his Peoples love,
He buys the Purchase, with design t'improve ;
And like some prudent Kinsman reconvey
VWhat the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
Lest the Great Ancient Family decay.

Good honest *David*, why wou'dst thou have made,
Of such a Son and Parliaments, afraid ?
VWhich whilst he Sways what Faction dares dispute,
Or who cay say, He is not Absolute :
Thro' them he may command the Peoples Purse,
And spend their Wealth and Blood without a Curse :
By Laws they wou'd a Popish Heir Exclude,
Not by Rude Force, or a Tumultuous Croud.
Against *Navarre* the Faction Princes Leagu'd,
And the right Heir the Papal World Entrigu'd ;
When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
The State Religion he was forc'd to own ;
The harmless People took it in good Part,
The Zealous Church yet Stab'd him to the Heart,
Taught by all Story there was no defence,
But they must change their Faith or change their Prince ;
Who wou'd not here the like extreams Prevent,
And settle things by aid of Parliament.
Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,
Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm ;
Inferiour Judges Trembling to decree,
VWhat may hereafter be Condemn'd by thee,
The Chancellors and ill Statesmens only Dread,
For it is thou alone can reach their Head,
By thee fell *Wolsey* and false *Clarend*——
Abandon'd by their Kings but here undon ;
Both overwhelm'd for daring to Remove,
Or Stem the Torrent of their Masters Love,
The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd,
The other made Lov'd *Stuart Richmond's* Bride,
And with the Royal Blood for ever mingled *Hide*,
To their own Ruine can men all Agree,
And none the precipice but Courtiers See.

P O E M S

Courtiers who Importune the Sovereign,
To Pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their gain.
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
And cannot Thrive but when the Nation Pines,
Unhappy we, if Rul'd by such, whose Rent
Consists in Breaches of the Government.

Some few there are with great EStates indeed,
Yet Labour with Imaginary need,
Strange sort of Fools, who for one Pension more,
Inslave themselves, and all they had before,
Others with Titles and new Earldoms Caught,
Wou'd give up all for which the Barons Fought,
They're equally unfit for Government,
Who nothing have, or nothing will Content.

VWho bad thee, in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
Old *David's* Errors and his Faults Proclame.
Or say "Plots True or False are needful things,
"To set up Common VVealths and pull down Kings,
"That *David* (whom thou dost with reverence name)
"Charm'd into ease, grows careless of his Fame;
"And brib'd with Petty sums of Forreign Gold,
"Is grown in *Bathshebas* embraces Old,
"That like the Prince of Angels, from his Height,
"He now comes downward with diminish'd Light.
If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,
Who shall the poet from the Traytor part.

The peoples voice, of old, the voice of God,
Thou call'st the voice of an unruly Crowd;
Crowds are the Fools,—

That Flock to thine, and *Durseys* Loyal Plays,
And give Implicite Claps on your Third Days;
About the Stage of Mountebanck they VVait,
And Whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
But have like thee, no Interest in the State.
Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
And under *Iron* Yokes make *Indians* Bow,
But with old *England* what hast thou to Do;
VWho from our Kings an useful Power wou'd take,
(Nor have they Power but for the Peoples Sake,)
Disarm themselves and Anarchy Bespeak,
King's may do good at their full Stretch of VVill,
And need not for a strain, or Law stand still;
They spare with Mercy, tho with Judgment Kill,

P O E M S

Confin'd like God, only from doing Ill :
Thus in our Papal fire, to save the Town,
Some houses were blown up, and some pull'd down
None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood
A private mischeif, for the public good.
Tho we all perish, yet we must forbear
The Sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
If we thy foolish Politicks shou'd Hear ;
A Sovereign Power somewhere there must be,
In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
Deriv'd from God, and only less than His,
VVhich can do all, and nothing do Amiss ;
The Sacred Tyes of marriage can Dissolve,
And Children in their Parents crimes Involve,
Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,
And Injur'd Husbands, legal VViddowers :
Cut off Entails, make New repeal old Laws,
And of contending Kings, decide the Cause.
Thus from the Helm our Learned *Richard* thrust,
Confes'd their Power, and own'd their Sentence just.
And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* Sate,
Whilst *Harry* liv'd a Prisner of the State.
Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife ;
There *jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night ;
In his Defence each private man may Kill ;
Must then a Nation Perish, and stand Still ?
If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not Fight,
When can a Christian Sword be in the Right ?
Oh the Prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting ;
To call *Achit'pbells* Son, Unfeather'd two leg'd Thing ?
So by old *Plato* man was once defin'd,
Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* self may Vie,
For all but Courage, VVit, and Honesty.
As loud he roard 'gainst the Prerogative,
As sharply blam'd as Stingily wou'd give,
Till his own wants oblig'd him to recieve,
And on his cheated Sire he cou'd no longer live,
VVhose whole Estate when he in Trust had got,
Thy honest *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
Thy *Hushai* next a true Friend e're a Man,

P O E M S

So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
 VVas but Fourteen when *David* was Abroad,
 Less fit for a Kings Friendship than a Rod.
 VVhich he deserv'd when he with Tears Reply'd,
 And in full house the Loyal Baby Cry'd,
 How cou'd one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
 And add Experience to his native Truth ;
 Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
 As e'vry Fool, Whore, Bully has don Since,
 To other Merit he has no pretence,
Bazillais Praise I coud rehearse again,
 And make the second Labour of my Pen ;
 Wise, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
 Born all that Fortune for her Darlings Meant,
 Who nobly Scorn'd a private Happiness,
 When he beheld his Sovereign in Distress,
 To Armes he flew, but with bold *Catoes* Fate,
 Espous'd the Cause that fortune seem'd to Hate,
 Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
 He pull'd the mighty Ruine on his own.
 But why extoll'st *Jerusalems* lewd *Sagan*,
 At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon ;
 Not *Magdalen* possest in all her Prime,
 With her Ten Devils cou'd have Equall'd Him.
 Why woul'st thou call they *Adriel* a Muse,
 And *David* of his hasty rise Accuse,
 When we all know the same obliging Hand
 Gave him his George, and *Churchil* his Command,
Jermin his Country house, & *Bromwich* his point Band.
 Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle thing,
 Famous for Jest's upon the Church and King ;
 One while *Pythagoras's* harmles Food,
 For Thoughts and Politicks must cool his Blood ;
 And then again with Whores and Lusty Wines,
 Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that Dines ;
 Quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and Trifling Wit he has,
 And like the *Sweed* is very Rich in Brass ;
 Against the Court, and *David's*-self he Roard,
 How ill he Govern'd, and how worse he W—d.
 VVou'd swear a *Parrot* had more VVit than *Nelly*,
 VVith her Parch'd Face wrinckled more than *P—ths* Belly ;
 Yet now to both, like Popish Saints he Prays,
 Which shews he will not Burn in *James's* Days ;

P O E M S

In his Plain Band, and Honeſty in ſhow,
He only aim'd at *Danby's* overthrow,
Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
And farewell all his plain well meaning Friends ;
There was no Plot, no Popiſh Duke to Fear,
With *Danby* all our Dangers Diſappear ;
Danby thus ſetting to prevent dark Night,
This paler Moon ſhews forth its clearer Light,
Miſguides our Councellors with her glim'ring Ray,
And all our Men of Buſineſs loſe their VVay,
Our Parliament's diſſolv'd, new Members Meet,
An *Oxford* Journey muſt allay their Heat,
But the true Engliſh Inter'eſt Appeard,
The *Silversmiths* for their *Diana* Feard ;
Popery wou'd paſs on us in no Diſguiſe,
No Flowers cou'd hide that Serpent from our Eyes ;
VV' are in Such haſt diſſolv'd that in the Street,
New choſen with diſſolving Members Meet,
And then a Paper in good *David's* Name,
Muſt the proceedings of the Houſe Defame,
Sheriffs, and Juries packt, Juſtices made,
Knights of th' Address, and all false colours laid,
To Cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate,
VVhat *Samſon* in a Dungeon Captive Blind,
In ſpiteful rage, for cruel Foes Deſign'd,
The Houſe of Commons muſt be thought to do
Againſt themſelves, and thoſe that Truſt them too.

The Head ſhall ſooner fear its own Right-Hand,
Parents their Smiling Infants Death Command ;
The chearful Birds ſit ſilent in the Spring,
Than Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or King,
They may, thy Heroes, that ſmall Faithful Band,
Pretious Counſellors, who dare ſingly Stand .
'Gainſt the Collective Wiſdom of the Land ;
David in Exile had more Friends than thou,
Wilt to his Beſt, his Happieſt Days allow ;
Why ſounds thy Trumpet in the time of Peace,
Art thou afraid our Differences ſhou'd Cease ;
That thus thou talk'ſt of Rebels, Treasons, more
Than any *Irish* Wiſneſs ever Swore ?
Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,
Care not what Ruine ; or what Slaughters Made.

P O E M S

But hear me Prophecy, and Mark me well,
E're Thrice the Rose renews its Fragrant Smell,
People and King shall join like Man and Wife,
And both Abhor the Engines of their Strife ;
No more shall they endure a hackny Pen,
And thou Cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men ;
David shall find Duty an empty Word,
(For different Faiths can never have one Sword ;
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd
'Twixt those that Heavenly Concerns divide ;)
He then shall with his *Parliament* agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be ;
Monmoth be Blest for all that he hath done,
While thy vile Heroes to their *Pardons* run.

F I N I S.

THE
TORY - POETS:
A
SATYR.

————— *nunquamne reponam?*
Vexatus toties rauci Thesiede Codri. Juven. Sat. 1.



L O N D O N,

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THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
TORIES.

I Could find no fitter Persons to Dedicate this Poem to then your selves, and that for several reasons ; First because you account your selves men of Parts, and Judges of Wit ; and indeed (to keep the World in its usual Course) we will yeild you to be so ; for in all ages some Fools have had preferment, mad Men have been Judges, and Knaves have been Honourable. To talk Bawdy, whore, Lye, &c. are your natural accomplishments ; but those more solid endowments that beautifie a rational Creature, viz. Learning, and Exercise of right Reason, are of little value to you, who can speak Nonsence by Patent, Slander by Prerogative, and Lye by Commission : Judg of Wit then as much as you please, since none but Fools and Knaves will be guided by your judgment : For it is well enough known, that your Wit is as thin as your Skulls, and your Skulls as thin as your Estates ; and that thin enough all know. Take a Tory from a Pot of Ale, and he's out of his Element ; and when his Catalogue of Oaths in his common place Book are ended, he is as indispos'd and unfit for any kind of Company, as the Asses Mouth was for Food when it had been eating of Thistles. Another reason may be, because it treats chiefly of your Champions, the Pillars of your faction, the supporters of that great Mass of Knavish Politicks that keeps alive the Good Old Tory Cause ; but I think (if you are no better Poets then you are Polititians, and no better States-men then Divines) the late joynt endeavours of the Stage and Pulpit, will prove very ineffectual to the accomplishment of your designs ! a lack a day ! what pity 'tis so much Labour and Divine sweat should be spent for just nothing ! that ever the zealous Preacher should screw up his jaws, thump his Pulpit, and Divinely rail at

P O E M S

Forty one, and it have no other effect, then to serve instead of a pleasing murmur to loll the drowsie females asleep, whilst all his Congregation of half-drunk Bullies are devoutly snoaring in their Pews. But what damned incorrigible wretches are these Whiggs, they are not moved at the least with the numberless Satyrical Epilogues and Prologues, that are roared out on the Stage : Notwithstanding we have Plays stufd as full of Burlesques upon the Ignoramus-Juries, the Salamanca Doctor, &c. as a Courtier is of Nonsense and Knavery ; these head-strong wretches keep on their way, though the Whelps bark their guts out ; if they call them Rogues, Rebels, and Traytors, they turn a deaf ear to all their clamours, and answer them (as wise men do fools) with silence. But the final Catastrophe of our divisions will prove who were the Rebels ; when Plots shall be unravell'd, and Court intrigues expos'd to the view of the world ; when the private Machinations of indigent Cockscombs shall be made manifest, and truth shall once more appear on the Stage ; then I doubt those persons, who now go under the Name of Loyallists, will be as obscure as their Knavery is now publick. But all are Traytors now that speak against Arbitrary Government ; if they see their priviledges, their rights, their liberties going to be taken from them, they must hold their peace and sit down like contented asses, and bear what burthens the Courtiers and a few small Statesmen will lay on their Shoulders ; and this must be born with Patience, and let the burthen gall our Shoulders never so much, we are Rebels if we but so much as winch under it ; if a man hear bad Counsel given (which is the poison of Government) he must hold his peace, and see those liberties left him free by his Ancestors taken from him and his Posterity ; he must contentedly see the Throne enslaved, the Nobility Vassals, and the Commonalty lackey after a company of Arbitrary Debauches, and if he shew his dislike of it, he is a Rebel. But when the fatal Dagger is about to pierce my sovereigns Breast, am I Rebel if I stop the blow ? Am I a Traytor if I discover the Designs and Plots of our Enemies against the Government and my Prince ? But you shall hear what even Mr. Bays himself speaks of Arbitrary Government and those that are the Supporters of it in his Spanish Fryar. pag. 61.

Should not a lingering Fevour be remov'd,
Because it long hath rag'd within my Blood ?
Do I Rebel when I would thrust it out ?
What, shall I think the World was made for one,
And men are born for Kings as Beasts for Men ;
Not for Protection but to be devour'd ?
Mark those who dote on Arbitrary Power,
And you shall find'm either hot brain'd Youth
Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their greatness,
And Slaves to some, to Lord it o're the rest.
O Baseness ! to support a Tyrant Throne,
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World :

P O E M S

Nay, to become a part of Usurpation ;
To Espouse the Tyrants person and his crimes,
And, on a Tyrant, get a race of Tyrants
To be your Countries curse in after Ages.

Now if Mr. Bays dares go so far, I hope I (who have always an aversion to wooden-Shoes, and to be reckoned in the number of French Camels) may call them Traytors, Rebels, Betrayers of their Country, egregious Knaves, and infamous Scoundrels : But suppose (which Heaven grant may never come to pass) there should be such a thing as Rebellion in England, we should then see how those Gouty-Leg'd Divels, called Courtiers, would tilt at the Rebels ; Then the awful presence of Majesty must defend its self, while those Ingrates, that have been nourished by its favour do leave it succurless ; for who are cherishers of such a Faction but despicable pusillanimous wretches, Natural Cowards, that cannot endure the Fatigues of a long and tedious Campaign, whether Honour calls forth the Heroe ? But (as Mr. Bays says) they are needy Bankrupts, and tempted by preferment ; what wont such Whores-Birds do ? How powerful are the Charms of enticing Gold ? Ah, what a Heavenly refreshment are a few Guinies to a decay'd Gentleman ! even as delicious as the reverend Doctors Comfortable Importance is to a languishing Divine. 'Tis only want, that makes a Loyal Tory, and so many Mercenary Scriblers ; and pray how long doth their Loyalty last ? e'en just as long as their Coat and their Money ; when the one is thred bare and the other spent, and by their Loyalty they are in no hopes of procuring another, then for a little cash they will cut the Throat of the best Lord in the Land, Whigg or Tory, 'tis all one ; men that are like to be Shipwreckt upon the Rock of Hunger are desperate, but now none are His Majesties Loyal Subjects, but such who are daily drunk with drinking his Health, (though they cheat the Vintner for it) and that never so well done, as when it is set of with the best flowrish in their Rhetorick, a fashionable Dam me. But now I could heartily wish I had some of Mr. Bays his confidence, that I might speak in the praise of my own Poem, as he doth of his, indeed a rotten Post covered with Brass goes through all weathers, but I am no fond fool of my own Issue ; I shall e'en speak not one word in its commendation, but let it shift for praise in the World as it's Brethren have done before it. I cannot expect any Tory should speak in its praise, since it treats most of Fools and Knaves and then it is impossible they should read it, but they must read their own Characters. Or how can I expect any favour in the world, when the incomparable Absalom Senior was so spoken against ? but by whom was he spoken against, by whom, why by the nonsencical Observator, and the thrice stupid Heraclitus ; but I write not to please these Ideots, if I please the best I have my end, and one smile of theirs is able to weigh down all the others frowns.

T H E
T O R Y - P O E T S :
A
S A T Y R .

HAppy are they in Amorous Fields, that Rove
 And Sing no other Songs then those of love ;
 Whose Verses treat of nought but careless ease,
 And in their Sonnets only strive to please :
 Nature at first to men ne're arts did give,
 But all untaught knew only how to live ;
 That word call'd *Faction* in a sullen Mood
 Did hide its Face, or 'twas not understood :
 But fleeing fate doth various Faces show,
 And seasons change : and why mai'nt Mortals too ?
 To Fame or Infamy all men are born
 And he's an Asse let's slip the lucky turn.
 But who to power by Fate were ne're design'd,
 And yet endued with ambitious Mind
 Will Natures precept break, and Gods wont own
 Will ransack Temples, pull the Alters down,
 Slander the Subject, and abuse the Crown. }
 So to our Plague a Factious Party's come,
 The infantry of old Rebellious *Rome*,
 And 'cause the Whelps for Hells intrigues should bawl,
 The Devil came and dub'd them *Tories* all ;
 A party in the dismal Book of doom
 Was damn'd e're made for all their sins to come.
 This numerous Progeny doth fill our *Thames*
 As Frogs and Toads abound in *Nilus* streams,

P O E M S

And just like those the same effect they bring ;
They Crawl from thence to Chambers of our *King* ;
That was a single plague on *Egypt's* men,
But this on us may vye with all their *Ten* :
This party first by close designs did rise,
By Plots, by Shams, and other forgeries,
'Til by immortal lies, immortal made
Sweetly sat down in Royal favours shade,
Where they their canting dirges sit and sing,
And every *Puny Tory* is a *King*.
Their *Plot* found out and dying 'gan to fail,
Oaths would not do ; and shams would not prevail :
Now for a Cordial all begin to strive,
To fetch their dying *Plot* again to life :
Their former *Evidences* were dull tools,
And all their subtle *Jesuites* were but fools,
But next to the keen *Wits* they do address,
And they must Charm it up again in Verse.
The first they do Petition's Mr. *Bays*,
So much extoll'd by Fools and vulgar Praise ;
By lewd lascivious Verses, bawdy Rhymes,
Dubb'd the sweet singing Poet of the times ;
He the black Paths of Sin had travell'd o're
And found out Vices all unknown before,
To sins once hid in shades of gloomy Night,
He gave new Lustre and reduc'd to Light.
His *Muse* was prostitute upon the Stage,
And's *Wife* was Prostitute to all the age :
The Wife is Rich although the Husband Poor,
And he not honest, and she is a Whore,
An ill, deformed, senceless earthly load,
And he the Monster of the *Muses* road ;
His shapeless Body hangs an hundred ways
The Poet looks just like a heap of Plays ;
You shall not find through all the buzzing Town
So Ungentile, Unmannerly a Clown :
Though ugly, yet he vents a pleasing strain
For Nature never made a thing in vain.
If not for Priest, for States-man he may do ;
Bless us ! are Poets Politicians too ?
Or are the *Muses* mad and in their Heat
Send out their Poets Officers of State ?
Or are the Lawyers Drunk and think it fit

P O E M S

That reason yeild to that lewd thing, *a Wit* ?
But private factious Plotters never heed
If their designs go on, who do the deed :
So engine *Bays*, the *Tory-Plot* to save
He first turns *Fool*, and then commences *Knave* :
But yet (methinks) I hear him e're he chuse
In private parley with his Fustian *Muse*,
Base *Muse* ! he says, with impudence can'st sing ?
In scornful lines can'st thou revile a King ?
With inky Clouds of lyes, can'st thou obscure
An Hero's Glory infinitely pure ?
Can'st thou call Politicians Fops and Fools ?
Can'st ridicule the Arts of learned Schools ?
Can'st dress up folly in a Garb so fit
That amongst Madmen it may pass for wit ?
His *Muse* accustom'd to such tricks as these
Gave her consent by holding of her Peace.
But he replied,———
Base abject slave to any of the Town
Who e're but Fops and Fools gave thee renown ?
Can'st thou abuse that youthful *Hero's* fame,
That wide as the vast World hath spread his name ?
When he from *Mastricht* warlike Trophies bore,
Vollies of Praises eccho'd on the Shoar ;
Then every *Brave* his Offering did prepare
And Sacrifices to this God of War,
Then *Jo Peans* by our Swains were sung,
And Peals of Triumph through our Cities rung ;
But now his honour's sullied and forgot
And all his Glory poyson'd with a Plot,
Here hold, ingrate, recal his love to thee,
When fleg'd with Guynies he did let thee fly,
Impt with his favour thou didst dare the brave
And every other Poet was thy Slave ;
Think ! with indulgent Grace 'tis he hath been .
The only Patron of thy *Maximin* ;
Where then thine accents lies or didst thou feign,
And only complement to draw in Coin ;
So when to *Damn* was in her *graces* power,
She kindly smil'd on th' *Indian Emperor*
Though drest in silly Fustion he did go
In uglier Cloaths then e're at *Mexico* ;
So basely scratcht by thy corroding Pen,

P O E M S

The *Indians* would scarce know their Prince again,
 Poor *Montezuma* in no hands secure
 Creeps to her *Alcove* for a perfect cure,
 There having Scan'd the sence of every line
 She hug'd the nasty *Indian* 'cause 'twas thine
 Then cheering up he ended the dispute ;
 Muses like Monarchs still are absolute ;
 Tempted by Gold, he lets his Satyr fly,
 And swears that all within its Tallons dye ;
 He Huffs, and Struts, and Cocks an hundred ways,
 And damns the *Whigs* 'cause they did damn his Plays.
 So raging once 'twas thought himself he'd stab'd
 'Cause *Rochester* Baptis'd him *Poet Squab*.
 And he had don't but that he'd vow'd before
 After *Rose-alley* drubs he'd ne're use weapon more.
 When Coin is spent he soothes the baser Cit ;
 And lives on his old stock his mother wit ;
 Rubs up his rusty Muse and looks as big
 As Crow in Gutter or ten penny Pig.
 A Common-wealth he cryeth up to day,
 To morrow Preacheth Arbitrary sway ;
 Lampoons the *Prince*, praises a *Tyrants* Laws
 And giveth Lust and Zeal the same applause ;
 And in one Breath, so quick his fancies be
 He can speak Treason, and fart Loyalty ;
 From such fleet wills kind Heaven deliver me !
 Read but his *Plays* and what else e're he writ
 You'll find but little Judgment and less Wit ;
 If he dull *Ravenscroft* by chance excel
 Thanks to old *Nokes* that humours it so well ;
 Thanks to the Scenes and Musick for his Wit
 Thanks to the Whores lie squeeking in the Pit,
 That Bullies cannot hear, yet praise the Fact
 And bravely Clap the *Actor* not the *Art*.
Shadwel and *Settle* are both Fools to *Bays*,
 They have no bawdy Prologues to their Plays ;
 These silly Villains under a pretence
 Of wit, deceive us and like men write sence.
 Alas ! says *Bays*, what are your Wits to me ?
Chapman's a sad dul Rogue at *Comedy* ;
Shirley's an Ass to write at such a rate
 But I excel the whole *Triumverate* :
 In all my worthy Plays shew if you can

P O E M S

Such a rough Character as *Solyman* ;
But though I have no Plot, and Verse be rough,
I say 'tis Wit, and that sure is enough.
The Lawrel makes a Wit ; a Brave, the Sword ;
And all are wise men at a Council board ;
S—le's a Coward, 'cause fool *Ot—y* fought him,
And *Mul—ve* is a Wit because I taught him.
So *Hectors Bay* 'til one would think 'twas fit
That none but Fools should write or judge of Wit ;
His pigmie wit, and little infant sence
Rightly defin'd is nought but impudence ;
His lines are weak, though of lewd Catches full
And naught is strong about him but his Scull. }
The brave defensive headpeice of a Fool.
Of all mean Hackney Jades, 'de never use
This Mercenary party couler'd Muse,
Who e're beholds he strait must needs confess
She's clad at once in home and forreign dress.
Read *Dry—ns* plays, and read *Corneille's* too,
You'll swear the *Frenchman* speaks good *English* now,
'Mongst borrowed Sense some airy flashes drop,
To please the feeble Females and the Fop,
So soft and gentle flourishes do move,
The weak admiring Maid, and fire Love ;
Quickens the dizzy Soul with Love beset,
And tamely draws it to the Golden Net,
Stupid it lies, and senceless of its pain,
And kindly kisses the bewitching Chain ;
Cupid's the God ; and Love is all the Song
The blest *Elysium* of the sportful young,
But eas'd of this so kind, so grateful pain,
And brought unto it's former sence again,
The glimmering Lamp is lustre once so bright,
Looks like the Torches of eternal night,
The amorous paths with sweets enchanted strown,
Looks like *Acyna* when her paint was gone :
That wit upon the Stage cry'd up to day,
To morrow in the Closet's thrown away ;
Wit, tho with glory it may chance to rise,
And mounting seem to kiss the very skies,
Yet if above the bounds of Sense it get,
It is all wind, and is no longer wit :
But *Bay* in all his wit is stanch and sound,

P O E M S

Tho in it all there's no proportion found ;
But what he speaks or writes, or does amiss,
It is all wit ; but why ? because 'tis his ;
'Tis wit in him, if he all Sense oppose,
'Twas wit in *D'avenant* too to lose his Nose,
If so, then *Bays* is *D'avenants* wisest Son,
After so many claps to keep his on.

But who but Fools would praise dull *Ot—ys* strains,
Compos'd with little wit and lesser pains ;
Whose fiery face doth dart as hot a ray,
As the fierce warmer of a Summers day,
Whose very looks would drive the Fiends away. }
He may so painted with the juice of Vines,
Turn his Invectives to the praise of Wines,
Love is a piteous God, and Honour's grown,
To such a height it is almost unknown ;
Immortal beauty drown'd in quiet lies,
And spends all its charms on its owners Eyes ;
But Wine do's now the Poets breast inspire, }
Wine, that doth kindle all our youthful fire
Wine ; that makes *Ot—y* write and Fools admire,
His Verse of Wine stinks worse than bawdy Punk
For he never writes a Verse but when he is drunk ;
Sure thou wast drunk, when in Pindarick strain,
'Gainst *Libels* didst thy dull Muse complain :
But why didst term it *Satyr* ? *Satyr* tart
And piercing Verse, that wounds unto the heart ;
But thou got dully drunk ore a Pint Pot,
Forget's thy Subject like a drunken Sot,
And 'stead of *Satyr* didst unto the praise
Of those that beat the *Dutch* a Poem raise ;
The drowzy, heavy *Hollander* as well
May chant his Poems, and his Fortunes tell,
Their Fleet as good, their men as strong as ours,
The difference lyes but in the Governors,
Theirs only win by Guns, by Ships, by might,
Ours grew Politicians in the fight ;
And with their tricks at Land did them perplex,
By building awful Sconces on their decks,
Environ'd round with sturdy Cable stood,
Defying bullets still maintain'd the fight ;

P O E M S

Thy brains immur'd with a thick Scull as good,
As bravely dost this bravest act recite :
As *Castlemain* the Victory doth rehearse
In falsest Prose, thou dost confirm in Verse :
So when 'twas in Dispute in lowest shades,
(where the foyl'd Seamen in new Rivers wades)
Who justly should the warlike Trophies bear,
Whether the *English* or the *Hollander*.
Some Ships of ours did meerly out of spight
Dive down to prove it was our lawful right.
Kind hearted *Ot—y*, that does Garlands give
To beaten Seamen, while thy self dost greive
Languish and Pine and no man will allow
Nought ; but a wreath of Hemp t'adorn thy brow
Ah ! but with bawdy Plays and Prologues lewd
Thou hast the art to please the multitude ;
The claping rable that on your third days
Come to extol and clap your silly Plays,
Worse then a *Sodoms Farce* or *Smithfield Droll*,
Nothing so Beastly, Baudy, or so dull :
If *Ignoramus Juries* once be nam'd
(That thredbare Subject on the Stage so fam'd)
'Tis tost about with Claps and praiseful knocks
'Til't bound from Knaves in *Pit*, to Fools in *Box*.
Such stupid humours now the Gallants seize
Women and Boys may write and yet may please.
Poetess *Afra* though she's damn'd to day
To morrow will put up another Play ;
And *Ot—y* must be Pimp to set her off,
Lest the enraged Bully scoul and scoff,
And hiss, and laugh, and give not such applause
To th'*City-heresie* as the *good Old Cause*.
You're baulkt worse there then at a City Feast
To part with stolen half-Crown for —— no jest ;
Sham treats you may have paid for o're and o're,
But who e're paid for a Sham-Play before ?
Tories are just, and give the Devil his due,
Won't damn a Poets Play, because 'tis new,
Because it treats of Whiggs and tells fine stories
To please the monkey Courtiers little *Tories*
Tells how the Whiggs with might and force repair
To build damn'd stony Castles in the air
From whence the Court Hobgoblins they will slay

P O E M S

With Guns invented since full many a day ;
How by their necromantick arts they raise
Fortyfi'd Cetadels in all by-ways,
Millions of Souldiers lodg in hives like Bees,
And many millions more in hollow trees,
Where for a fit occasion they do wait
To break the pocky Courtiers maggot-pate ;
The Poet by such Tales gets coin for Writing
And makes the Coward *Tory* think of Fighting,
For fear of which he stoutly falls to shiting
Tis well for you, ye Poets of the Stage ?
You live in so nonsensical an Age,
When every Pun is Term'd a lucky hit,
The happy produ't of a *Tories* Wit ;
Base awkward Age ! accurst by Destiny
When wit does cease and Piety do's dy,
Your Zeal is cold, your Frolicks all are mad,
Nay your Debauches sottishly as bad :
The former age, that vices all pursu'd,
Conniv'd at Sins and wickedly ran lewd,
Tho drown'd in lewdness, and their Pastimes had
As much of Lust, they wittily were mad.
Did but *Ben. Johnson* know how Follies rise
Swell and look big, how Poets do despise
The lawful charms of wit, and spend their days
In bawdy Prologues and licentious Plays,
He'd bid adieu to th' *Elysian* Field,
Gay with the splendour that the Muses yield,
And to the dusky world again repair,
To suck the thicker blasts of earthly air,
He'd leave his softer Rhymes, and would dispense
A hoarser sound, he'd *Satirist* commence
And try to lash the Ideots into Sence.
Such Vices now amongst the Poets Reign,
The very Fops do of their Faults complain :
Dead *POETS* Ashes in their Tombs do grieve,
And to rebuke their crimes do seem to live.
Spencers old bones about do toss and turn
With Indignation kicks his rusty Urn.
When great *Cowly's* Tomb the Ladies walk
And of the modern Poesie do talk,
His stately Urn doth bow its drooping Head,
And modest blushes ore the Marble spread,

P O E M S

As if asham'd of his Posterity,
A base, degenerate, sottish Progeny.

D—fey comes next in Verse ten thousand strong,
A Devillish *Poet* for a bawdy Song ;
Begot when lecherous Planets rul'd the skies,
And Madam *Venus* bright did tyrannize :
When Civil Wars produc'd a monstrous Birth,
And dismal Discord triumph'd ore the Earth ;
For pray, what vice atchiev'd by *Cains* curst Stem,
Or deadly Sin, that is not found in him ;
As Toads spue poyson he doth Libels vent,
Of Villany the very Excrement ;
A brave Court mixture ; for he is at once,
A *Debauchee*, *Buffoon*, a *Knave*, a *Dunce*,
Here hold my Muse ! the Task's too hard for thee,
To bow so low, even below Infamy :
Thou never yet to write with dirt hadst skill,
Or from a Dunghill tookst a stinking quill ;
Of three base silly *Poets* thou hast sung,
A minute on their borders is too long,
Retire unto thy pleasant former lays,
While these like peevish asps keep on their ways ;
And briskly bear unto th'*Elysian* Shades,
One Ounce of Brains in three great Loggerheads.
Desist I say ! while some old Bard relate,
Their baser facts, and of their actions prate.
Let *Fop* the *Courtier*, *Negroe* paint the *Moor*,
The *Fool*, the *Fidler*, and the *Bawd*, the *Whore*.
Like Vice Reformers weary of the pain,
Of Lashing still and yet they lash in vain,
My Muse the Court will leave, condemn the Stage,
A long Farewell to so prophane an Age :
Debaucht to Lust, to Avarice and Pride,
Who'd be condemn'd to Court or City Pews,
Be damn'd to nonsense and the stink of Stews ;
To wait for Pensions who would take delight,
And be at last but a sham'd Favourite,
Who'd purchase Favour by perfidious Oaths,
Or pawn his Conscience for to buy him cloaths,
And when at brightest shine but like the light
Of *Ignis fatuus* in a misty night,
Caught with the Glory of the spangl'd skies,

P O E M S

Starts up from earth and in a moment dies.
When oh immortal woods ! Shall I be made
The Joyous Tenant of your happy shade,
Where Envy and Ambition are kept down,
And harmless Innocence doth wear the Crown ;
Where heads of sturdy Oakes do courtly bow,
And stooping Pines do make their Honours too ;
Where gladsom Poets with the Muses sing,
While all the beauteous Nymphs daunce in a ring ;
Where all alike enjoy the Rural sport,
Free from those painted Cares, that do attend a Court.

F I N I S.

THE
TENTH
SATYR
OF
JUVENAL,
English and Latin,

The English by *Tho. Shadwell*.

With Illustrations upon it.

Licensed, *May 25, 1687.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *D. Mallet*, for *Gabriel Collins* at the Middle-
Temple Gate in *Fleetstreet*. 1687.

TO

Sir Charles Sidley

SIR,

YOU have so many years together pursued me with your Favour and Bounty, that I ought to have been alwaies upon the Watch for an opportunity of Publishing my Gratitude. Your late great obligation in giving me the advantage of your Comedy, call'd *Bellamira*, or the *Mistress*, has given me a fresh subject for my Thanks; and my Publishing this *Translasion* affords me a new opportunity of owning to the World my grateful resentments to you. I am heartily glad that your *Comedy* (as I never doubted) found such success, that I never met with any Man of Sence but applauded it: And that there is abundance of Wit in it, your *Enemies* have been forced to confess. For some you have, though I cannot but wonder why you should have any, who are so careful in all your *Actions*, that you never injure any *Gentleman*: and so void of *Scurrilitie* in all your *Conversation*, that I never heard you speak ill of one behind his back: a *vice* too often practised among our *English Gentry*. But there will be alwaies *Enemies* to *Wit* and *Common Sence*, who for that reason cannot be *Friends* to you. For the Judgment of some *Ladies* upon it that it is *obscene*, I must needs say they are *Ladies* of a very *quick apprehension*, and did not their thoughts lye very much that way, they could not find more *obscenity* in that than there is in every other *Comedy*. These *Nymphs* though they are so over *nice* in words, may perhaps, be *frank* enough in their actions. And I have known the time when they would have been more favourable to you. The great favour you did me, in giving me this Play, with all the rest of your obligations to me, as I will never forget, so I shall be alwaies proud of an occasion to boast of so good a *Patron*; who uses me not as some *Supercilious* Men would (who do good meerly out of *Vanity*) as a troublesome hanger on: But treats me with the civility and kindness of a Friend. And I have had the honour to have alwaies found as much of both from him, as if I had obliged him in receiving, as much as he me in conferring his benefits.

It is honour enough for me, that I have from my *Youth* Lived in yours, and, as you know, in the *favour* of the *wittiest men of England*, your familiar *friends and acquaintance*, who have encouraged my Writings; and suffer'd my *Conversation*. I mean not any of the *profess'd Poets*; for I take none

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of them to be of that *Rank*, and most of 'em *God* knows are far enough from it. But it has happen'd in our time, that some few men of *Quality* have been much the *greatest wits* of the *age*, nor do I think *England* ever produced so great in any *age*, the loss of two of which, the *Earl of Rochester*, and the *Duke of Buckingham*, we who had the honour to be acquainted with them can never bewail enough.

After all this I may think I hope without *vanity*, that the Author of *Mack-Fleckno* reflects more upon himself than me; where he makes *Fleckno* commend *Dulness*, and chuse me for the *Dullest* that ever writ; and repeats *dull, dull, &c.* over and over: indeed he gives his own *dulness* a civilier term, and calls it being *Saturnine*. But sure he goes a little too far in calling me the dullest, and has no more reason for that, than for giving me the *Irish* name of *Mack*, when he knows I never saw *Ireland* till I was three and twenty years old, and was there but four Months.

Besides as I have heard you observe the foundation of that *Libel* is *false* and *unnatural*; for tho some may have mistaken *dulness* for *wit*, and commended it as such, yet no man ever commended *Dulness* as *dulness*.

Had he staid till he had supplied the *Stage* with more new *humour* than I have done, or till he had written a better *Comedy* than *Epsom Wells*, or *the Virtuoso* (neither of which by the way are taken from a *Novel*, or stollen from a *Romance*) he might with a better *Grace*, and more *Authority* have pronounced me *dull*. But he is not content with that, but has another fling at me for playing upon the *Lute*. I must confess that that and all other Gentleman-like Exercises, which I was capable of Learning, my Father was at the charge of, and let the Libeller make his best of it.

I hope Sir you will not think me guilty of Arrogance in my own Vindication, especially since there have been such strong endeavours to depress me, and by those who had least reason to do it.

It is hard to believe that the supposed *Author* of *Mack-Fleckno* is the real one, because when I taxed him with it, he denied it with all the Execrations he could think of. However my *Dulness* admits of an excuse, because I endeavour to avoid it all I can. But had I been base or dishonest, I could have made none, yet if he pleases to let my *Reputation* alone, I shall not envy him the *Fame* he has.

And now Sir 'tis time to give you an account why I publish this Translation. I have I must confess ever look'd upon Translating as a difficult, and irksome piece of Drudgery, and below any man who had a genius of his own, and have been as much averse to it as I should be to the making of a *Dictionary*: For though both of 'em are works of publick benefit, yet they are unpleasant all the while.

I was provoked to this first by the supposed *Author* of *Mack-Fleckno*, who saies in another Pamphlet; that to his knowledge, I understand neither Greek nor Latin, though in *Bury School* in *Suffolk*, and *Cajus*

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Colledge in *Cambridge*, the places of my Youthful Education, I had not that reputation, and let me tell him he knows the contrary.

And Secondly by another Writer, who (without any provocation whatsoever, I having seen him but once in my Life, when he was pleas'd to thank me for a civility I did him.) abused me after that in Print, where he saies *Bavius* and *Mævius* ought to have been reserved by Fate to be Translated by me and *Settle*. I will not compare my self with him, but I leave it to him to consider, whether *Settle* has not out-done all that he has yet produc'd in Poetry. It was at best an ungentile thing in his friend, who suffer'd those Verses to be prefix'd to his Book, since I had never given him the least offence, or so much as seen him.

But to trouble you Sir with no more Digressions of this kind, I have endeavour'd in this Translation to come as near the words and thoughts of my Author, as my skill in both Languages could enable me. I have omitted no part of his Sence, nor have I varied from it, nor added to it, but in some few places where it was necessary to a meer English Reader, for explanation. I will not say as a *Cock Translator* does of *Lucretius* and *Virgil*, that he has added nothing but what he is confident the Authors would themselves were they now Living, by which arrogant saying he would insinuate that his *Genius* is much like theirs, or equal with them.

I have not endeavour'd to make it an *English Poem*, nor to fit it to our *Customes* and *Manners*, but to retain the *Roman* ones, and as much as ever I could to preserve the *Spirit* of the *Author*; and to that end have made it as much a *Translation* as I could. For I have observ'd in all *Paraphrases* upon the *Greek* and *Roman Authors* of the first Rank, the *Strength* and *Spirit* of them is deaded, and in some quite lost.

At best the thoughts of those *Paraphrastical Writers*, mixing with those of such noble Authors, look like patches of homely Wollen upon the richest Silk. Because the *modern* ages have produced no *Genius* like theirs; the imaginations must be very different and unequal; and methinks such *Poems* go down like *Wine* of two tastes. Some by *Paraphrasing* do nothing but beat out the Sense thinner, as Gold-Beaters do Gold.

In keeping close to my *Author*, I am forced to make my *Periods* sometimes in the middle of Lines; contrary to the late English practise: and I have alwaies chosen rather to make a rough Verse, than to loose the Sense of *Juvenal*. Tho I must needs say, I do not think great smoothness is required in a *Satyr*, which ought to have a *severe* kind of *roughness* as most fit for *reprehension*, and not that gentle *smoothness* which is necessary to *insinuation*.

I have added some *Notes* or *Illustrations* upon the *Satyr*, some being necessary to all who are not conversant with the Author, though otherwise good Schollars: And for the sake of those who are not such, I have added more. So that (as it was my chief end) I hope I have made the *Original* clearly to be understood by any one who is the least a *Grammarian*. And

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if I find this *Essay* to be favourably received, I will go on with the rest of the *Author*, in which I have already made some progress. Though I can only do it by way of diversion, I having more material business upon my hands at this time.

My friend Mr. *Higden* has made an ingenious *version* of this *Satyr*, but in other *Numbers*, and a different *way*, so that we shall not interfere one upon another.

I shall say nothing of the *Author* or his *Life*, till my *translation* grows into a *larger Volume*. For the Dry *Criticks* who object that he is too severe and bitter, and that his *Satyrs* are more fit for *Declamations* than *Poems*, I think them not worth the answering. I have chosen this *Satyr* to give the Reader as a *Sample*; it being one of the *wisest*, and *noblest* in the Book; wherein any man may perceive the difference between the *Wisdom* and *Dignity* of true *Roman Satyr*, and the *Levity* and *baseness* of false *English Libells*. But Sir I ask your pardon for troubling you so long, and now shall only assure you that I am proud of any opportunity of Publishing to the World that I am,

Sir, Your most obliged humble Servant.

THO. SHADWELL.

Postscript.

I have prefixt before my Translation of this *Satyr*, a version of that famous Answer of *Cato* to *Labienus*, who would have him consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon* in the *Lybian* Deserts.

P O E M S

Cato to Labienus, Lucan. Lib. 9.

FULL of the *God* (within his silent Breast)
Words worthy of the *Oracle* h' exprest.
What *Labienus* would y' inquire if I ;
As a free *Roman*, had not rather dye
Bravely in Arms, than stoop to * *Monarchy* ?
If we in Life can any value see ?
Or whether long or short much diff'rent be,
If any *violence* can depress the *brave* ?
Or *Fortunes* threats force against *Virtue* have.
Are great attempts by not succeeding less ?
Does a brave act grow braver by success ?
We of these truths such full conviction find,
Heav'n cannot fix them deeper in the mind.
We all on God, as parts of him depend ;
There does the mighty chain begin and end.
Were *Temples* silent, the *Almighty* will,
Spight of our selves, we cannot but fulfill.
Heav'n needs no voice, to tell us what to do,
At first it plants in man all he should ever know.
Nor could a *God* so narrowly provide
For *human kind*, in these parch'd Sands to hide
Truth for a few, to all the rest deni'd,
Where can you think the Seat of God to find,
But in *Earth, Sea, or Air, Heav'n, or a Virtuous mind* ?
Why should we seek him farther then ? for he
Is wheresoe're you move, and whatsoe're you see.
Let doubtful men their *Fortune Tellers* try,
And Anxious into future chances Pry
No *Oracle* can e're my doubt secure
But certain *Death* ; that does my mind assure.
Impartial *Death* that strikes alike at all,
As well the *Coward* as the *Brave* must fall.

* *Monarchy from the time of the Tarquins, was become odious to Romans, and Cato was the most obstinate of all the Republicans.*

P O E M S

Cato ad Labienum, *Lucan. lib. 9.*

*Ille Deo plenus tacita quem mente gerebat
Effudit dignas aditis è pectore voces
Quid Quæri Labiene jubes ? an liber in Armis
Occubuisse velim potius quam Regna videre ?
An sit vita nihil ? sed longa an differat Ætas ?
An noceat vis ulla bonis ? Fortunaq ; perdat
Opposita Virtute minas ? laudandaq ; Velle
Sit fati ? & nunquam successu Crescat honestum ?
Scimus : & hoc nobis non altius inserit Ammon
Hæremus cuncti superis : Temploq ; tacente
Nil facimus non sponte Dei ; nec vocibus ullis
Numen eget : Dixitq ; semel nascentibus Autor
Quicquid scire Licet. Steriles nec Legit Arenas ;
Ut caneret paucis mersitq ; hoc pulvere Verum.
Estne Dei sedes nisi Terra & Pontus & Aer ?
Et Cælum & Virtus ? superos quid quærimus ultra ?
Jupiter est quodcunq ; vides quocunq ; moveris
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperq ; futuris
Casibus ancipites. Me non oracula certum
Sed Mors certa facit, Pavido fortiq ; Cadendum est.*

JUVENAL Satyr X.

IN all the Earth, between the wide extreams
 Of (1) *Gades* West, and Eastern (2) *Ganges* Streams
 Free from a Cloud of Error few have skill
 To know what's truly *good* for 'em, or ill,
 With Reason what do we desire or fear?
 (3) What do you aim at (be it ne're so dear)
 Or *luckily begun*) but when 'tis gain'd,
 You soon repent you of your wish obtain'd?
 What Families the (4) easie Gods o'rethrow,
 Granting those *Pray'rs* they make themselves t' undo!
 For *harmful Offices* we blindly pray
 In *Peace*, as well as War, not seldom they,
 Who flow with purest streams of *Eloquence*,
 Show those rich Torrents at their lives expence:
 (5) *Milo* confiding in the wondrous strength
 Of Brawny arms, perish't by that at length.
 But most by *Wealth* (tak'd up with *anxious care*
 Exceeding usual *Patrimonies* farr
 As (6) *Brittish Whales* do *Dolphins*) ruin'd are
 In *Nero's* bloody times, *Troops* of *arm'd bands*
 Begirt (7) *Longinus* House, at his commands,
 And, in his *Princely Gardens*, did enclose
 The too rich (8) *Seneca*, and Besieged the house
 Of (9) *Lateranus*; but they ne're infest
 The (10) *Garret*, or the poor mans Room molest.
 Though Journying you but little *Silver* bear
 By Night, a Sword, or (11) *Quarter staff* you fear;
 And a Reeds motion in a Moon-light Night
 Shall make you quake and tremble with the fright
 While the poor man void of all precious things
 In Company with Thieves jogg's on and Sings.
 Almost the first, and most known (12) *vows* are these
 In all the *Temples*, may our Wealth encrease;
 Our *Treasure* swell, and may our Chest alone
 Befor its lageness in the (13) *Forum* known.
 No Poyson is in *Earthen* (14) *Vessels* brought
 In Gold adorn'd with (15) *Gemms* beware each draught.

JUVENAL Satyr X.

Omnibus in Terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usq ;
Auroram, & Gangem pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atq ; illis multum diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat voti; peracti?
Evertiêre demos totas optantibus ipsis
Dii faciles, nocitur togâ, nocitura petuntur
Militia, Torrens dicendi copia multis
Et sua mortifera est facundia. Viribus ille
Confisus periit admirandisq ; Lacertis.

Sed plures nimia congesta pecunia curâ
Strangulat, & cuncta exsuperans patrimonia census,
Quanto Delphinis Balæna Britannica major.

Temporibus diris igitur jussuq ; Neronis
Longinum, & magnos Senecæ Prædivitis hortos
Clausit, & egregios Lateranorum obsidit Ædes
Tota Cohors : rarus venit in Cænacula Miles.
Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri
Nocte iter ingressus, gladium Contumq ; timebis,
Et motæ ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram,
Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

Prima fere vota, & cunctis notissima Templis
Divertiæ ut crescant, ut opes, & maxima toto
Nostra sit Arca Foro.

—sed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fistilibus : tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.

P O E M S

When in *wide bowls* there (16) sparkles (17) *Setine Wine*,
How do you then approve his wise Design,
(18) Who with continual *scorn* did *Laughter* vent ?
When 'ere one step beyond his Doors he went ?
O'th' contrary, (19) Another still did wail,
To laugh at silly things we cannot fail.
But what prodigious Fountain could supply,
For each occasion, moisture to his eye ?
Perpetual Laughter did the Lungs excite,
Of Wise *Democritus* the *Abderite* ;
Yet no (20) *Prætexta*, nor no (21) *Trabea* there,
No (22) *Litters*, (23) *Fasces*, nor (24) *Tribunals* were :
Had he within the dusty (25) *Circus* been
And our vain (26) *Prætor*, with exalted *meen*
(27) Standing within his lofty Charriot seen :
In (28) *Joves* embroyder'd Coat, and *Tyrian* Gown,
Hung with a *Mantle* from his Shoulders down,
Large as a Piece of Tap'stry with a Crown,
An *orb* too large for one neck to sustain,
His (29) *publick servant*, with much sweat and pain,
Behind him does those weighty *Ensigns* bear,
And in that very Charriot must appear.
Not pleas'd too much must the great Consul be,
With him a slave to * check his Pride we see,
Add th' (30) *Pvry Scepter* which the *Prætor* bears
On which the *Eagle* upon wing appears ;
Here the loud *Cornets* march, and there before,
Long Troops of (31) *Clients*, and of laves great store :
A train of (32) white rob'd *Citizens* attends
(33) The *Charriot Wheeles*, which mercenary friends
(34) The *Sportula* did make. How had his spleen
Been exercis'd if he all this had seen ?
Who could in all *Assemblies* of *Mankind*
(Then wiser much) just cause of *Larghter* find,
His wondrous prudence plainly does declare
A *boggy soil*, a dark and *foggy Air*
The Gountrey full of *Sheepsheads* may give birth
To *greatest men*, and *best examples* upon Earth.
He laugh'd at *Vulgar business*, *Vulgar cares*,
He both their *joy* derided, and their *Tears*.
When threatening *Fortune* seem'd on him to frown,
Upon her *power* he could look bravely down ;
With *scorn* he pointed at her, and could say

P O E M S

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
Protuleratq; pedem : flebat contrarius alter ?
Sed facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni :
Mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffecerit humor.
Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quanquam non essent urbibus illis
Prætexta & Trabeæ, Fasces, Lætica, Tribunal.
Quid sic vidisset Prætorem curribus altis
Exstantem, & medio sublimem in pulvere Circi
In tunicâ Jovis & pictâ Sarrana ferentem
Ex humeris Aulæa togæ, magnæq; coronæ
Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla ?
Quippe tenet sudans hunc publicus, & sibi Consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
Da nunc & volucrem, sceptro quæ surgit eburno,
Illinc cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia & niveos adfræna Quirites,
Defossa in loculis, quos sportula fecit amicos
Tum quoq; materiam risus invenit ad omnes
Occursus hominum, cujus prudentia monstrat
Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturos
Verecun in patria crassoq; sub aere nasci.
Ridebat curas necnon & gaudia vulgi :
Interdum & lacrymas, cum fortunæ ipse minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumq; ostenderet unguem.*

P O E M S

Be hang'd ; whilst ev'ry thing for which we *pray*,
 And fix with (35) Wax our *vows* upon the knees
 Of all the most *propitious Deities*,
 Is or superfluous, or pernicious known,
 Some from high *pow'r* by envy headlong thrown,
 (36) Some by *inscriptions* fill'd with each degree
 Of all their *Noble Titles*, ruin'd be ;
 Their *Statues* are with *Halters* (37) drag'd about
 The *Streets*, as objects for the *scoffing Rout*.
 The (38) *Charriot Wheelles* must feel the *Axes* stroke,
 And the poor innocent *Horses* Legs be broke.
 Now the *Smiths* Forges hiss, the Bellows play,
 And that same *head* so much *ador'd* to day,
 That *head*, red hot within the fire became,
 And great *Sejanus* crackled in the flame.
Mechanicks soon from that so *Worship't* face
 Which bore in all the World the second place,
 Forge little *Platters*, and small *water Cans*
 With *Basons*, *Chamber-pots*, and *Frying-pans*.
 With (39) *Laurel Garlands* be our Houses Crown'd ;
 Make haſt and let the large *White Bull* be found,
 And drawn to *Capitolian Jove* ; for now
Sejanus is become a publick show :
 (41) Drag'd by a *Hook*, fix'd in his *throat*, and all
 The *Vulgar* shout at this great *Fav'rites* fall.
 (42) Bless me what ugly *blabber-lipps* had he !
 A hanging look ! and, if you'l credit me,
 This fellow I could never once abide.
 (43) Can you tell pray for what great crime he dyed ?
 Who the *Informer* ? who the *Evidence* ?
 What *Ouvert Act* ? what proof of his Offence ?
 (44) None, none of these, but a long (45) Letter sent
 From (46) *Caprea*, full of words and Eloquent.
 (47) 'Tis well, I shall enquire no more : (48) what now
 Does all the crowd of *Roman People* do ?
It alwaies follows Fortune, and does hate
All who are wretched, and condemned by Fate.
 Her (49) *Tuscans* cause had Goddess *Nurscia* bleſt,
 And the secure old *Emperour* been oppreſt,
Sejanus it had call'd this very hour,
Augustus, and saluted *Emperour*.
Romans, since they no (50) *suffrages* could boast
 Supinely careless, all great thoughts have loſt.

*Ergo supervacua aut pernitiōsa petuntur,
 Propter quæ fas est genua incerare Decorum.
 Quosdam præcipitat subiecta potentia magnæ
 Invidiæ, mergit longa atq; insignis honorum
 Pagina, descendunt Statuæ restemq; sequuntur.
 Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis
 Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
 Jam strident ignes, jam foliis atq; caminis
 Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens
 Sejanus : deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
 Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ.
 Pons domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum,
 Cretatumq; bovem : Sejanus ducitur unco
 Spectandus : gaudent omnes.*

*—quæ labra ? quis illi
 Vultus erat ? nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
 Hunc hominem : sed quo cecidit sub crimine ; quisnam
 Delator ? quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit ?
 Nil horum : verbosa & grandis Epistola venit
 A Capreis : bene habet ; nil plus interrogo, sed quid
 Turba Remi ? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
 Damnatos, idem Populus, si Nurscia Tusco
 Favisset, si oppressa foret secunda senectus
 Principis, hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora
 Augustum. Jam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
 Vendimus, effudit curas ; nam qui dabat olim*

P O E M S

Who *Fasces Legions Empire* all things gave,
 But two poor things solicitously crave,
 That they may (51) *bread*, and *Games* 'th *Circus* have :
 (52) Yet many more there are condemn'd I hear.
 No doubt. (53) the *Emperours* rage does hot appear.
 I met *Brutidius* pale and wan with fear,
 At *Mars* his *Altar*, looking as (54) hee'd kill
 Himself, like *Ajax*, when his cause succeeded ill.
 Lets run with speed while yet the *Carkass* lies
 Upon the *bank* under the *Gemonies*,
 That we may spurn at *Cæsars* Enemy.
 Call all our *Slaves*, and let 'em all stand by,
 Least any of them should the fact deny.
 And therefore should their trembling *Masters* draw
 Bound by their necks, to tryal of the Law.
 Thus 'bout *Sejanus* they their thoughts declare,
 And thus the *Vulgars* secret murmurs are.
 Now would you have *Sejanus* *wealth* and *pow'r*,
 And be saluted as he was before ?
 Give this 'ith *State*, the *Chief Authority* ;
 To this 'ith' *Army* highest *Dignity* :
 Or would you *Guarduan* of an *Emp'rour* reckon'd be ?
 Who lulls himself in (56) narrow *Caprea's Grots*
 With his lewd *herd* of *Astrologick Sots* ?
 Should you desire to lead a mighty *Band*
 Of *Foot* and *Horse*, and the (57) *Prætorian Camp* command ;
 I grant that those may wish the *power* to kill,
 Who are too merciful to have the *will*.
 But what can *prosp'rous Dignity* avail,
 When th' *ill* outwei'ghs the *good* in every Scale ?
 Would you his noble *Purple Garment* wear,
 Who to the *Gemonies* is dragg'd, or bear
 In some small *City* small *Authority* ?
 In homely woollen *Robes* some (58) *Ædile* be,
 And sit in *Judgment* over *measures* there,
 Breaking those *Vessels* which too small appear ?
 You will confess *Sejanus* knew not then
 What things were fit to be desir'd by *men*.
 Who too great *wealth* or *honours* do acquire,
 But raise their *Tow'rs* so many *Stories* higher,
 T' encrease their *fall*, and make their *ruine* worse ;
 Which from the *dreadful præcipice* has greater *force*.
 What *Crassus* or Great *Pompey* overthrew,

*Imperium, Fasces, Legiones, omnia, nunc se
 Continet, atq; duas tantum res anxius optat
 Panem & Circenses. Perituros audio multos.
 Nil Dubium : magna est fornacula : Pallidulus mi
 Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram.
 Quam timeo, victus ne pœnas exigat Ajax,
 Ut male defensus. Curramus præcipites &
 Dum jacet in ripa, calcemus Cæsaris hostem.
 Sed videant servi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
 Cervice obstricta Dominum trahat——*

——— *hi Sermones.*

*Tunc de Sejano, secreta hæc murmura Vulgi.
 Visne salutari sicut Sejanus ? habere
 Tantundem ? atq; illi summas donare curules ?
 Illum exercitibus præponere ? Tutor haberi
 Principis Angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
 Cum grege Chaldæo ? vis certe pila, cohortes
 Egregios Equites, & castra domestica ? quid ni
 Hæc cupias ? & qui nolunt occidere quenquam
 Posse volunt. Sed quæ præclara & prospera tanti
 Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum ?
 Hujus qui trahitur Prætextam sumere mavis :
 An Fidenarum Gabiorumq; esse potestas ?
 Et de mensura jus dicere, vasa minora
 Frangere, pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris ?
 Ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
 Sejanum ; nam qui nimios optabat honores
 Et nimias poscebat opes : numerosa par abat
 Excelsæ Turris tabulata : unde altior esset
 Casus & impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.
 Quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit ? & illum*

P O E M S

Or (60) him who Rome did to his *lash subdue* ?
Chief Pow'r by all *vile artifices* gain'd,
 And *vows* from the *maligning Gods* obtain'd.
Most Kings to Death by Blood and Slaughter go,
And a dry Death few *Tyrants* ever know.
 The rawest *Boy* who scarce has con'd one Rule,
 His little *Slave* bearing his Books to School,
 During the space of those (61) five solemn days.
 When are *Minerva's* rites perform'd still *prays*
 He may the *Fame*, and *Eloquence* possess
 Of Pow'rful *Tully* and *Demosthenes*.
 When *deadiy* was their *Wits* oreflowing *spring*,
 And (62) *Death* to both their *Eloquence* did bring.
 For Wit those *hands* nail'd to the (63) *Rostra* were
 That *head* cut off too, but the *Rostra* ne're
 Did *silly Lawyer* with his Blood besmear. }
 (64) *Oh Rome innate most fortunate in me*,
When I thy Consul did consult for thee
 Had he spoke alwaies thus ; he safely might
Antonius rage, and bloody *Cut-throats* slight.
 Of *silly Verses* I had rather be }
Author, Divine (65) *Philippick* than of *thee*.
 The second of *Illustrious Fame* 'gainst *Antony*. }
 So was th' admir'd *Athenian* snatch'd away
 By sudden death, whose *Eloquence* could sway
 Which way he pleas'd, and make whole (66) *Theatres* obey. }
 Unhappy in his *geniture*, by th' *hate*
 Oth' angry *Gods*, and his own *evil Fate*.
 (67) Th' *old Man* by *Fumes* of red hot *Metals* made
Blar-ey'd remov'd, his *Son* from his own *Trade*,
 From making *Swords*, the *Anvil*, *Tongs* and *Coles*, }
 From *Smoaky Forges*, sooty *Vulcans* Tools
 To the most *Fatal Rhetoricians* Schools.
 On (68) *Trophies* fixt the Spoils by Battel won,
 An *Helmet* cleft, the *Beaver* hanging down,
 A *Coat of Mayle*, a broken *Axletree* ;
 A *Galleys Flag* obtain'd by *Victory*.
 On a (69) *Triumphant Arches* utmost height,
 A *Captive* with a look disconsolate,
 Then all our *Humane* Goods some value more.
 The *Roman Grecian* (70) *Barbarous Emperour*
 Fiercely aspire at these, and from these Spoils,
 Arise their several *Dangers* and their *Toils*.

POEMS

*Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites ?
Summus nempe lecus nulla non arte petitus
Magnaq ; Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.*

*Ad generum Cereris sine cæde & Sangune pauci
Descendunt Reges, & siccâ morte Tyranni.
Eloquium aut famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
Incipit optare & totis Quinquatribus optat,
Quisquis adhuc uno partem colit asse Minervam,
Quem sequitur Custos, angustæ vernula capsæ,
Eloquio sed uterq ; perit Orator : utrumq ;
Largus & exundans Letho dedit ingenii fons.
Ingenio manus est, & cervix cæsa, nec unquam
Sanguine Causidici maduerunt Rostra pusilli.
O Fortunatam natam me Consule Romam !
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic
Omnia dixisset, ridenda poemata malo,
Quam Te conspicuæ, Divina Philippica famæ
Volueris a prima quæ proxima. Sævus & illum
Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenæ
Torrentem, & pleni moderantem fræna Theatri.
Diis ille adversis genitus, fatoq ; sinistro,
Quem Pater ardentis massæ fuligine lippus
A carbone & forcipibus gladiosq ; parante
Incude, & luteo Vulcano ad Rhetora misit.*

*Bellorum exuvie truncis affixa Tropæis
Lorica & fracta de casside buccula pendens.
Et curtum temone jugum victæq ; triremis
Aplustre, & summo tristis Captivus in arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur : ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusq ; ac Barbarus Induperator
Erexit : causas discriminis atq ; laboris
Inde habuit.*

P O E M S

*Virtue's less thirsted for than Fame, for who,
 Her, for her self, Rewardless will pursue ?
 Our Country yet by some, in Ancient days,
 Has ruin'd been for Glory ; for vain Praise ;
 And swelling Titles, which they had impos'd
 On Stones, in which their Ashes were enclos'd.
 Those Monuments of Stone were yet so weak,
 Them the (71) wild Fig-Tree could in pieces break.
 The proudest Tombs have but a certain Date,
 And Sepulchres themselves must yield to Fate.*

*Go weigh your Hannibal, how many pound
 At length is of your mighty General found ?
 Yet Africk could not his Ambition bound
 Whose Western Shores th' Atlantick Ocean beats :
 And Eastward stretches out to (73) Nilu's Heats.
 To (74) Æthiopian Inhabitants,
 And to a different kind of Elephants :*

*Spain must be joyn'd ; the (75) Pyrenæans now
 Be passed ; Nature opposes th' (76) Alpes and Snow.
 Rocks he devided, and the Mountains he
 With (77) Vinegar broke, making his passage free ;
 And takes possession then of Italy.*

*Yet after all, says he ; still pressing on,
 My Carthaginian Troops have nothing done,
 Till we the Gates of Rome have overthrown,
 And fix'd our Banners in th' Heart of all the Town.
 Rare Visage, what a Picture 'twould appear,
 When the (70) Getulian Beast does th' one Ey'd General bear !
 Oh Glory ! what of all was the event ?
 Conquer'd he headlong run to Banishment.
 The great and wonderous Captain in's Retreat,
 Is a poor (78) Client at a Judgment Seat :
 Meanly he waits his sad Addresse to make
 Till the (79) Bythinian Tyrant please to wake ;
 His Turbulent Life (which such Confusion hurl'd
 With Swords, Stones, Darts into the shaken world)
 By none of these could perish no one thing,
 Vengeance for all the Blood he spilt, could bring,
 Or Revenge (80) Cannæ, but a little Ring.
 Run o're the rugged Alps, thou hot-braind Fool !
 To be declaim'd on, and please Boys at School.
 (81) Philip's fierce Son, one World too little found,
 And Frets, and Fumes poor Wretch ! within the narrow bound.*

POEMS

*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas? Patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum, & laudis tituliq; cupido
Hæsuri saxis cinerum Custodibus: ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoq; fata sepulchris.
Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in Duce summo
Invenies? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
Percussa Oceano Niloq; admota tepenti.*

*Rursus ad Æthiopium populos aliosq; Elephantos
Additur Imperiis Hispania: Pyrenæum
Transilit Opposuit natura Alpemq; nivemq;
Diduxit scopulos & montem rupit aceto.
Jam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.
Actum, inquit, nihil est, nisi Pæno milite portas
Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono suburrâ.
O qualis facies & quali digna tabella
Cum Getula Ducem portaret bellua luscum!
Exitus ergo quis est? o gloria! vincitur idem
Nempe & in exilium præceps fugit, atq; ibi magnus
Mirandusq; Cliens sedet ad Prætoria Regis,
Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare Tyranno.
Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miscuit olim
Non gladii, non saxa dabant, nec tela sed ille
Cannarum vindex & tanti sanguinis ultor
Annulus. I demens & sævas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas & Declamatio fias.
Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit orbis
Æstu at infelix angusto limite mundi.*

P O E M S

As if in *Rocky* (82) *Gyara* he were pent,
 Or small (83) *Seriphus*. Yet he was content
 With a small *Coffin*, when to (84) *Babylon* he went
Death the plain-dealer does alone declare
How very little Great Mens Bodies are.
 (85) *Athos* 'twas thought was Sail'd about of old,
 And men believed all tales which lying *Greece* e're told.
 That all the (86) *Hellespont* from shore to shore
 Was pav'd with *Ships* and *Charriot-Wheles* run o're.
 While (87) *Xerxes* din'd th' innumerable fry
 Of this Great *host*, would drink deep *Rivers* dry,
 As (88) *Sostratus* in's *Cups* was wont to lye. }
 When (89) *Salamis* he left, what fate's behind
 For him who us'd to rage and (90) whip the wind ?
Barbarian ! what lash (91) *Corus Eurus* too ?
 Worse then ev'n (92) *Aeolus* would in their *Prisons* do :
 He did in *Chains* (93) *Earth-shaking Neptune* bind,
 And 'twas his mercy he had not design'd
 To (94) *Stigmatize* him like a *Slave* : what *God*
 Would not desire to be at such a *Hero's* nod ?
 But how return'd he ? slowly in one *Boat*
 Through shoals of bodies, which did round him float
 In bloody *Waves*. These are oftimes the pains
 Immoderate desire of *glory* gains :
Jove grant large space of life, and length of days
 With Confidence and vehemence one prays.
 Ne're thinking what continual griefs attend,
 And under what great ills *old age* does bend.
 A *Face deform'd*, of horrid colour grown,
 Unlike himself, his *flabby cheeks* hang down.
 'Stead of a *Skin* he has an ugly *hide*,
 Wither'd and rough with wrinckles deep and wide,
 Such as in shady *Woods* of (95) *Tabraca*,
 On rivled *Cheeks*, old *Mother Ape* does claw :
 In *youth* there many great distinctions are
 One is more strong, the other is more fair.
 But in ali old mens *Faces* there's no choice,
Limbs paralytick, trembling is the *voice*,
 With a *bald pate*, and with a *nafty nose*
 That's ever dropping as an *Infants* does,
 He mumbles bread between his toothless *Gumms*.
 Irsome to's *Wife*, and *Children* he becomes.
 He's ev'n by *Cossa* loath'd, that abject *Knave*,

POEMS

*Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvaq ; Seripho.
Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverat Urben
Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula, creditur olim
Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia ; constratum classibus iisdem
Suppositumq ; rotis solidum mare. Credimus altos
Defecisse amnes, epotaq ; flumina Medo
Prudente, & madidis cantat quæ Sostratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictâ.
In Corum atq ; Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum ?
Mitius id sane quod non & stigmate diguum
Credidit, huic quisquam vellet servire Decorum ?
Sed qualis rediit ? nempe una nave cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tarda per densa cadavera prorâ.
Has toties optat a exegit gloria panas.
Da spatium vitæ multos da Jupiter annos :
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.*

*Sed quam continuis & quantis longa senectus.
Plena malis : deformem & tetrum ante omnia vultum
Dissimilemq ; sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendientesq ; genas, & tales adspice rugas,
Quales umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus
In vetula scalpit jam mater simia bucca.
Plurima sunt Juvenum discrimina, pulcrior ille
Hoc, atque ille alio, multum hic robustior illo.
Una senum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
Et jam læve caput, madidiq ; infantia nasi
Frangendus misero gingiva panis inermi.
Usq ; adeo gravis Uxori, gnatisq ; sibiq ;
Ut captatori moveat fastidia Cosso.*

P O E M S

That *fawns* and *waits* a *Legacy* to have.
 Nor Wine nor Meat delight as in time past,
 His Palate's now benum'd h' as lost his tast,
 'Tis long, long, since a Woman he Embrac'd. }
 A long forgetfulness has seiz'd the part
 Beyond the Cure of any Pains or Art.
 Tho' all the Night he dallies, 'tis in vain,
 It still does a poor *Chiterlin* remain.
 What pleasure can the weak Old Doting Fool,
 Expect from that infirm and Aged Tool?
 Where *Lust* remains without *Ability*,
 Men must suspect unnatural *Letchery*
 Consider now another Sence declin'd,
 In choicest Songs no pleasure he can find, }
 Sung by *Seleucus*, or the best o'th' kind,
 Who all Embroider'd on the *Stage* appear
 Where e're he sits, the Songs he cannot hear,
 Cornets nor Trumpets, be he ne're ;
 His Boy must hallow what's a Clock in's Ear.
 In his *Cold Corps*, what little *Blood Remains*,
 Without a *Feaver*, ne're is warm in's *Veins* :
 In him what *Troops* of *Maladies* abound !
 And in his feeble *Carkass* dance their round !
 More than Adulter's *Hippia* e're enjoy'd,
 Or then sick Men by (97) *Themison* destroy'd
 In a whole Autumne, or the (98) *Associates*
 Plunder'd by (99) *Basius*, or the Estates.
 (100) *Irus* from all his *Wards* got by foul play,
 More then the *Cullies* in a Summers day,
 (1) *Maura* e're drein'd ; and more then of his Boys,
 (2) *Hamillus* the lew'd *Pedagogue* enjoys.
 And more than of his *Villas* now are seen,
 (3) Who snapt his Fingers at my youthful Chin :
 This Old Man's Shoulders, th' others reins, his Thighs
 Disabled are, this has lost both his Eyes :
 And envies him to whom one Eye is left,
 To this Man of the use of hands bereft,
 Through his pale Lips, his Meat must others give.
 He gapes while others fingers him relieve.
 Yawn's like *young Swallows* (Meat being in their Eyes.)
 To whom, with her *full Mouth* the *hungry Mother* flies.
 But loss of Sense and Memory is more
 Grievous, than all his loss of Limbs before.

P O E M S

Non eadem vini, atq; cibi torpente palato
 Gaudia : nam coitus jam longa oblivio : vel si
 Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus,
 Et, quamvis tota palpetur nocte, jacebit.
 Anne aliquid sperare potest hæc inguinis ægri
 Canities ?

—quid quod merito suspecta libido est,
 Quæ Venerem adfectar sine viribus ? adspice partis
 Nunc Damnum alterius. Quam quæ cantante voluptas :
 Sit licet eximius Citharædo sive Seleucus,
 Et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna ?
 Quid refert, magni sedeat quæ parte Theatri,
 Qui vix cornicines exaudiet, atq; tubarum
 Conventus ? clamore opus est ut sentiat auris
 Quem dicat venisse puer, quot nunciet horas.
 Præterea minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis
 Febre calet sola : circumscilicet agmine facto
 Morborum omne genus ; quorum si nomina quæras,
 Promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippia mæchos,
 Quot Themison ægros autumnis occiderit uno,
 Quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Irus
 Pupillos : quot longa viros exsorbeat uno
 Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus.
 Percurram citius quot villas possideat nunc
 Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba fonabat.
 Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis, ambos
 Perdidit ille oculos, & luscis invidet.

—hujus

Pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis.
 Ipse ad conspectum cænæ diducere rictum
 Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
 Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. Sed omni
 Membrorum damno major dementia :

P O E M S

Ev'n his own *Servants* Names he does forget,
 And his *Friends Face*, with whom last Night he Eat.
 Those he forgets whom he begot and Bred .
 For by his cruel will, they're disinherited.
 Which does his Wealth on (4) *Phiale* intail,
 So does the subtle Strumpets Mouth prevail,
 Who was so stale a prostituted Whore,
 That many Years she stood in the Stews Door :
 Suppose his Sense of mind when Old intire,
 He must behold his *Childrens* (5) *Funeral Fire*.
 His Lov'd Wives *Pile*, *Brothers* and *Sisters Urns*,
 And often for his num'rous Kindred Mourns,
 Who are by Death's repeated Blow destroy'd,
 With such like pains the long-liv'd Man's annoy'd.
 His Aged Heart with daily sorrow Bleeds,
 And he grows Old still in fresh Mourning Weeds.
 The (6) *Pyllan King* (if *Homer* you'll allow)
 For length of Life was reckon'd next the *Crow*.
 Happy so many Ages to withstand,
 Death's Blow, *counting his Years on his Right-Hand* ;
 And had so many *Autumns* drunk *New Wine*,
 But how did he at *Fates Decrees* repine ?
 And on his too long thread of Life exclaim ?
 When he beheld within the *Funeral flame*
 The fierce *Antilochus* his bearded Son ?
 To all his Friends long life he did bemoan,
 And ask'd them all for what *vile horrid crime*
 He had deserv'd to *live* till that *unhappy time* ?
 Thus *Peleus* mourn'd for his *Achilles* lost,
 For (8.) *Ithacus* Ten years on th' *Ocean tost*
Laertes thus complain'd. While flourishing *Troy*
 Yet unattempted, did full peace enjoy,
 Old (9.) *Priam* might amidst those happy *hours*
 Have gone to th' *shades* of his *high Ancestours*.
 (10.) *Hector* with all his Brothers had the while
 Their *Fathers Corps* born to the *Funeral Pile*.
 (11.) *Cassandra* had the *weeping Matrons* led,
 And fair (12.) *Polyxena* her tears had shed,
 And rent her Garments, for her *Father* dead.
 If he had dyed another time, ere yet
 (13.) *Paris* had rigg'd out his advent'rous Fleet.
 What did old Age avail him who saw all
 O'return'd ? By Fire and Sword saw *Asia* fall ?

POEMS

quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit Amici
Cum quo præterita cœnavit nocte, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit. Nam codice sævo
Hæredes vetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
Ad Phialen : tantum artificis valet halitus oris
Quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
Funera gnatorum, rogos adspicendus amatæ
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæq; sororibus urnæ.
Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore & nigra veste senescant.
Rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,
Exemplum vitæ suit a cornice secundæ.
Felix nimirum, qui tot per secula mortem
Distulit, atq; suos jam dextra computat annos
Quip; novum toties mustum bibit. Oro parumper
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
Fatorum,

——— & nimio de stamine, cum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem : cum quærit ab omni
Quisquis adest focus, cur hæc intempora duret,
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo ?
Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
Atq; alius, cui fas Ithacon lugere natantem.
Incolumi Troja Priamus venisset ad umbras
Assaraci magnis solemnibus, Hectore funus
Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
Iliadum lacrymas, ut primos edere planctus
Cassandra inciperet, scissaq; Polyxena palla :
Si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non
Cæperit audaces Paris edificare carinas.
Longa dies igitur quid contulit ? omnia vidit
Eversa, & flammis Asiam, ferroq; cadentem.

P O E M S

Th' *old Soldier* then his *Regal Crown* laid by,
 And his forgotten *Arms* again did try ;
 And shaking, to (14.) *Joves Altar* ran, ev'n so
 Th' old (15.) *Ox* despis'd by the ungrateful *Plow*,
 T' his *Masters Knife* his wretched neck does bow. }
 His was a *human death*, the *Wife* he left
 Behind him of *humanity* bereft,
 Was to a (14.) *Bitch* transform'd most *fierce* and *foul*,
 And with wide open *Jaws* did *bark* and *howl*.
 To come to *Romans* now, and to let go
 The (15.) *King of Pontus* and rich (16.) *Cræsus* too.
 Whom the *Oraculous Solon* did direct
 That he should on his *latter end* reflect.
 That Banish'd *Marius* to *Minturnæ*, fled,
 Hid in those *Fenns*, torn thence, to *Prison* led, }
 At length in *conquer'd Carthage* beg'd his *Bread*.
 Came from *long life* : For what more happy 'ere
 Did *Rome* or *Nature* on the *Earth* yet bear ?
 When him vast *Troops of Captives* did surround,
 And all the *Pomps of War* his *Triumph Crown'd* ?
 If at that time his *glorious Life* had ended
 When from the *Teuton's Chariot* he descended,
 On *Pompey* kind *Campania* bestows
 Feavers *were to be wisht ; but publick Vows*,
 And *Prayers* of many *Cities* did o'recome,
 And *Pompey's Fortune* joyn'd with that of *Rome*
 Sav'd him to (19.) lose his *Head*. Such *Butchery*
 Fate did to bloody (20.) *Lentulus* deny.
 Ev'n *Trayterous* (21.) *Cethegus* fell intire
 And (21.) *Catiline* with a whole *Carkass* did expire.
 (23.) The anxious *Mother* begs at *Venus Fane*
 That she may beauty for her *Boys* obtain
 In *gentle murmurs* : But her voice does *raise*
 When for the beauty of her *Girls* she prays ;
 This is her most delightful prayer : quoth she,
 Why do you blame whats piety in me ?
 (24.) *Diana's* beauty does *Latona* bless. }
 (25.) But such a face as (26.) *Lucrece* did possess
 You should not pray for, warn'd by her distress :
 Her shape and form, the fair (27.) *Virginia*
 Should wish to change with Hunch-back't (28.) *Rutila* :
 A handsome proper *Son* does always make
 His *anxious Parents* tremble for his sake.

P O E M S

*Tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara,
Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, ut vetulus bos
Qui Domini cultris tenuæ & miserabile collum
Præbet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.*

*Exitus ille utcunq; hominis : sed torva canino
Latravit ricta, quæ post hunc vixerat, Uxor.
Festino ad nostros, & Regem transeo Ponti,
Et Cræsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.
Exsilium & carcer Minturnarumq; paludes
Et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis,
Hinc causas habuere. Quid illo Cive tulisset
Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam,
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni
Bellorum pompa, animam exhalasset opimam,
Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?
Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas : Sed multæ Urbes & publica Vota
Vicerunt. Igitur fortuna ipsius, & Urbis
Servatum victo caput abstulit. Hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac pœna caruit, ceciditq; Cethegus
Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.
Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt anxia Mater
Usq; ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen inquit
Corripias?*

———*pulcra gaudet Latona Diana,
Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipsa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atq; suum Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii, miseros, trepidosq; Parentes
Semper habet.*

P O E M S

For Beauty rarely agrees with Modesty
 Tho' your *plain House* void of all *luxury*
 Infuses nought but *virtuous nanners*, there,
 And imitates what ancient (29.) *Sabines* were.
 Suppose kind *Nature* of her bounteous *Grace*
Chast inclinations in the *mind* does place,
 And *modest blood* oft rises in the face,
 (How could she better for a *Youth* provide ?
 No *care*, no *Guardian* can so *watch* or *guide*
 As *Nature*). Yet scarce can they Men remain ;
 The (30.) *Impudent Corrupter* dares with gain
 To tempt the *Parents*, by his lavish hand,
 And thinks that nothing can his bribes withstand :
 No *Tyrant Boys deform'd* e're *guelled* yet.
 No *Noble Youth* with *Bandy-leggs* was fit
 For *Nero's* lust, nor (31.) *Sporus* would he make
 Of one with *out-bow'd-breast*, or *Bunch in's back* :
 Go and rejoyce at your *Sons* beauty now ;
 Who yet must greater dangers undergo.
 A common lewd *Adult'rer* he'll become ;
 From injur'd *Husbands* rage fearing what doom
 They please to execute. Nor happier yet
 Than *Planet* (32.) *Mars* ; always to scape the *Net*.
 Their rage will yet more punishments impose,
 Than to their rage yet any *Law* allows.
 Some by the *Sword*, to *Death* th' *Adulterers* put
 With *bloody stripes*, their *tender Flesh* some *cut*,
 (33.) By some a *Mullets* ramm'd into the gut.
 But your (33.) *Endymion* your *lovely Youth*,
 By *beauteous Matrons* must be lov'd forsooth ;
 Yet when *deform'd* (35.) *Servilia* please to pay,
 Tho her he hates, he will her lust obey,
 Who'l give her *Cloths* and *Jewels* all away.
 For what he waists, at any rate she'll buy,
 And for this sport she nothing can deny.
 Even (36.) *Hippia*, or (37.) *Catulla*, or who e're,
 Or *stingy*, or *cross-humour'd* did appear,
 Shows all her *breeding* and *good nature* here.
 (38.) But to the *chast* what harm can beauty do ?
 (39.) Yes, what avail'd (40.) *Hyppolitus* his Vow ?
 And *chast* (41.) *Bellerophon's* resolution too ?
 When *Stenobæa's* desperate shame ; and spight
 For being despis'd her fury did excite,

P O E M S

Rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atq; pudicitia; sanctos licet horrida mores
Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas.
Præterea castum ingenium, Vultumq; modesto
Sanguine ferventem tribuat Natura benigna
Larga manu, (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
Custode & cura natura potentior omni?)
Non licet esse viros: Nam prodiga corruptoris
Improbitas ipsos audet tentare Parentes,
Tanta in muneribus fiducia. Nullus ephebum
Deformem sæva castravit in arce Tyrannus:
Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero loripedem, nec
Strumosum, atq; utero pariter, gibboq; tumentem,
I nunc & Juvenis specie lætare tui, quem
Majora expectant discrimina. Fiet Adulter
Publicus, & pœnas metuit, quascunq; mariti
Irati debent: nec erit felicior astro
Martis, ut in laqueo nunquam incidat.——

———*exigit autem*
Interdum ille dolor plus, quam lex ulla dolori
Concessit. Necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
Verberibus, quosdam mæchos & mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion dilectæ fiet Adulter
Matronæ: Mox cum dederit Servilia nummos
Fiet & illius, quam non amat: exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum. Quid enim ulla negaverit udīs
Inguinibus, sive est hæc Hippia, sive Catulla?
Deterior totos habet illic Fæmina mores.
Sed casto quid forma nocet, quid profuit olim
Hippolito grave propositum? quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu fastidita repulso.

P O E M S

Equal with *Phædra's*, they to rage most fell
 Provok'd themselves. *A Womans wrath does swell*
Beyond all rule and to the utmost height,
When e're confounding shame adds spurrs to hate.
 What would you do if you were in his case ?
 The (42.) *best and fairest of Patrician Race*
 Is destin'd by the *lust of Cæsar's Wife*
 To Marry her : to certain loss of Life.
 He is by (43.) *Messalina's* love ensnar'd.
 She with her *wedding Garment* sits prepar'd ;
 The *Bed* is publickly ith' *Gardens* made,
 And as of *ancient rite* the *Noble portion's* paid.
 The (44.) *Auspex* present, and the (45.) *Notaries* ;
 None but a *lawful Marriage* will suffice.
 (46.) D'ye think this secret trusted to a few ?
 Declare your *Judgment* now, What will you do ?
 If you refuse the sin, you dye that day,
 And gain but little time if you obey.
 Till the News blaz'd about the Streets of *Rome*
Happens at length to th' Emp'rors Ears to come ;
 For he last hears his *Families disgrace*.
 Obey her, if you hold a few days space
 Of Life so dear. What e're you shall think fit,
 You your (49.) fair *Neck* must to the *Sword* submit.
 Shall man then pray for nought ? If you advise
 With me ; To th' all disposing *Deities*
The care of us, and our affairs submit,
And for what's pleasant, they'l bestow what's fit.
To Heav'n man's dearer than t' himself we find,
We often by a strong impulse of mind,
Sway'd by blind lust, would be in Marriage joyn'd,
Then pray for Children : But the Gods foresee
What Children they, and what a Wife she'll be.
 Yet——
 That you may ask, and offer at some *Shrine*
 Or *Holy place*, your (48.) *Sausages Divine*,
 And the choice *entrails* of a pure *white Swine*.
 Pray for a *healthful body, a sound mind*
That's never to the fear of death inclined,
Which bravely can all toyl and pain surmount,
And Death 'mongst Natures benefits account.
Which knows no wrath, covets not any thing
Which can despise the soft (49.) *Assyrian King,*

P O E M S

*Nec Sthenobæa minus quam Cressa excanduit, & se
Concussere ambæ. Mulier sævissima tunc est,
Cum stimulos odio pudor admovet. Elige quidnam
Suadendum esse putes, cui nubere Cæsaris Uxor
Destinat. Optimus hic & formosissimus idem
Gentis Patriciæ rapitur miser extinguendus
Messalinæ oculis :*

—————*Dudum sedet illa parato*
*Flammeolo, Tyriusq; palam genialis in hortis
Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
Antiquo : Veniet cum signatoribus Auspex.
Hæc tu secreta & paucis commissa putabis ?
Non nisi legitime vult nubere : quid placeat, dic :
Ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas.
Sûscelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota Urbi & populo contingat Principis aures.
Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus : interea Tu
Obsequere imperio, si tanti vita dierum
Paucorum. Quidquid melius leviusq; putaris,
Præbenda est Gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
Nil ergo optabunt homines ? Si consilium vis,
Permites ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusq; sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæq; dabunt Dii.
Carior est illis homo quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu & cæca magna; cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumq; Uxoris : at illis
Notum qui Pueri, qualisq; futura sit Uxor.*

*Ut tamen & poscas aliquid, voveasq; facellis
Extæ, & candiduli Divina tomacula porci :
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem :
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ. Qui ferre que at quoscunq; labores,
Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil, & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat sævosq; labores,
Et venere & cænis & pluma Sardanapali.*

P O E M S

*And e're his love, feasts, luxury and ease,
Will the hard labours chuse, and griefs of Hercules.
I show you what you to your self may give,
Through Virtues path to quiet live w'arrive.
(50.) Fortune thou art no Goddess to the Wise,
Fools make thee so, and seat thee in the Skies.*

Finis Satyr 10.

P O E M S

*Monstro quod ipse Tibi possis dare. Semita certe
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Nullum Numen habes si sit Prudentia : Nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloq ; locamus.*

Finis Sat. 10.

Illustrations on the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal.

(1.) **T**HE *Spaniards* call it Cadiz, corruptly *Calis*, we call it *Cales*, an *Island* scituate at the South-side of *Spain*, without the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, where they feign'd *Hercules* to have set up two Pillars with his *Ne plus ultra*. This the *Ancients* thought to be the farthest part of the *Earth Eastward*.

(2.) The great River in the *East-Indies*, dividing them into two parts, *extra* and *intra* *Gangen* : The old *Scholiast* says, *Juvenal* means the whole *Earth* by *Synecdoche*

(3.) Here I differ from *Lubin*, and *Farnaby*, (as Mr. *Holyday* does) who interpret *dextro pede* with most prosperous *Auspices*. For tho' *Turnebus* says, *Lib. 29. cap. 35. Dextra cum erant, Numina favere credebantur, Lava contra*. Yet in *auspiciis quæ finistra sunt bene eventura putantur* among the *Romans* says *Alex. ab Alex. gen. dier. lib. 5. cap. 13.* in taking their *Auspicia*, the Thunder and Lightning was supposed to come from the right hand of the *God*, when it was on the left hand of the *Auspex*. *Lava auspicia* answer to *dextra Numina* ; and so *vice versa*, and so *intonuit Lavum Æneid 2*, is expounded by *Donatus*. So that *dextro pede* could not be meant in *Farnaby*, and *Lubins* sence. But the *Romans* thinking the Right Limbs were naturally more strong and worthy than the Left, superstitiously fancied, That that Progress was luckiest that begun with the right Foot. Some Jockies here among us superstitiously believe, That if the Horse step out of the Stable with his right foot he will win the Race, otherwise not.

(4.) I have Translated *faciles* literally, easy ; because I take it to be as good *English* as it is *Latin*.

(5.) *Milo* was a Man of *prodigious* strength as *Strabo* writes of him : But going through a Forreſt in *Italy*, seeing an Oak in part split, he endeavour'd to rend it farther, and it closed with a spring upon him, and held him till he became a prey to Wild Beasts.

(6.) Tho' *Juvenal* calls them *Brittish Whales*, and *Lubin* says, they are the greatest that are ; yet we scarce see one in an Age here, and then not the greatest.

(7.) *Caius Cassius Longinus* a very rich Lawyer, *Nero* commanded his Eyes to be put out, and afterwards order'd him to be kill'd ; upon pretence of having *Cassius* his Image who stab'd *Julius Cæsar* in his House : But the true reason was for his great wealth.

(8.) *Nero's Tutor*, an excellent *Moral Philosopher*, he had most magnificent Gardens, and was prodigiously Rich, as *Tacitus* says, *lib. 13.* That in the fourth year of *Nero* he was worth 100000 *Sestertia* ; which Mr. *Holyday* computes to be 781250 *l. sterling*, and he improved this Estate four years

P O E M S

after that. At the command of *Nero*, his Veins were cut, and he bled to death: He was accused by *Ruffus*, and *Tigellinus*, upon pretence that he was in *Piso's Conspiracy*.

(9.) *Plautius Lateranus* appointed *Consul*, whom *Nero* commanded to be kill'd, so suddenly, that he would not give leave that he should embrace his Children. *Turius* the *Tribune* dispatched him, *Tacit.* 15.

(10.) Poor People always lay in the Cock-lofts, into which they climbed with Ladders, *Juven. Satyr.* 3.

(11.) *Contus* signifies a *Quant* or *Sprett*, with which they shove Boats; it also signifies a stronger sort of Spear, and a Weapon wherewith they used to fight with wild Beasts: But I take it here to be a strong Staff with an Iron at the end of it; like that which Tinkers, Pedlers, and Foot-pads use: And therefore I have Translated it a *Quarter-staff*; and Foot-pads Rob most in the night.

(12.) *Vows* or *Prayers*, which when they were asham'd of, they did, *susurrare*, mumble them in secret; but otherwise they spoke 'em loud, as *Persius* says, *aperto vivere voto*.

(13.) The *Senators* and great wealthy men were wont to put their Money in *Iron Chests*, and place them in the *forum* for fear of Fire. First in *Mars* his *Temple* in the *Forum* of *Augustus*, till that was Rob'd, which the *Poet* mentions *Sat.* 14. after that in the *Temple* of *Castor* and *Pollux*, which was in the *Forum Romanum*; after that in *Trajans Forum*, and as the old *Scholiast* says, the place was call'd *Opes*.

(14.) Because the Poor drink in them, whom none hate, envy, or would supplant.

(15.) The *Romans* used to drink in Golden Cups adorn'd with Precious Stones. *Vid. Sat.* 5. from the 37th. Line to the 46th.

(16.) Excellent Wine named from *Setia* a Town or City in *Campania*.

(17.) The *Commentators* doubting about this place say, That *Ardebit* may signify that Wine looks of a flame colour in Gold Cups; or that it may be applied to the burning poyson in the Cup: I am bold to apply it to the Wine, and translate it Sparkle.

(18.) *Democritus* of *Abdera* a City in *Thrace*, an *Anatomical Philosopher*, who, whenever he stir'd out, laugh'd continually at the vanities and follies of mankind, therefore surnamed *Gelasinus* the Laugher. Some People sent *Hippocrates* to him, taking him to be mad; but *Hippocrates* thought him otherwise.

(19.) *Heraclitus* a *Philosopher* of *Ephesus*, who always wept at the follies, villanies and miseries of mankind, he liv'd in the time of the last *Darius*; he was surnamed *σκολεινός* for his obscure stile.

(20.) A White Mantle border'd with Purple, worn by *Consuls*, *Dictators*, *Prætors*, and great men who had born great Offices; and by the Sons of *Noblemen*, till they put on the *manly Gown*.

P O E M S

(21.) A *Robe* or *Mantle* of which there were three sorts, one all Purple for the *Gods*, another streak'd with beams of White and Purple for *Kings*; and a Third of Purple and Scarlet, worn by the *Augur* when he took his Augury. See *Alex. ab Alex. gen. Dier. lib. 5. cap. 18.*

(22.) *Horse-litters* which were very lofty, and magnificently rich, in which they might sit or lye, carried by their Slaves. See *Sat. 3.*

(23.) The bundle of *Rods* carried before *Dictators*, *Consuls*, and the *Prætor Urbanus*, with an *Ax* bound to it, not in it.

(24.) The place at the end of the *Judgment Hall* raised and rounded, where stood the *Sella Curulis*, or *Judgment-seat*, on which the *Prætor* sate.

(25.) The place where the *Romans* saw Chariot-races and other Games.

(26.) Here the *Poet* makes the *Prætor* and *Consul* to be the same; and anciently the same man was call'd by both names, *Prætor a Præcundo*, and *Consul a Consulendo Senatum*: But this was before the *Prætor Urbanus*, somewhat like our Lord Mayor was made, as *Lubin* notes from *Pedianus*.

(27.) They were wont to stand in their *Triumphal Chariots*, *Sat. 8. lib. 3. Stantes in Curribus Æmilianos.*

(28.) These *Triumphal Robes* were brought out of the *Temple of Jupiter*, and given to him who was to *Triumph*: See *Alex. ab Alex. Gen. Dierum, Lib. 5. cap. 18.* The *Toga* and the *Tunica* are here different most certainly, tho' some would have it otherwise.

(29.) *Publick Servants* were the Servants of the *Magistrates*, as they were *Magistrates*, and were bought in the name of the *Commonwealth*, and employ'd in publick works. This is to distinguish him from his own proper Slave.

* This Servant rode behind the *Triumph* in the same Chariot, and put him in mind of Instruments of punishment affix'd to the Chariot, and cryed out to him, *Respice post te memento te esse hominem*, Look behind you, remember you are a Man, and bid him mind the Whip and the Bell. *Lubin* and *Farnaby*.

(30.) He that *Triumph'd* bore an *Ivory Scepter*, with an *Eagle* seeming to rise and fly from it.

(31.) *Clients* were Retainers or Followers of Great men.

(32.) The Colour of the *Mantle* or *Sleeveless Gown* for the better sort was *White*, and this they wore (as *Pancirollus* says) *Lib. 1. Tit. 43.* at all publick Shows.

(33.) They march'd on each side of his *Chariot*.

(34.) *Sportula* was the Supper or entertainment which the *Rex*, or *Patron* gave his *Clients*, which at first was a Supper, but afterwards was turn'd into Money: As here it is meant, *Defossa in Loculis quos Sportula fecit Amicos*. When they entertain'd them liberally at Supper, it was call'd *Cæna recta*: but the more *proud* and *sordid* great men gave them out Baskets of Meat, and Money at their doors. See *Sat. 1. line 95.* where *Juvenal* lashes the baseness of a *proud luxurious* fellow, who would have

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Seven Dishes to himself alone, and keep out his Clients. 'Tis hard to imagine that free Citizens of good Condition, should be so slavish to follow the *Sportula*, as you may see, *Sat.* 1. after line 95.

(34.) *Verecū in patria Crassoq; sub Aere nasci.* The Countrey of *Weathers*, *sheepish*, *doltish* fellows which I translate *Sheeps-heads*. *Crasso sub Aere*, like that in *Baotia*, good rich Pasture, but thick moist Air. We observe here that the driest Climate, and thinnest Air, produces the quickest Wits, *Hor. in Epist. Baotum crasso jurares in Aere natum.*

(35.) The *Ancients* were wont when they *made* their *Vows* to the *Gods*, to write them, some in Papers, and some in Waxen Tables, and with Wax, to fix them to the Knees of the Gods: As says *Farnaby*, the old Scholiast, *Lubin* and *Turnebus*, *lib. adv. 1. cap. 21.*

(36.) The *Scholiast* interprets this otherwise than *Lubin*, and in my Opinion more truly to be a Brass Plate fix'd under their Images, containing every degree of their Titles and Honours.

(37.) When any great Man was condemn'd of a *capital crime*, his *Statue* was pull'd down, drag'd about the *Streets*, and flung down the *Gemonies*, *Tacit. lib. 3. Annal.* See *Satyr.* 8. line 18. and *Lubin* upon it.

(38.) Their *Statues* were Erected in their *Chariots*. See *Sat.* 8. *Stantes in Curribus Æmilianos.*

(39.) Here the *Poet* represents the *people* speaking to one another (not to the *Emperor* as *Lubin* would have it) to Crown their Houses with *Bays* and *Laurel*, as the Custom was in any *general Joy*: And this was to congratulate the *Emperors Happiness* in being deliver'd from his dangerous *Enemy Sejanus*, his chief *Minister*, and but a while before his greatest *Favourite*, whose *extravagant Ambition* had made him design the destruction of the *Emperor*; and *Usurpation*.

(40.) They used to Sacrifice a white Bull to Jupiter, which Colour was, as they thought, acceptable to him. To the *Cælestial Gods* they offer'd *White sacrifices*, to the *Infernal*, *Black*, says *Brittanicus*.

(41.) Before he speaks of his statue being dragg'd about; now of his Body, which was, like other great Malefactors bodies, drawn by a Hook in his Throat, and thrown down the *Scala Gemonia*, which were on the *Aventine* near the *Temple of Juno*, *Alex. ab Alex. Gen. dier. lib. 3. cap. 5.*

(42.) One of the Citizens speaks, beholding the *Carkass*.

(43.) Another Citizen speaks.

(44.) A third answers.

(45.) The subtle Letter which *Tyberius* sent to the *Senate*, which caused the immediate destruction of *Sejanus*, who was kill'd by the Soldiers, drawn thither for that purpose.

(46.) A Rocky Island not far from *Surrentum* a City in *Campania*.

(47.) Another Citizen speaks; these were not the Rabble, but as good as our Common Council men that were.

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(48.) Here the *Poet* speaks in his own *person*, for twelve lines together, of all the Crowd.

(49.) *Sejanus* was a *Tuscan*, and *Nurscia* was the *Protectress* of the Country; by some thought to be *Fortune*.

(50.) Since the *Emperors* had depriv'd them of their *right* of chusing their *Officers* by *Votes*.

(51.) *Tessara Frumentaria*, it is thought were here intended, which were Tokens brought to the *Overseer*, *Praefectus dividendi frumenti*, for the dividing the *Corn*, by which the poorer sort claim'd an allowance of *Corn* Monthly; but *Lubin* says it is to be understood thus, That now the *people* grown supine, or slothful and base, car'd For nothing but *food* for necessity, and *Games* or *Races* in the *Circus*.

(52) Here the *Citizens* speak again.

(53.) Here the *Commentators* keep a great stir about the expression *Magna est fornacula*: But it seems most naturally to be meant of the *Emperor's Breast*, which tho' little, has great rage or heat in it.

(54.) *Lubin* applies *Victus ne pœnas exigit Ajax*, to the *Emperor*: viz. That his Cause being ill defended by the *Senate*, he would run mad, and kill Man and Beast like *Ajax*; but he says many apply it to *Brutidius*, and it seems to me that those many are in the right.

(55.) *Tiberius* had given power to *slaves* to swear against their *Masters*, contrary to the *Roman Law*. These were the better and middle sort of *Citizens*.

(56.) The private Retiring Rooms, where *Tyberius* practised his foul *lusts* and villanous *debaucheries*.

(57.) The *Prætorian Camp* were the Guards to the *Emperors* person, which *Sejanus* Commanded, which were incamped about the East side of *Rome*; and when the *Emperor* was in the field, they were always about his Pavilion.

(58.) *Ædiles* were the lowest of *Magistrates*, who overlook'd *Weights* and *Measures*.

(59.) *Julius Cæsar*, who by his *perpetual Dictatorship* brought the *Roman Citizens* under his lash.

(60.) The word *Reges* and *Tyranni* were become odious to the *Romans* ever since the time of the *Tarquins*: And *Juvenal* here declares himself a *Republican*.

(61.) There was a five days *Festival* kept in *Rome* in honour to *Minerva*, the Goddess of *Wit* and *Learning*, which according to the *Roman Calender* began on the 19th. of *March*, and ended the 23d. and this was call'd the *Quinquatria*.

(62.) *Cicero's* Head and Hands were cut off, and fix'd to the *Rostra* by the command of *Antonius*: And *Demosthenes* the famous *Athenian Orator*, *Plato's Scholar*, when *Antipater* succeeded *Alexander*, to prevent being

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apprehended by *Archias* (who was sent after him when he fled) took Poyson which he had in a Pen. See *Plutarch*.

(63.) The *Rostra* signifies the *place*, or the *Pulpit* from which they spoke *Orations* to the *people*, call'd *Rostra* first from the *stems* or *beaks* of Ships of the *Antiates*, where with the *Pulpit* was adorn'd.

(64.) O *fortunatam Natam me Consule Romam*, a very mean Verse, made by *Cicero*, notwithstanding *Scaligers* vindication of it. I found it impossible to be translated ; but I have written with the same fault, as *Consul Consult*.

(65.) A most incomparable Invective *Oration* of *Cicero's* against *Anthony*, which he remember'd, and paid him home for't.

(66.) The *Theatre* at *Athens* was the place where the *people* were wont to hear *Orations* concerning weighty matters of the *Commonwealth*, as *Diodorus Siculus*, *Plutarch*, and *Isocrates* testify, and is to be found in the *Acts* of the *Apostles*, chap. 19. verse 29. The people rush'd, εἰς τὸ θέατρον.

(67.) *Demosthenes* his *Father* was a *Sword-cutler*.

(68.) The *Conquerors* used to put the following spoys upon the stumps of *Trees*, which were call'd *Trophies* ; and this was done where they put the *Enemies* to flight in memory of the *Victory*.

(69.) Upon the gaining of some *City* or *Country* to the *Commonwealth*, they used to erect a *Triumphal Arch* of *Marble*, with *Inscriptions* in *Brass*, expressing the *Conqueror* and the *sad Captive*.

(70.) By *Barbarous Emperor* is meant the *Persian*.

(71.) The *Wild fig-tree* will grow through *Stone-walls*.

(72.) The famous *Carthaginian Captain*, who Warr'd Sixteen years with the *Romans*.

(73.) To the exceeding heats in the *Country* about *Nilus* in *Ægypt*.

(74.) A Great *Region* on the South part of *Egypt*, now called the *Abys-sines*, or *Prester John's Country*.

(75.) The *Mountains* that part *Spain* from *France*.

(76.) The high *Mountains* that part *France* from *Italy* and *Germany*. As *Livy* writes, by making vast fires upon the *Rocks*, and pouring a huge quantity of *Vinegar* upon them, he broke them, and made them crumble. But this is surely thought fabulous by *Polybius*, who omits it as is supposed for that reason.

(77.) An *Elephant* from the *Getuli*, a people of *Africk* ; or as *Lubin* says, from *Getulia*.

(78.) When he was Conquered by *Scipio Africanus* in *Africk*, he was Condemn'd to Banishment. He fled to *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, suspecting him, he left him, and came to *Prusias* King of *Bythinia*, &c. Of him the *Romans* demanded *Hannibal* to be sent to them. *Lubin* renders *Prætoria Regis*, the *King's Judgment-Seat*, tho' it may be the *King's Pavilion*.

(79.) The Great slaughter which *Hannibal* made of the *Romans* at *Cannæ*, where so many of the *Equestrian Order* fell, that several Measures

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were fill'd with the *Rings* taken from their *Fingers*, which he sent to *Carthage*. To avoid being delivered to the *Romans* by the *King of Bythinia*, he took *Poyson* which he had kept in a *Ring*.

(80.) *Alexander* the Great, born at *Pella* a City in *Macedonia*, call'd by *Juvenal* here *Pellæus Juvenis*, who as *Plutarch* writes, hearing *Anaxagoras* discourse of infinite Worlds, wept, and being ask'd by his Friends the Reason of his weeping, *Have I not reason*, says he, *since there are Infinite Worlds, and I have with so much toyl and pain scarce conquer'd one?*

(81.) *Gyara* was a barren, little *Rockey-Island* in the *Ægean Sea*, one of the *Cyclades*, whither the *Romans* used to Banish people, see *Satyr 1. Aude aliquod brevibus Gyaris.*

(82.) *Seryphus* one of the *Cyclades*, or *Sporades* too.

(83.) Here at *Babylon* *Cassander* *Poyson'd* him.

(84.) *Athos* a *Promontory* of *Macedonia*, said to be cut off from the Continent by *Xerxes*; and that then he Sail'd with all his Fleet about it.

(85.) The Sea betwixt *Sestos* and *Abydos*, which he joyn'd by a Bridg as *Justin* says, *lib. 2.* It was of little Ships, or great Boats.

(86.) The *Persian Emperor*.

(87.) A *Greek Poet* who writ of this Expedition into *Greece*, who *Juvenal* thinks wrote when he was almost drunk, he wrote so extravagantly.

(88.) An Island belonging to *Attica*, near which *Themistocles* in a Sea-fight gave him a total defeat.

(89.) For breaking his *Bridg* of *Ships*, or *great Boats* as he did.

(90.) *Corus* is a *Westerly Wind*, and *Eurus* *Easterly*.

(91.) The *God* of the *Winds*, who is said to keep the *Winds* in *Caves* or *Prisons*, and at his pleasure to let them loose. See *Neptunes* Speech to him in the *Æneids*.

(92.) *Neptune* the *God* of the *Sea*, who was feign'd to cause *Earthquakes* with a blow of his *Trident*, whom *Xerxes* was said to Fetter when he made his *Bridg*.

(93.) When *Slaves* ran away, and were taken again, they *Branded* them on the *forehead*.

(94.) A great *Wood* upon the Coast of *Africk*, full of *Monkies* and *Baboons*.

(95.) Wife to *Veiento* a *Senator*, who ran away from her Husband with *Sergius*, a *Gladiator*, to *Egypt*, *Sat. 6. v. 83.*

(96.) *Themison* was a great *Physician* commended by *Pliny* and *Celsus*.

(97.) Those of the *Provinces* which were Conquered, and had the Priviledges of *Romans*, were call'd *Socii*, or *Associates*.

(98.) A *Præfect* or *Governor* of *Provinces*.

(99.) *Irus* a notorious cheating *Guardian*; by *Lubin* he is call'd *Irus*, by *Schrevelius* his Edition, with the *Notæ variorum*, he is call'd *Hircus*.

(100.) A *Lewd Common Whore*, *Sat. 6. v. 307.*

(1.) A filthy *Sodomitical Schoolmaster*.

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(2.) *Licinius*, or as some will have it, *Cinnamus*, who in *Juvenal's* youth was his *Barber*, now a rich *Senator*, as the *Scholiast* and *Lubin* say. The *Poet* here repeats the same Verse of him which he wrote of him in the first *Satyr*, Vers. 25.

(3.) An Infamous *Common Strumpet*, who had been long in a *Baudy-house* before he had her; she stood at the door to inveigle Passengers. No doubt the *Poet* had some one in his Eye who had done this.

(4.) The *Romans* lay'd the Bodies of the Dead upon a *Funeral Pile*, burn'd them, and put the Ashes into an *Urn* with the Bones. These *Urns* were Vessels of *Earth* or *Brass*, holding four Gallons and a half a piece; and so they placed the better sort in *stately Vaults* belonging to their Families. *Pancirollus* tells us, *Lib. 1. Tit. 62.* To preserve the Ashes from mixing with other Ashes, they wrapt the Body in a Sheet made of a sort of Flax called *Asbestinum* and *Asbeston*, mentioned by *Pliny, lib. 29. cap. 1.* which would not burn, and fire did but cleanse it, which is now to be seen.

(5.) *Nestor King of Pylos*, who liv'd almost 300 years. The Crow they believed to live 900.

(6.) The Ancient *Greeks* reckon'd their Figures to a Hundred upon the Left hand, and to a Thousand upon the Right; so when he had lived past a 100, he reckon'd his Age upon his Right hand.

(7.) The Father of *Achilles* was so unhappy to live till old age, to bewail the death of his Son, treacherously slain by Darts by *Paris* and *Deiphobus* in *Apollo's Temple*, when he thought to have Married *Polixena*.

(8.) *Ulysses*, for whom his old Father *Laertes* mourn'd while he wandred for Ten years at Sea, after the Siege of *Troy*, ere he could get home again. He was call'd *Ithacus* from *Ithaca* an Island in the *Ionian Sea*, of which he was Lord. The *Poet* insinuates that these two old men had been happier if they had died before these Misfortunes of their Sons.

(9.) *Priam* the last *King of Troy*, slain by *Pyrrhus* at the destruction of *Troy*, after he had reigned Fifty two years.

(10.) *Priam's*, Son *Priam*, had 49 Sons more and 12 Daughters.

(11.) *Priam's* Daughter a *Prophetess*.

(12.) *Polixena* another Daughter very fair, whom *Achilles* desired in Marriage, &c. And after the destruction of *Troy*, in revenge for *Achilles* his death, was kill'd by his Son *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus* upon his Fathers Tomb.

(13.) Another Son of *Priam's*, who set out a Fleet to steal *Helena* the Wife of *Menelaus*, which was the occasion of the destruction of *Troy* after ten years siege.

(14.) Where he was slain by *Pyrrhus*.

(15.) The old useless Ox, for there was a Law both among the *Romans* and the *Græcians*, *De non maculando bove aratore*, not to kill a Plowing Ox, despised by the ungrateful Plow, is a very bold *Catechresis*, but 'tis my *Authors*. *Ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.*

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(14.) *Hecuba* Wife to *Priam*, who for her perpetual reproaching the *Greeks*, and lamenting the fate of her Husband, Children, and the *Trojans*, was feign'd to be turn'd into a Bitch.

(15.) *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, aged sixty nine years, had Reign'd fifty seven, Warr'd against the *Romans* forty; being at last wholly overthrown, when he could not dye by Poyson, having in his life time, as 'tis said, constantly taken Antidotes against it, made one of his Soldiers kill him. See *Florus*, lib. 3. cap. 5.

(16.) King of *Lydia*, the richest Man then living, shewing his Treasure to *Solon*, one of the Seven wise Men of *Greece*, and *Law-giver* to the *Athenians*, ask'd him if he had known any Man happier than himself? To whom *Solon* replied, he had known several; and instanc'd in them, telling him he must look to the end; for no Man could be judged happy till they had seen all his life—and *Ovid* says,—*Diciq; beatus*

Nemo ante obitum supremaq; funera Debet.

(17.) *Marius* surnamed *Cajus*, born of a very obscure Family; see *Sat.* 8. v. 245. by his Valour raised himself: He was six times *Consul* before *Sylla* forc'd him to fly, when he was put to miserable shifts to save his life. *Minturvæ's* Fenns are in *Latium*, now call'd *Campania di Roma*, where he was catch'd and Imprison'd; one was sent to Execute him, but he was astonish'd at the majestic presence of him, and could not do it; from thence he escaped, fled to *Carthage*, and beg'd in the Ruines of that City: afterwards he was recall'd by *Cinna*, and a seventh time made *Consul*. See *Plutarch*.

(18.) The *Chariot* in which he was carried when he Triumph'd over the *Cimbri*, a people of *Denmark* and *Holstein*; and the *Teutones*, a people of *Germany* call'd *Tuesch*, or *Ofsterlings*.

(19.) After his overthrow at *Pharsalia*, he fled to *Egypt*, where, by the Treachery of *Ptolomy*, his Head was cut off.

(20.) One of the Conspiracy with *Cataline*, who was strangled in Prison.

(21.) Another of the Conspirators, who died the same Death.

(22.) The chief Conspirator, who died fighting with his Enemies. See *Salust*.

(23.) Here my Author passes to Beauty.

In the Temple of Venus the Goddess of Beauty.

(24.) The Goddess of Hunting, Daughter to *Latona* and *Jupiter*.

(25.) Here the Poet Answers the Question supposed to be ask'd by the Mother, *Why do you blame me?*

(26.) *Lucretia* the Wife of *Collatinus*, for her Beauty Ravish'd by *Tarquin*, upon which she killed her self.

(27.) The Daughter of a Captain, *Virginus*, whom *Appius*, one of the

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Decemviri, caused his *Pimp Clodius* to claim as his *Bondwoman*, that he might the more easily corrupt her ; at which her Father slew her : See *Florus*, *lib. 1. cap. 14.* The Rape of *Lucrece* was the occasion of the Expulsion of their *Kings*, and *Kingly Authority* ; and the fate of *Virginia*, was the occasion of the abolishing the Government of the *Decemviri*, with the death of *Appius* and *Clodius*.

(28.) An ugly crooked Woman, who lived till she was 97 years old : *Pliny*, *lib. 7.* takes notice of her.

(29.) A People of *Italy*, near *Rome*, famous for the *Chastity* of their Women, and their *Piety* and *Religion* to the *Gods* : A People who lived *plainly, homelily, and virtuously*.

(30.) This Corrupter, is either he that would make a *Pathick* of the handsom Boy, or Gueld him, and in both Cases they may be said not to remain men.

(31.) *Sporus* was a youth whom *Nero* endeavour'd to turn into a Woman by Guelding, &c. and Incision.

(32.) Whom *Vulcan* caught in a Net while he was lying with *Venus*, feign'd to be a Planet.

(33.) It was an Ancient punishment of *Adulterers* among the *Romans*, to take the *Mugilis*, which we Translate a *Mullet*, but it must be unlike ours, a very prickly Fish, which they ramm'd up the Fundament. The *Athenians* punish'd them in like manner with a *Raddish-Root*.

(34.) A Nick name, Ironically given to this Mothers nown Son, from *Endymion*, beloved by the *Moon*, as the *Poets* feign.

(35.) *Lubin* calls this *Servilia*, Mother to *M. Brutus* ; if it were she, he must mean deform'd by Age, for she was *Concubine* to *Julius Cæsar* : nor could she be living now.

(36.) A Noble, Rich, and Prodigal Woman.

(37.) A Rich and Covetous Woman.

(38.) A Question put by the Mother.

(39.) The *Poet* Answers.

(40.) *Hyppolitus* the Son of *Theseus King of Athens*, whom his Mother in Law *Phædra* fell in Love with, and when he refused her, enraged thereat, she accused him to her Husband of attempting to Ravish her. He fled from his Fathers rage, the *Horses* in the Chariot being frightened by two *Sea Monsters*, ran away up to the *Hills*, and he and his Chariot were torn in Pieces. He had made a Vow of *Chastity*, and follow'd *Hunting*, wherefore *Diana* requested *Æsculapius*, as they feign, to restore him to life, which was done, and he went afterwards into *Italy*, where he was call'd, *Virbius quia bis Vir*.

(41.) The Son of *Glaucus King of Ephyra*, whom *Sthenobea* Wife to *Prætus King of the Argives* was so taken with, that She courted him to lye with her, which he refusing, she accused him to her Husband of attempting

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her, which cost *Bellerophon* abundance of troubles and dangers, and hardly could he scape with life at last.

(42.) *Cajus Silius* who was appointed to be *Consul*.

(43.) The Wife of *Claudius* the *Emperor*, mention'd *Sat. 6.* who when *Claudius* went but to *Ostia*, would needs Marry this *Cajus Silius* publickly, with all the Ceremonies used at publick Marriages.

(44.) The *Auspex* was always present at the Marriage, and *sacrificed*, &c.

(45.) The *Notaries* were by to see the Writings sign'd and seal'd.

(46.) This is spoken to *Silius*.

(47.) Here he intimates that his Beauty was the cause of his death ; he was afterwards Crucified by *Claudius* his Command, before *Messalina's* Eyes.

The old Scholiast makes *Claudius* to be by, and sign the Marriage Writings, dissembling his consent.

(48.) *Tomacula* were pieces of *Liver* and *Pork* inclosed in the Guts of the Hog, and like what we call *Sausages*.

Swine were the most Ancient *Sacrifices*, as *Varro* says.

(49.) *Sardanapalus*, the last King of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, so excessively *Effeminate* and *Luxurious*, that his *Captains* conspired against him to kill him : But he made a *Pile* of all his precious things, and burn'd himself in his *Palace*.

(50.) The labours of *Hercules* are so commonly spoken of, they need not be told here.

(51.) I here follow the *Lovre Print*, and another Edition, in little, which I have seen.

*Nullum numen habes, si sit Prudentia nos te
Nos facimus fortuna deam cœlog ; locamus.*

which seems to express the *Author's* meaning better than the common reading :

*Nallum numen abest si sit Prudentia sed te
Nos facimus fortuna deam cœlog ; locamus.*
*No Deity is wanting to the Wise ;
We Fools make Fortune so, and place her in the Skies.*

I have follow'd the former, because I think he does not mean that the Gods are always on the Wise-mens side, who are often unsuccessful ; or that wise men needed no Gods, who had bidden 'em leave all to the Gods before ; but that they had no need of the assistance of Fortune for a quiet life, and Fortune is no Deity to the wife, but to Fools.

*Fortune thou art no Goddess to the Wise.
Fools make thee so, and place thee in the Skies.*

F I N I S.

A
Congratulatory Poem
On His HIGHNESS the
PRINCE
OF
ORANGE
His Coming into
ENGLAND.

Written by
T.S. A True Lover of his Countrey.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Sign* of the *Crown*
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

MDCLXXXIX.

O UR *Glorious Realm*, o'er all the Earth *renown'd*,
Once with the *noblest Government* was *crown'd* ;
By which all Foreign *Tyrannies* were aw'd,
Easy we were at *home*, and *Terrible* abroad.

All our wise *Laws of Empire* were design'd,
Not for the *Lust* of one, but good of *all Mankind* ;
The great *Prerogative* was understood
A vast *unbounded Pow'r* of doing Good :
From doing Ill, by *Laws* it was confin'd,
If *Sanctions, Pacts* or *Oaths* cou'd *Princes* bind.
By *Ancient Usages* and *Laws* they sway'd,
Which both were by the choice of *Subjects* made.
Old *Customs* grew to *Laws* by *long Consent*,
And to each *Written Law* of *Parliament* ;
Freedom in *Boroughs*, and in Land *Freehold*,
Gave all, who had them, *Voices*, uncontroll'd :
But few *new Rights* were by *new Laws* obtain'd,
Only some *ravish'd liberties* regain'd.

Who had no *Voices*, yet alike were *bound*
By the *Protection*, which from *Laws* they found ;
For every one in those had *equal Right*,
And no *great Man* could *injure*, or *affright* ;
Where *Subjects* in the *Laws* can claim no share,
'Twixt them and *Cattel* no *Distinctions* are.

This was the *Constitution* of our *State*,
And true *Religion* flourish'd in its height :
From lying *Legends*, false *Traditions* free,
From *Monkish Ignornace*, *Schoolmens Frippery*,
From *Idols*, and from *Papal Tyranny*.

Their *Building* made of *Stubble*, and of *Hay*,
Was by our *wise Reformers* swept away.

Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union
Under the Great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
Hers and the Peoples Int'rests were thought one.
She, and the *Realm*, with mutual *Kindness* strove,
Great its *Obedience*, and as great her *Love* ;
Long might such *Happiness* have been enjoy'd,
Had it not been b' *Ambitious Priests* destroy'd.
Those *haughty Priests* cou'd not contented be
With what remain'd from *Popish Dignity*,

}

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But wou'd their *Hierarchy* have greater made,
 With *cast off Rights* the *Laity* th' invade,
 And call in *Jus Divinum* to their Aid.
 With that *invisible Commission* arm'd
 Our *Kings*, with *Sov'raign* and *Inherent* charm'd,
 With *Sacred Person*, *Power without a Bound*,
Prerogative unlimited, no ground
 Whereof is in our *Constitution* found.
 Thus they, by *Ecclesiastick Flattery*,
 Turn'd *Kings* to *Tyrants*, and to *Slaves* the free :
 These *furious Fools* yet *Wise Divines* condemn'd,
 And their *rash Doctrines* privately condemn'd :
 None dare in *publick* say they were unsound,
 But *Fines*, and *Pillories*, and *Brands* were found.
 For now *Commissioned* from above the Sky,
Kings soon were deem'd for *Laws* and *Oaths* too high ;
 Hotly 'twas taught, they were *not bound* by *Oaths*,
 Because no *Pow'r* above them to *impose*.
 'Twas now no *Kingly Office*, nor a *Trust*,
 No *Laws* to Rule by but their *Sov'raign Lust* ;
 And all the *Land* for their *Estate* they own'd,
 The *Subjects* were their *Stock upon the Ground*.
 At length, to rivet on the *Chains* we wore,
 Leud *Knaves* in *Quoifs* yield the *Dispensing pow'r*
 Which never *Tyrant* here had claim'd before.
 The *Scandals* of the *Bar* must now be found
 To give the *Government* this mortal Wound ;
 Which at one Blow took all its Strength away
 And down in pieces dash'd, the *noble Structure* lay.
Ruin and *Rubbish* cover'd all the Ground,
 And no *remains* were of the buildings found.
Monsters of *Roman* and *Hybernian* Race,
 With *Phangs* and *Claws* infect the *wasted Place* :
 With one of *Brittish kind*, who *swallow'd* more
 Than any other *Bloody Beast* of *Pow'r* ;
 Fiercely he *goggled*, his *Jaws* open'd *wide*,
 Louder he *roar'd* than all the *Beasts* beside.
 Some like *Jaccals*, before him *prey'd* for *Blood*,
 And to his *rav'nous Maw* brought all they cou'd :
 Against the *Rapine* of these *Beasts* of *Prey*,
 First *London's Noble Prelate* stood at Bay ;
 One fit t' attone for all the *Clergies* Blots,
 For three vile *English Bishops*, and twelve *Scots*.

P O E M S

Then valiant *Fairfax*, and brave *Hough* made head,
But by these *Monsters* were discomfited ;
And now the trembling *Church* began to reel,
And the effects of *Non-resistance* feel ;
Where *Jus Divinum* was not on their side,
They strove to stop the fierce impetuous Tyde.
Seven suffering *Heroes* gave it such a Shock,
It seem'd to dash its Surges on a Rock ;
But *Show'rs* of *Locusts* came with thickest Fogs,
From *Tyber's Marshes*, and from *Shanon's Bogs* :
Vast Clouds of *Vermin* hasten to their Aid,
And intercepting Light, thick Darkness made ;
All clouded was our sullen *Hemisphere*,
But *Loe !* the *Glorious Orange* does appear !
And by his *universal Influence*,
Does to our drooping *Land* new *Life* dispense ;
His Heat *ferments* that Lump was dead before,
Which now in every part *exerts its Pow'r* ;
To purge it self, that it may clean become,
The *Fermentation* soon throws off the *Scum*.
And ev'ry part does tow'rd *Perfection* move,
Tow'rd *Strength* and *Soundness*, *Harmony* and *Love*.
When Earth oppress'd, with Darkness overspread,
From filthy *boggy Exhalations* bred ;
The *Sun* with *noiseless Marches* of his Light,
Discusses *Vapours*, and dispels the Night :
With equal silence in his *glorious Race*,
Our noysome Fogs does the *brave Orange* chase ;
Does all the *Pow'rs* of *Darkness* put to flight,
And the *Infernal Ministers* of *Night* ;
The guilty *Spirits* shun th' approach of light.

When *undistinguish'd* in the *mighty Mass*,
And in *Stagnation* *Universal Matter* was,
Huddled in heaps the *diff'ring attoms* lay
Quiet, and had no *Laws* of *Motion* to obey :
Th' *Eternal Mover* threw the *ferment* in,
The *solid Attoms* did their Course begin :
The *quickning Mass* moves now in ev'ry part,
And does its *Plastick Faculties* exert.
The *jarring Attomes* move into a peace,
And all *Confusion* and *Disorders* cease :
The *ugly undigested Lump* became
The *perfect, glorious, and well order'd Frame*.

P O E M S

Let there be Light, th' *Almighty Fiat* run ;
No sooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done.
Inspir'd by *Heav'n*, thus the *great Orange* said,
Let there be *Liberty*, and was obey'd.
Vast Wonders *Heav'n's* great *Minister* has brought,
From our *dark Chaos*, *Beauteous Order* brought :
H' *Invaded* us with *Force* to make us *free*,
And in *another's Realm* could *meet no Enemy*.
Hail *Great Assertor* of the *Greatest Cause*,
Man's Liberty, and the *Almighty's Laws* :
Heav'n greater *Wonders* has for *Thee* design'd,
Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of *Mankind* !

FINIS.

A
Congratulatory Poem

To the Most ILLUSTRIOUS

QUEEN
MARY

Upon Her

ARRIVAL
IN
ENGLAND.

BY

THO. SHADWELL.

L O N D O N :

Printed for James Knapton, at the Sign of the Crown
in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCLXXXIX.

To the *Queens Most Excellent Majesty.*

MADAM,

IMmur'd with Rocks of Ice, no Wretches left
Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
Under the Influence of the rugged *Bear*,
Where but one Day and Night in all the Year,
With ne'er so much transporting *Joy* could meet
The dawning Day, as Your Approach we greet.
Your *Beams* reviv'd us from the *Belgian Shore*,
Which now our long-lov'd *Princess* does restore :
What could make us so rich ? Or them so poor ?
The *World* nought equal to our *Joy* can find,
But the despairing *Grief* you left behind.
We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
Than by our *Aid* they ever got before,
When the Great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame,
That each of them *immortaliz'd* his Name.
Not *Alva's Rage* would have *distress'd* them so,
As, Madam, we have done, recalling You.
Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,
Is home to us with mighty Interest sent :
For we, with Her, have won the *Great Nassau*,
Whose Sword shall keep the *Papal World* in awe.
She comes, She comes, the *Fair*, the *Good*, the *Wise*,
With loudest *Acclamations* rend the Skies ;
Rock all the *Steeple*s, kindle ev'ry *Street*,
Thunder ye *Cannons* from each *Fort* and *Fleet*.
To all the neighb'ring *Lands* sound out your *Joys*,
And let *France* shake at the *triumphant Noise*.
Bless'd be the rising *Waves*, the murm'ring *Gales*,
Sustain'd the *mighty Cargo*, swell'd the *Sayls*.
Bless'd be the *Vessel*, as that was which bore
The *Sacred Remnant*, when there was no *Shore*.
Not the *returning Dove* they welcom'd so,
As we our *MARY*, who brings *Olive* too ;
That only promis'd Safety to their *Lives*,
This our lost *Peace* and *Liberty* revives.
Bless'd, bless'd be his *Invasion*, which made way
For this most *happy* and *illustrious Day*.

P O E M S

So brave an *Action*, so *Renown'd* a *Name*,
Was ne'er yet written in the *Book* of *Fame*.
Let *Parasites* call *Princes* *Wise*, and *Brave*,
Who bear *inglorious Arms*, but to *enslave*.
Our *Prince* will break those *Chains* wherewith they bind :
'Tis his true *Glory* to *enlarge* Mankind.
In any *Land* you would *Dominion* gain ;
And *MADAM*, in each *Common-wealth* would *Reign*.
Where'er your *God-like* *PRINCE* from us should go,
They would, like us, submit without a *Blow*.
In his short *Sway* more *Wisdom* He has shown,
Than here before in *Ages* has been known.
The Name of *KING* adds nothing to his *Fame*,
But his great *Vertues* dignifie that *Name*.
What *Land* can boast of such a *matchless Pair*,
Like Him so *wise*, so *brave* ; like You so *wise*, so *fair* ?
Where'er so many *sacred Vertues* joyn,
They to a *Scepter* shew a *Right Divine*.
Who are approv'd so *Valiant*, *Wise* and *Just*,
Have the best *Titles* to the *highest Trust*.
Tho from the *Loins* of *greatest Kings* deriv'd,
That *Title's* not so strong, nor so long-liv'd ;
For *Princes* more of *solid Glory* gain,
Who are *thought fit*, than who are *born* to *Reign*.

MADAM,
The Humblest of Your
Majesties Subjects,

THO. SHADWELL.

ODE
ON THE
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
QUEEN'S BIRTH.

Written by THO. SHADWELL, *Esq* ;

I

NOW does the glorious Day appear
The mightiest Day of all the Year,
Not anyone such Joy could bring,
Not that which ushers in the Spring.
That of ensuing Plenty hopes does give,
This did the hope of Liberty retrieve ;
This does our Fertile Isle with Glory Crown,
And all the Fruits it yields we now can call our own.
On this blest day was our Restorer born,
Farr above all let this the Kalendar Adorn.
Now, now with our united Voice
Let us aloud proclaim our Joys ;
To Triumph let us sing
And make Heav'ns mighty concave ring.

P O E M S

II

It was a work of full as great a weight,
And require the self-same Power,
Which did frail Humane kind Create,
When they were lost them to restore ;
For a like Act, Fate gave our Princes Birth,
Which adding to the Saints, made Joy in Heaven,
As well as Triumphs upon Earth,
To which so great, so good a Queen was given.

III

By beauteous softness mixt with Majesty,
An Empire over every Heart she gains
And from her awful Power none could be free,
She with such Sweetness and such Justice Reigns :
Her Hero too, whose Conduct and whose Arms
The trembling Papal World their Force must yield.
Must bend himself to her victorious Charms,
And give up all the Trophies of each Field
Our dear Religion, with our Laws defence,
To God her Zeal, to Man Benevolence ;
Must her above all former Monarch raise
To be the everlasting Theme of Praise ;
No more shall we the great *Eliza* boast,
For her Great Name in Greater *Mary*'s will be lost.

THE
ADDRESS
OF
John Dryden,
LAUREAT
TO
HIS HIGHNESS
THE
Prince of Orange.



LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*,
near *Stationers-Hall*. 1689.



THE
A D D R E S S
OF
John Dryden,
L A U R E A T
TO
H I S H I G H N E S S
THE
Prince of Orange.

IN all the *Hosannas*, our whole World's applause,
Illustrious Champion of our Church and Laws,
Accept, great *Nassau*, from unworthy me,
Amongst the adoring Crowd, a bended Knee ;
Nor scruple, Sir, to hear my Ecchoing Lyre,
Strung, tun'd, and joyn'd to th' Universal Quire :
For my suspected Mouth thy Glories told,
A known Out-lyer from the *English* Fold,
Rome's Votary, the Protestants sworn Foe,
Rome my Religion half an hour ago ;
My *Roman Dagon's* by thy Arm o'rethrown,
And now my Prostituted Soul's thy own :
Thy Glory could convert that Infidel
That had whole Ages stood immovable.
No wonder then thou could'st Affections sway
In tender Breasts, like mine, such plyant Clay,
As cou'd even bear new moulding every day ;

P O E M S

Nor doubt thy Convert true, I who cou'd raise
 Immortal Trophies, even to *Cromwell's* Praise ;
 I who my Muses Infant Quill could fledge,
 With high-sung Murder, Treason, Sacriledge.
 A Martyr'd Monarch and an enslav'd Nation,
 A Kingdoms shame the whole Worlds Execration,
 By me translated even to a Constellation. }
 If thus all this I cou'd unblushing write,
 Fear not that Pen that shall thy Praise indite ;
 When High-born Blood my Adoration draws,
 Exalted Glory and unblemish'd Cause :
 A Theme so all Divine my Muse shall wing,
 What is't for thee, great Prince, I will not sing ?
 No Bounds shall stop my *Pegasean* flight,
 I'll spot my Hind, and make my Panther white.
 Against the Seven proud Hills I'll Muster all }
 My Keen Poetick Rage, and Rhime with all
 The Vengeance of a Second *Hannibal*.
 The Papal Chair by dint of Verse o'return,
 My Molten Gods, like *Israel's* Calf, I'll burn.
 Copes, Crosiers, all the Trumpery of *Rome*,
 Down to great *Waller's* blazing Hecatomb.
 I'll pound my Beads to Dust, and wear no more
 Those Pagan Bracelets of the Scarlet Whore.
 But whither am I wrapt ! for oh my Fears !
 I bend beneath the weight of Sixty years ;
 Low runs my Glass, more low my aged Muse,
 And to my Will, alas ! does Pow'r refuse.
 But if, Great Prince, my feeble Strength shall fail,
 Thy Theme I'll to my Successors entail ;
 My Heirs th'unfinish'd Subject shall compleat :
 I have a Son, and He, by all that's Great,
 That very Son (and trust my Oaths, I swore
 As much to my Great Master *James* before),
 Shall by his Sire's Example, *Rome* renounce,
 For he, young Stripling, yet has turn'd but once.
 That *Oxford* Nursling, that sweet hopeful Boy,
 His Father's, and that once *Ignatian* Joy ;
 Design'd for a new *Bellarmin* *Goliath*,
 Under the great *Gamaliel* *Obadiab*.
 This Youth, Great *Sir*, shall your Fames Trumpet
 blow,
 And Soar when my dull Wings shall flag below.

P O E M S

A Protestant *Herculean* Column stand
 When I, a poor weak Pillar of the Land,
 Now growing Old, and crumbling into Sand. }
 But hark ! methinks, I hear the buzzing Crowd
 At my Conversion dare to Laugh aloud.
 Let censuring Fops, and snarling Envy grin,
 Tickled and pleas'd with my *Camelion* Skin.
 No senseless Fools my true Dimensions scan,
 And know the *Lawreat's* a *Leviathan*.
 Now *Tiber's* Mouth Ebbs low, and on that Shore,
 My rowling Bulk, alas, can Sport no more :
 Down the full Tide I scour, to take a loose
 In the more swelling Surge of *Helvert Sluce*.
 Let Chattering Daws, and every senseless Widgeon,
 Their Descant pass on that great Name, *Religion*.
Religion, by true Polititian Rules,
 The Wise man's Strength, and the weak Pride of Fools.
 For we, who Godliness for gain, support }
 Heavens Votaries for Candidates at Court,
 Makes our Church walls, our Rampart, Sconce and Fort.
 Our *Masses*, *Dirges*, *Vespers*, *Orisons*,
 Our Counterscarps, our Rav'lins, and half Moons.
 And now our *Ave Mary's* put to th'rout, }
 And from that Bastion I am beaten out,
 I'm but retiring to a new Redoubt.
 Why should I blush to turn, when my Defence
 And Plea's so plain ? For if Omnipotence
 Be th' highest Attribute that Heav'n can boast,
 That's the tru'st Church, that Heav'n resembles most.
 The Tables then are turn'd ; and 'tis confest
 The Strongest and the Mightiest is the Best.
 In all my Changes I'm on the Right side,
 And by the same great Reason justifi'd.
 When the bold *Crescent* lately attacqu'd the *Cross*,
 Resolv'd the Empire of the World t'engross,
 Had tottering *Vienna's* Walls but fail'd,
 And *Turkey* over *Christendom* prevail'd,
 Long e're this I had cross'd the *Dardanello*,
 And sate the Mighty *Mahomet's* Hail Fellow,
 Quitting my duller Hopes, the poor Renown
 Of *Eaton-College*, or a *Dublin-Gown*,
 And commenc'd Graduate in the Great *Divan*,
 Had reign'd a more Immortal *Musselman*.

P O E M S

No Art, Pain, Labour, Toil, too much t'assail
Heav'ns Tow'ry Battlements. By Heav'n I'd sail
Through all Religions, Church o'r Churches mounted,
More than the Rounds that *Jacob's* Ladder counted.
Has this stupendious Revolution past
A Change so quick, and I not turn as fast ?
Let bogling Conscience shock the squeamish Fool,
Poor crazy Animals, whose Stomachs pule.
Shall scrup'lous Test disgust their Paschal stickle,
Whether true dress'd, in Souse, in Broth, or Pickle ?
If *Muscadine* runs low, I'm not so dull,
But I can pledge Salvation in *Lambs-Wool* :
And if Salvation to One Church is bound,
So much the rather would I change all round.
Change then can be no fault ; a whole Life long
Kept in One Church, may always be i'th' wrong :
But there where Conscience circles in her flight,
He who's of all Sides, must be once i'th' right.

F I N I S.

A P O E M

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY ACCESSION TO
THE CROWN.

By *John Dryden*, Esq.

TOGETHER with a Vindication of his late Life and Writings ;
Humbly dedicated to the Right Hon^{ble} the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

Queis Augusta Malis quum Mœnia vexarentur,
Ipse suum Theseus pro caris Corpus Athenis
Projicere optavit potius, quam talia Cretam
Oris Cecropijs (heu !) Funera portarentur :
Atq ita Nave levi nitens, ac lenibus Auris,
Crudelem ad Minoa venit.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To the Right Hon^{ble} the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

“ MY LORD,

“ The Credit and Reputation your Lordship has gained in the World, by a sincere and constant Adhering to the Principles of your Religion in the worst of Times ; and the Privilege which you have always allow'd (even the meanest) of Flying for Protection to you, when unjustly assaulted by the Calumnies of their Enemies, has been the Occasion of some men's Addressing themselves to your Lordship, in hopes by a favourable Reception, from so Just and Generous a Person, to lessen their

POEMS

Crimes to the Eye (if not wholly to reinstate themselves into the former good Opinion of the World); and among others has embolden'd me to offer up the following Vindication of my Life and Writings to your Lordship's Consideration; resolving to submit myself to what-ever your Lordship shall determine.

"I am sensible, my Lord, that immediately upon seeing of my Name subscribed to a Paper of this Nature, the World will be apt to cry out, and say, that I have now fully confirmed the character, which my Adversaries have all along given of me, to wit, That I am a man, who, to serve my own Ends, will comply with all manner of Times, and that it is neither Conscience nor Religion, but Interest, which I make the sum and scope of all my Actions: from which unjust Accusation while I endeavour to free my self, I must beg your Lordship's Patience as well as Pardon for a while. When the late King (if a Person who has violated so many Laws, and been the Occasion of the Death of so many Brave and Noble Patriots, does not rather deserve to come under the Denomination of a Tyrant) made his way to the Throne (for 'tis now evident that the late King Charles the Second did not Dye a Natural Death) I sat me down, and as I thought my self bound in Duty to the Common Mother of us all, began to consider, which way I shou'd best oppose that Inundation of Popery which I saw likely to break in upon her, and as well as I could to free my Country from that necessary Attendant on it, I mean Slavery. To have writ against it (tho my Talent lyes in Satyr) I judged in vain, most of our eminent Wits and Divines having sufficiently done it before me; neither have I my self been wanting on that Subject, as witness my Spanish Fryer, and my Religio Laici; and to have appeared publickly, it lay no more in my Power, than it consisted with my Safety. Whereupon I resolved to accomplish that by Policy, which I could not doe by Force; And, without Vanity, I may say, that Success has been answerable to the Intention.

"My Lord, I am not, neither have I been, ignorant this long time, of that hard Opinion which the World has been pleased to conceive of me; the daily Satyrs and Libels, that were published against me, sufficiently convinced me of it; but to let them see how wrongfully I suffer'd, I resolv'd to turn that to their Preservation, which they unnaturally had designed for my Destruction: like an indulgent Prince, who punishes his rebellious Subjects, by Advancing them to Places of the greatest Trust and Reputation about him; or, as Plato said, when being told by one, that the People spoke ill of him, I will confute them, says he, by my Living well. And thereupon I gave out to the World, that I had changed my Religion, and that, from a Member of the Church of England, I was become a Votary to the See of Rome. This, my Lord, may perhaps startle your Lordship at first, and make you inquire how, or in what

POEMS

manner, I obliged the Church of England, by Forsaking her Communion, for that of the Church of Rome? but your Lordship knows that

Hyperbolus, by suffering, did traduce
And sham'd the Ostracism out of use.

“According to my Brother Cleveland *; and that at this Day it is a Custom among Farmers to banish Rabbets * in his Rebel
from Burroughing among their Corn, by placing of Vermin [Scot.]
at the Entrance of their Holes: My Lord, in the Eye of the World, I was look'd upon as such, and therefore resolv'd by my early Conversion to block up the Passage; into which I saw many likely to run, if not prevented by my Going over first.

“And now I appeal to your Lordship, whether the success, as I said before, has not been answerable to the Design; and whether any Person of Note, but such as were merely driven in, have since that Time reconcil'd themselves, and I my self have heard several Persons (who knew me not) say, that were it for no other Reason than that Mr. Dryden had turned, they were resolv'd not to comply with the Times; Such an Odium had the Malice of my Enemies cast upon me, that men wou'd choose rather to be of no Religion, than of that which I profess myself of. But, my Lord, to heap more Coals of Fire upon the Head of this ungrateful Countrey of mine, I have sacrific'd my dearest Part, my Wit I mean, to her Quiet. When Aristotle wou'd express the Height of Love, he makes mention of that of a Father to his Child, and a Poet to his Work; And Montaign infinitely prefers the latter; insomuch that he says, that he doubts not, but there are some Poets, who would sacrifice their Child, for the preservation of their Poem; But, my Lord, such has been my Affection to my Countrey, that I have wounded my self in my tenderest Part, for the Establishment of her Repose. All that know me, know that I can write severely with more Ease than I can gently; and if I forbore to pour the Torrent of my Verse against the Protestants in my Hind and Panther, 'twas not because I could not, but because I would not; but like the Poet Claudian's works, the Dulness of the Piece, shou'd be attributed to the Barrenness of the Subject, and not to the Author's want of Invention.

“And now, my Lord, I think I have given a sufficient Testimony to the World of the Love and Affection I bear this Nation, and of my Duty to my ancient Mother the Church of England, and of which Church I here profess that I always was, am, and hope by the Grace of God to continue, an obedient member: So that, my Lord, having declar'd this, I hope to receive the same favourable Protection and Encouragement from the Government that every Protestant does, and that your Lordship will become an Advocate to his Ma^{tie} for the little Pension which I receiv'd Yearly as Poet Laureat, it being the onely Support of my poor-distressed

P O E M S

Family, and which, since his Matye's Accession to the Crown has been given to my mortal Enemy.

"As for the following Poem, some will be apt to object against it, that I have dealt a little too severely against the late King ; but I hope I have said enough for that already ; And if what I endured my self were not sufficient to awake my Revenge, the misery which [I] see these Nations reduc'd to by the Folly and Obstinacy of one man, were ; but, submitting all to your Lordship's greater Judgment, I rest,

"Your obedient humble Servant,

"JOHN DRYDEN."

To the KING.

Sweet as short Slumber to a troubled Mind,
Long press'd with Cares, and now to rest inclin'd,
Has been the little Requiem of thy Reign
To wretched *Britain's* poor Distemper'd Brain :
By Fits, and Starts, we wake ; but, when the Fright
Is o'er, again we close our weary'd Sight,
Hoping, that the Bless'd Hand that gave us ease,
Will hinder a return of the Disease.
Our Kings of late, as if the Father swore
The Son to Plague us to his utmost Pow'r,
Out-doing each his Predecessor's Hate,
Instead of Ruling, have destroy'd the State :
But when the last Usurp'd the Royal Throne,
(Justly Excluded for Religion)
As much he did their Crimes surpass, and more,
Than they the worst of theirs that went before.
No Arts, no Tricks, that Statesmen cou'd devise,
Or Priests find out to try to Sacrifice
Our Lives, Religion, Laws, and Properties,
But what he set on Foot : Nay, more, he thought
Himself, how our Destruction might be wrought ;
Borrow'd some hours from Luxury and Ease,
To add unto the Nations Grievances.
So opposite to all that look'd like Good,
So prone to Vengeance, and Ally'd to Blood ;

P O E M S

That all the little Comfort that surviv'd,
 Was, that our Woes were to a height arriv'd.
 The Hag of *Syracuse*, who us'd to Pray,
 When others Damn'd the Haughty Tyrant's Sway,
 Lest, when he dy'd, a greater Scourge than he,
 Shou'd be advanc'd to the Supremacy ;
 Had she been here, might have withdrawn her Curse ;
 For Heav'n than *James*, cou'd not ordain a worse.
 But as when Vice is to the highest grown,
 Virtue Succeeds, and reassumes her Throne :
 So you, by your Succession to the Sway
 Of these Three Kingdoms, bring again that Day,
 Which, since her Death, whose Fame shall never Die, *Queen Eliz.*
 Has been o'ercast with a dark low'ring Skie ;
 And, by one Act, releiv'd the Nation more *Heath-Money.*
 Than all their Malice cou'd depress before.
 So the bless'd *Agypt's* River, when he spreads
 His Liquid Bosom o'er his Neighb'ring Meads ;
 What seven years Sun strove to dry up in vain ;
 He renders Fruitful by his Waves again.
 Born of a Race, who in all Ages stood,
 The only Champions of the Publick Good ;
 And Bred, where no such thing as Wrong was known,
 But each Man freely may enjoy his own :
 What may not we expect, if under thy
 Command, we once more *English* Valour try,
 And our old Claims renew again ? We may
 Visit those Realms, where our Fore-fathers lay,
 Many a long Night, and bore the Royal Sway. }
 But, e're we to a Foreign War advance
 Our Arms, or think but of regaining *France*,
 A nearer Nation claims thy Pious Aid,
 To free her from the same impending Dread,
 Which late o're *England* hung : But *England* grows
 Unminful of her Suff'ring Neighbours Woes,
 Now she herself is free ; poor *Ireland*
 Stands trembling underneath a Tyrant's Hand,
 Waiting each Moment for the fatal Word,
 Till rescu'd from it by her Lawful Lord.

Now, what return for all these kindnesses,
 For slighting of the Dangers of the Seas,

P O E M S

And leaving thy own Country ; to restore
Freedom to those whose Lives were given o're ?
A Crown thou hast ; but that's a small Reward,
If to the Merits of thy Deeds compar'd,
Or with our Dangers weigh'd. May she, who shares
Not only in thy Pleasures, but thy Cares,
And by dividing the Imperial weight,
A numerous, and a happy Progeny,
By Heav'n's Divine Permission, bear to thee
Renders the Burden of a Crown more light,
Who may the Scepter of these Nations Sway,
Till they and Monarchy at once decay :
So Beggars, when some Charitable Man
Throws more, than even their Exigency can
Or does require, amaz'd at what they have,
Wish Heav'n, and all its Toyes, to him that gave.

ODE
TO THE KING
ON HIS RETURN FROM IRELAND.

BY
THO. SHADWELL, Poet Laureat, and
Historiographer-Royal
To Their MAJESTIES.

WElcome, thrice Welcome, Sir, from all the Harms,
The rough *Fatigues*, & threatning Dangers past,
To your *Britannia's* and *Maria's* Arms ;
By each alike with *Eager Joys* embrac'd.
Both equally did for your *Absence* Mourn,
And both alike Languish'd for your *Return*.
For wheresoe're abroad in Camps y' appear,
We not for Us, but for your *Person* fear.
In your *Great Breast* so much does *Valour* burn,
You urge so home, so much your self expose,
Your Courage does affright your *Friends*, as well as *Foes*.

Your Troops, when charg'd to March by your Command,
Astonish'd with Prodigious Wonder stand,
To see the Crowding Bullets fly
At unregarding Majesty ;
While their *Great Leader* is concern'd no more
Than at some gentle and refreshing Showr.

P O E M S

But soon they Recollect, are soon Inspir'd
To act such Deeds as He alone can teach :
By his unparallel'd Example fir'd,
They press towards That which they can never reach.
You not alone your *Troops* Command, but show
What you wou'd have 'em *Bear*, what *Do* ;
Who, with Amazement, find all first Perform'd by *You*.

Most with Impatience Toil, and *Hazards* bear ;
Some grieve at *Wounds*, and apprehend each *Scar* ;
But your *Vast Soul* alone *Enjoys* the *War*.
Not the fierce *Lover* shows more chearful haste,
Meeting the beauteous Nymph to be Embrac'd,
As the Reward of all his Service past ;
Than you to joyn in *Battle* with a Foe :
So much your Mighty Mind does *Glory* prize,
In your erected Look fierce Joy you show,
And kindled *Virtue* flashes in your Eyes,
VVhile you all *Hazards*, *Wounds*, and *Death* despise.
You to your Dangerous *Wound* would give no rest ;
You wou'd not be at leisure to be Cur'd :
The pain of which found room in every *Breast*,
Unfelt by you alone ; or else endur'd
VVith that *Great Temper*, and that *God-like Mind*
VVhich in your *Sacred Breast* alone we find.

That *Wound*, at which th' Astonish Muse
Aid to all Numbers, did refuse.
A *Wound*, which deeply pierc'd each *Gen'rous Heart* :
Which your Three *Kingdoms* tenderly did feel ;
A Blow, which made all injur'd *Princes* start,
And all the *Great Confederacy* Reel.
The only *Holy League*, that e're was made,
A *League* oppress'd *Mankind* to free
From the most Barb'rous Foe did e'er Invade
VVith *Sword*, and *Fire*, and *Treachery*.
But Heav'n of you took such peculiar Care
That soon the *Royal Breach* it did Repair,
And sav'd your *Great Allies* from all Despair.
And now through all the *League*, in every Heart
Your Vig'rous Influence does *it self* exert ;
You, like the *Soul*, are *All* in every *Part*.

P O E M S

When Coz'ning *Fame* did the false Tidings spread
Through *France*, That our *Nassau* was Dead ;
The Great *Faux Brave*, void of all Shame,
Loudly to *Europe* did Proclaim
How much he did your *Sacred Person* dread :
By the most Barbarous, and Abjeſt ways ;
Such as the *Turk*, or *Tartar* scorns to use.
Thus, thus he did your Awful *Valour* praise,
And his own *Fear* to all Mankind Accuse.
Who in his mean, and *Savage* Joys muſt find
More of a *Woman*, than a *Hero's* Mind.
Who, with no Decence, then his Joy cou'd bear,
With no ſound Temper can Support His Fear,
(Tho Bullets he reſolves not to come near)
When you, Sir, at the Head of this *Great League* appear.

Now, ſince ſo many, and ſo great Affairs
Employ your *Royal Mind* with Cares ;
And you the mighty Weight *alone* Suſtain,
Your happy *Subjects* you with *Arms defend*,
Inſtruct with *Manners*, and with *Laws amend* ;
I, from *Mankind*, cou'd no Indulgence gain
If, from the *Public Good*, you longer I detain.
Welcome, *Great Prince* ! from Toils, and Arms,
To ſoft *Maria's* Beauteous Charms :
Who in your Absence *Reign'd* ſo well,
And did ſo much the *Virgin Queen* excel,
No more ſhall we old Tales of our *Eliza* tell.
VVelcome, *Great Sir* ! to fill your *Brittiſh* Throne :
Brittain, with Juſtice, you may call your own ;
VVhich to a Mighty Kingdom you advance,
From a poor Province, to Inſulting *France*.

ODE
ON THE
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
KING's BIRTH.

BY
THO. SHADWELL, Poet Laureat, and
Historiographer-Royal.

*Steriles Transmissimus annos
Haec Ævi prima Dies.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Sign of the *Crown*
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1690.

Ode on the King's Birth-Day

Welcome, thrice welcome, this Auspicious Morn
On which the Great *Nassau* was born,
Sprung from a Mighty Race which was designed
For the Deliv'ers of Mankind.

Illustrious Heroes, whose prevailing Fates
Raised the Distress'd to High and Mighty States ;
And did by that possess more true Renown,
Than their *Adolphus* gained by the Imperial Crown.

They cool'd the Rage, humbled the Pride of *Spain*,
But since, the insolence of *France* no less
Had brought the States into Distress,
But that a precious Scien did remain
From that Great Root, which did the shock sustain,
And made them High and Mighty once again.

This Prince for us was Born to make us free
From the most abject Slavery.

Thou hast restored our Laws their force again ;
We still shall Conquer on the Land by thee ;
By thee shall Triumph on the Main.

But thee a Fate much more sublime attends,
Europe for freedom on thy Sword depends ;
And thy Victorious Arms shall tumble down
The Savage Monster from the *Gallick* throne ;
To this Important Day we all shall owe,
Oh Glorious Birth, from which such blest effects shall flow.

(General chorus of voices and instruments.)

*On this glad Day let every Voice
And Instrument, Proclaim our Joys,
And let all Europe join in the Triumphant noise,
To Triumphe let us Sing,
To Triumphe let us Sing,
And let the sound through all the spacious Welkin Ring.*

From thy fresh Lawrels shall the Olive spring
Thy Victories shall bring us Peace,
And under Thee, our most Indulgent King,
Shall Industry and Arts increase ;
Quiet we shall possess, but not Inglorious Ease.

P O E M S

Then shall each fertile Mead, and grateful Field,
Amply reward our Care and Toil,
The Herds and Flocks a vast increase shall yield,
Which raging War shall never spoil,
Free from Invading force and from Intestine broil.

And though our Plenteous Isle shall need no more,
Than what its Soil for Natives does provide,
Yet added to its mighty store,
Whatever any Foreign Coast,
Of Plenty, or of Wealth can boast,
Shall on our Happy Shores flow in beside,
From the superfluous Bounty of each Tide.

No Av'rice or Ambition in the Great,
Shall under thee thy Godlike Power pervert,
Rewards nor Threats corrupt thy Judgment Seat ;
Nor Trusts be gain'd but by desert,
While thy Great Self thy Wisdom shall exert.

Then shall the Vile Ungrateful Murm'ring Band,
Whom our great *Moses* has set free
From *Egypt's* Bondage and, Idolatry
Glad to submit to his Command ;
For shame their guilty Heads hang down,
Owning the best of Kings that ever fill'd the Throne.

Thus the Prophetick Muses say,
And all the Wise and Good will pray,
That they long, long, may Celebrate this Day.
Soon Haughty *France* shall bow, and Coz'ning *Rome*,
And *Britain* Mistress of the World become ;
And from thy Wise, thy Godlike Sway,
Kings learn to Reign, and Subjects to Obey.

On this Blest Day let every Voice
And. &c.

FINIS.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1690.

Written by Tho. Shadwell, Esq; and Compos'd by Mr. King.

O Sacred Harmony, prepare our Lays,
While on *Cecilia's Day*, we sing your Praise,
From Earth to Heav'n our warbling Voices raise!

II.

Join all ye glorious Instruments around,
The yielding Air with your Vibrations wound,
And fill Heav'n's Conclave with the mighty Sound.

III.

You did at first the warring Atoms join,
Made Qualities most opposite combine,
While Discords did with pleasing Concords twine.

IV.

The Universe you fram'd, you still sustain;
Without you what in Tune does now remain
Wou'd jangle into *Chaos* once again.

V.

It does your most transcendent Glory prove,
That, to compleat immortal Joys above,
There must be Harmony to crown their Love.

VI.

Dirges with Sorrow still inspire
The doleful and lamenting Quire,
With swelling Hearts and flowing Eyes,
They solemnize their Obsequies;
For Grief they frequent Discords chuse,
Long Bindings and Chromaticks use.
Organs and Viols sadly Groan
To the Voice's dismal Tone.

VII.

If Love's gentle Passions we
Express, there must be Harmony;
We touch the soft and tender Flute,
The sprinkling and melodious Lute,

P O E M S

When we describe the tickling Smart
Which does invade a Love-sick Heart :
Sweet Nymphs in pretty Murmurs plain,
All chill and panting with the pleasing Pain,
Which can be eas'd by nothing but the Swain.

VIII.

If Poets, in a lofty Epic Strain,
Some ancient-noble History recite,
How Heroes love, and puissant Conquerors fight,
Or how on cruel Fortune they complain :
Or if Muse the Fate of Empires sings,
The Change of Crowns, the Rise and Fall of Kings :

CHORUS.

*'Tis sacred Musick does impart
Life and Vigour to the Art ;
It makes the dumb-Poetic Pictures breath,
Victor's and Poet's Names it saves from Death.*

IX.

How does the thund'ring Martial Song
Provoke the Military Throng !
The Haut-boys and the warlike Fife,
With Clamors of the Deafning Drum,
Make Peasants bravely hazard Life,
And quicken those whom Fears benum !
The Clangor of the Trumpet's Sound
Fills all the dusty Place around
And does from neighb'ring Hills rebound :
Iò triumph when we sing,
We make the trembling Valleys ring.

Grand CHORUS,

*All Instruments and Voices fit the Quire,
While we enchanting Harmony admire.
What mighty Wonders by our Art are taught,
What Miracles by sacred Numbers wrought
On Earth : In Heav'n, no Joys are perfect found,
'Till by Celestial Harmony they're crown'd.*

An Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday.

April 30, 1691.

Welcome, welcome, glorious Morn,
Nature smiles at thy return.
At thy return the joyful Earth
Renews the Blessings of *Maria's* Birth.
The busy Sun prolongs his Race
The youthful year his earliest Tribute pays
And Frosts forsake his head and Tears his face.
Welcome, welcome, glorious Morn,
Nature smiles at thy return,
For Nature's richest Pride with thee was born.

Welcome as when three happy Kingdoms strove
In glad confusion to express their Love,
When ev'ry heart did ev'ry tongue employ
To speak its share of Public Joy,
And great *Maria's* Birth proclaim
The noblest Theme, the loudest song of Fame.

The mighty Goddess of this wealthy Isle
Rais'd her glad head, and with an awfull smile
She look'd, whilst thousand Cupids hover'd round
And thousand Graces the fair Infant crown'd.
Full of Wonder and Delight
She saw and bless'd the noble sight.
And lo ! a sacred Fury swell'd her Breast,
And the whole God her lab'ring Soul possest.
To lofty strains her tunefull Lyre she strung
And thus the Goddess play'd and thus she sung.

My Pray'rs are heard, Heav'n has at last bestow'd
The mighty blessings which it long has ow'd,

P O E M S

At length the bounteous Gods have sent us down
A Brightness second only to their own.
I see the round years successively move
To ripen her Beauties and crown 'em with Love ;
A Hero renown'd in Virtues and Arms
Shall wear the soft Chain and submit to her Charms,
And *Hymen* and *Hebe* shall make it their Care
To pour all their Joys on the Valiant and Fair.
Then, then, our sad *Albion* shall suffer no more,
She shall fly to his Aid and be freed by his Pow'r,
And date all her Blessings from this happy hour.

He to the Field by Honour call'd shall go
And dangers he shall know and wonders he shall do.
The God of Arms his Godlike Son shall bless
And crown his Fleet and Armies with success.
Whilst undisturb'd his happy Consort reigns
And wisely rules the Kingdoms he maintains.
Britain at last shall see her peace restor'd
And pay new Vows for her returning Lord :
Maria then shall all her Cares unbend
And she shall still adorn and he defend.

Sound, all ye Spheres ; confirm the Omen, Heav'n,
And long preserve the blessings thou hast giv'n.

Uotum Perenne.
A
P O E M
TO THE
K I N G
ON
NEW-YEARS-DAY.

BY
THOMAS SHADWELL, Esq; Poet Laureat,
and Historiographer Royal.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Samuel Crouch*, at the Corner of *Pope's-Head-Alley*,
over against the *Royal-Exchange*, 1692.



Votum Perenne.

A

POEM to the KING on *New-Years-Day*.

NOW *Janus* in his Office does appear,
To close the Last, and to unfold this Year ;
His dreadful *Temple* now wide open stands,
And *Europe* is Oppress'd by *Warring Bands*.
For You Sir, 'tis reserv'd to quell the *Foes*,
And only You those Fatal Doors can close.
Illustrious Monarch ! on this Solemn Day
The Humble *Tribute* of our *Hearts* we pay.
Big with our *Vows* and *Pray'rs*, that *Heaven* would bless
Your *Person* and your *Arms* with such Success,
That ev'ry Day your *Glory* may encrease.
And never may *Sinister Fate* oppose,
Till you have rais'd your *Friends*, and humbled all your *Foes*.

No *Nation* is like ours securely Blest,
While all the *World* is Plagu'd, we are at Rest.
This more than *Goshen* is, the *Power Divine*
Has made Two *Suns* in our *Horizon* shine :
A *Prince* who bravely can abroad overcome,
While his Fair *Queen* can wisely *Reign* at Home.

Our last Three Years so *Marvellous* have been,
Th' *Almighty Pow'r* to *Atheists* must be seen :
Since the vast *Scene* was shifted with such ease,
Calm was the *Land*, and Quiet were the *Seas*,
And all along th' *Invasion* it was Peace.
The *Sun* thus gently gives the *Morning Birth*,
And with its Fruitful Beams *invades* the Earth.
The Neighbouring *Isle* was not so wise as we,
That could not taste the *Sweets of Liberty*,
But the Event of *Bloody War* would see.

P O E M S

You of all *Princes* like, and need Praise least,
Yet must it in your Story be exprest :
Excuse your *Poet* who your praise must Write,
If as *Historian* be your *Deeds* recite.
Who can but with *Poetick* Heat be warn'd
By your great *Wonders* at the *Boin* perform'd ?
Whose *Spirit* Kindled up the Fainting *War*
Into a *Flame*, which spread out wide and far.
None e're so wisely Led, so bravely Fought :
By *Yothus* fir'd, by your Example taught,
Your *Leaders* since vast *Miracles* have wrought :

Which with *Amazement* the *French Generals* fill'd
Though bold in *Arms*, and much in *Conduct* skill'd :
Not *Art*, nor *Nature* could their Men Secure
Against such *Daring Souls* as would no Bounds endure.
Inspir'd by *Your* great *Cause* and *Mighty Name*,
They thought no *Price* too dear to pay for *Fame*.
No Difficulty could your *Arms* oppose,
No Hold was strong enough to Guard your *Foes*,
Not *Forts*, not *Towns*, nor *Camps* more strong than those ;
Not Treacherous *Bogs*, nor Rapid *Floods* could serve,
No *Hills*, no *Streightness*, *Rebels* could preserve :
But every where before your *Troops* they fall,
So well they Copied out their *Great Original*.

What *Triumphs* had another *Scene* Adorn'd,
But the *Grand Lewis* had too well been warn'd ;
And those who felt what you before had done,
Ingloriously the proffer'd *Combat* shun ;
And in their *Coverts* clos'd, the *Beasts of Prey*
Stir'd not, till the *Great Nimrod* was away.
A *Foe* t'his Face, they never dare Attack,
But soon grow Furious, if he turns his Back.

Nor durst their *Boasting* and *Vain-glorious Fleet*
Your *Gallant* well appointed *Navy* meet.
Your *Person* cannot in each Place appear,
Where your own *Ensigns* fly, your *Vertue's* there.
Though ev'ry Night the *Sun* his Beams withdraws,
His *Influence* yet by Night does *huge Productions* cause.

P O E M S

But loe, the busie and enquiring *Muse*,
Did *Fates Mysterious Volumes* late peruse ;
Those *Hidden Rolls* which to the *World* give *Law*,
Where she the *Rise*, and *Fall* of *Empires* saw ;
She in a *Vision* whisper'd to my Ear,
That a more *Wondrous Scene* would yet appear,
And this should be the most *Important Year* ;
That my *Great Master* was by *Fate* design'd
To *Quiet* the *Disturber* of *Mankind*.
And *Sir*, the *Happy Time's* approaching now,
When *his* to your *Superior Fate* must bow :
Who shall *Invade* him in his *Tenderest* part,
And bend or break his too *Imperious Heart* :
His *Violence* and *Rapine* bring to Naught,
Which have through *Europe* such *Destruction* wrought.
You Sir, shall make those *dire Convulsions* cease
And give the *Shaken World* a *firm* and *glorious Peace*.

Almighty Power make this *Prediction* true,
And with *Success* in all things prosper *You* ;
Heaven from th' *Abundance* of its *precious Store*,
Such *Blessings* on your *Royal Temples* pour,
Till you can ask, and that can give no more.

So Prays

Your Majesties most Dutiful Servant,

and most Loyal Subject,

Tho. Shadwell.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Ingenious and Diverting Letters of the Lady—Travels into *Spain* ; Describing the Devotions, Nunneries, Humours, Customs, Laws, Militia, Trade, Diet and Recreations of that People. Intermixt with great Variety of Modern Adventures, and Surprising Accidents : Being the Truest and Best Remarks Extant on that Court and Country. First and Second Part, Printed for *Samuel Crouch*.

THE RAPE:

OR,

THE INNOCENT IMPOSTORS.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. SHADWELL.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

How full of Beaus this Circle does appear
Who hate all Camps, and will not leave us here,
For all the Fame of Talbot, Sydney, Vere. }
'Las a Beau's tender, subject to catch cold,
And a rough Camp will make one look so old;
The cold so pinch, the heat so tan his Face,
He ne'er can ogle more with any Grace:
Poor miserable Beau is quite undone,
The lustre of his dear Complexion gone;
Besides Wounds in the Face, alack! and Woe!
Some cruel Bullet may cut off a Beau:
Out on't, who but a Sot wou'd not prefer
Pulvillio to Match and Gunpowder?
Or who would leave, so careless of dear Gut,
Locket's or Long's, for a vile Sutler's Hut?
Or would lie cold in Tents, or hard in Trenches,
Rather than in warm Beds with pretty Wenches?
Sweet Sparks do you continue in good mind,
Let others follow Drums, stay you behind.
You profitable Bees yield Wax and Honey,
To Poets Matter, and to Players Money.

P O E M S

*If you, dear Beaus, should have so little Wit,
For grinning Honour your Delights to quit,
How should we want you inside Box and Pit.
Spite of old English Magnanimity,
Be you from Foreign fighting ever free,
And let us have your sweet Society.
Discourse at home of Van and Flank and Reer,
And rout French Monsieurs o'er a Bottle here,
But to the filthy Camp pray come not near.*

O N
His Majesty's Conquests
I N
IRELAND.

Made immediately after the Victory at Sea, 1692.

HOW great a Transport is a brave Man in,
When echoing Trumpets bid the Fight begin ?
With Joy, the list'ning Warriour hears them sound,
And rears himself, all ravish'd, from the Ground :
He grasps his Sword, and lifts his pond'rous Shield,
And big with Joy, flies to the fatal Field :
The God of War his heated Breast inspires,
And his glad Soul swells to receive the Fires :
Already, he descrys the distant Plain,
Already seems to view the horrid Scene,
Hear clashing Spears, and Groans of dying Men. }
Such was our Monarchs transport at the *Boyne* :
There, *Nassau*, all the Work was Heaven's, and thine.
Thy self the foremost, like the leading God,
Thy Soldiers gladly follow'd thro' the Flood ;
Bending the Waves beneath them with their Tread,
They rais'd a Tempest, tho' the Winds were laid.
Each Army, like a well-appointed Fleet,
Cut thro' the rapid Streams, and mid way met ;
Whilst from both Shores the thund'ring Ordnance speaks,
In louder Sounds, than those of Brazen Beaks.
All Elements, Fire, Water, Earth and Air,
Joyn in the fight, and mingle in the War.
Clouds of black Smoak the face of Heav'n obscure,
The Earth is shook, and the dash'd Waters roar ;

P O E M S

Hundreds are swallowed up, the furious Tide,
With a strong Current, rowls away the Dead.
Already they have shot the Gulph of Death,
And need no Waftage over Lakes beneath ;
Fate stretch'd himself, and both the Banks bestride,
Fixing a deadly foot on either side,
Whilst underneath his Arch the River flow'd,
Whose Waters rose up to him, swell'd with Blood ;
By thousand differing ways, a thousand fall,
See Death in all its forms, and dire in all.
The Stately Youth, that stood erect but now,
Struck by the mortal Dart, are levelled low ;
Whole Heads and Arms are lopt, the shivering Spear
Strikes its sharp Splinters thro' the wounded Air ;
All instruments of Death the Fates employ,
Whom the Swords spare, the Waters do destroy.
From dying Chiefs the River gains a Fame,
But *Sconberg* gives it an immortal Name :
Bred up in Camps, inur'd to horrid Wars,
Loaden with Fame and Honour, as with Years ;
Brave as he liv'd, the good old General fell,
And his great Master did revenge him well.
O ! had thy mighty shade been by t' have seen
What Troops of Ghosts he sent to wait on thine,
Thy thankful *Genius* would his steps attend,
The best of Masters, and the bravest Friend ;
To him thy Art of Conquering would bequeath,
Who fought to make thee famous in thy Death :
For whilst the Waters of the *Boyne* shall flow,
Succeeding Ages shall remember you.

Soldiers and Chiefs without distinction drop,
Only the King, stood as Immortal up ;
Around thy Head a thousand Deaths did fly,
Spent in the Air ; the boldest destiny
Durst only touch thee in its passage by.
Thy stronger *Genius* did the stroke decline,
Fate had the power of ev'ry Life but thine.
Heroes on either side rush dauntless on ;
The day is vanish'd e're the Battle's done.
Groans of faln Soldiers mount up to the Skies,
Compassionate Eccho's answer to their Cries.
Whole Heav'ns concern'd, as 'twere it self in fight,

P O E M S

And diseased Nature sickens at the sight ;
Nought stops the merc'less Victor in his course,
Strongly he urges on th' Impetuous Horse,
And bears down all with a resistless force :
So swiftly does he drive the flying Steed,
That Victory can scarce keep equal speed.
Heaven looks with pity on the mighty Dead,
And griev'd to see so many thousands bleed,
Spreads the thick Veil of Night, to keep them hid.
The Sun went down with an unwonted red ;
Bloody he lookt, as if himself had bled.
He seem'd to fall in the same famous Stream ;
Our *Nassau* fought, and seem'd to fall by him.
Those very waters where the God lay Drown'd,
Our greater *Heroe* past and went beyond.
The Heavens withdraw their Lustre, and their Fires
And day it self, the last of all, expires.
Night, Horror, and Confusion, fill the Plain,
Darkness and Death, shut in the gloomy Scene.

Winds waft the dreadful Tidings round their Coast ;
Aloud they tell them how their *Isle* is lost ;
Bid them take Wings, and fly in haste away,
The Conquerour comes on, as Swift as they.
Fierce, and Resistless, through the Land he past ;
His Fame, and he seem'd to make equal hast.
At his approach th' affrighted Realm is shook,
The chieftest Cities yield without a Stroke.
To the proud Walls of *Limrick*, Siege he lays,
Which nought but Winter had the power to raise.
The gathering Clouds do warn him to be gone,
And timely shew the Tempest drawing on.
His Orders for a brave Retreat are given,
The Pious *Heroe* only yields to Heaven.
So *Tyre* stopt *Alexander's* eager haste ;
Withstood him for a while, tho' won at last.
Now he returns from the half vanquished *Isle* ;
And seeks in Foreign Camps for nobler Toyl.
He leaves his Army to his General's Care,
And shews the ways, they must pursue the War.
With the vast help of the dread *Nassau's* Name,
His gallant Chiefs purchase their share of Fame.
They Fought secure of Honour, and Success ;

P O E M S

The Cause was Heavens, and the Army his.
Conquest is easier made, when once begun ;
Like high swoln waters, when the Sluce is drawn,
The Torrent from a far comes rowling on. }

To distant Realms his conquering Arms he bears,
And Hostile Lands are made the Seat of Wars.
On him, and us these Blessings are bestow'd,
Peace flourishes at home, and War abroad.
Disdainfull Princes are compell'd to bow ;
And haughty *France* begins to feel us now.
With Powers unequal, they a War maintain,
Compelled already to Resign the Main.
The greatest Navy they could ever Boast,
The work of thirty years, one Conflict lost.
Both Fleets encountred with Impetuous Shocks,
Resounding as the waves, that dash the Rocks.
The Cannon roar'd as loud as did the Seas,
And Fire, and Smoak rowl'd o'er the Ocean's Face,
Some sunk, some scatter'd through the watry Field,
And some from farther flight disabl'd Yield.
Once more, we're Sovereign Masters of the Sea,
And have our Passage to Invasion Free.
On the proud Foe, we may our Armies pour,
Resistless as the Seas, that wash their shore.
Again, we may recover Empire there :
England can do it, and its Monarch dare.
'Tis he must pull the growing Tyrant down ;
'Tis he will lead the *British* Armies on.
Go all you gallant Youths, your Arms prepare,
Go with your Royal Leader to the War.
Yours is the Right, with Conquest make your Claim,
And raise at once, your Fortunes and your Fame.
None but old Men confin'd within our Isles,
And tender Maids, unfit for mighty Toils.
Albion unpeopled, need not fear Surprise,
Heaven has Created it a Guard of Seas.
The Aged Sires to Altars shall repair,
And with a Pious Force, win Heaven by Prayer.
The sighing Virgins shall your absence mourn,
And every Beauty beg your safe return.
With Vows and Tears, assenting Heaven shall move,
And that shall Crown your Arms, and they your Love.

P O E M S

Thrice happy Victors destin'd to receive
What Heaven, and heavenly Beauty has to give.
But one, by far surpassing all the rest,
Shall make her much loved *Nassau* chiefly Blest.
The Queen of *Britain*, and of Beauty smiles,
And thanks her Conquering Warriour for his Toils.
Each rowlling day, new Honours does prepare ;
Gives him new Glory, adds new Charms to her.
He Reaps the noble Harvest of the Field,
And gives her all the Crop that it can yield.
Thus whilst his wreaths, thy lovely Temples bind,
And all the Laurel Crowns he won, are thine ;
And all by Crowning thee become Divine ;
From every Part shall vanquish'd Princes come ;
Thou shall pronounce the Royal Captives doom.
Each Vassal shall bow down his suppliant knee,
And all the Earth receive their Laws from thee.

Tune then your Jo Pœans to their praise,
To our great King eternal Trophies raise.
Let the good *Dorset* all his Fights rehearse ;
The noblest Actions, in the noblest verse.
Let the best Pencil draw him as he stood,
Repelling Fate, and the surrounding Flood.
Paint him Triumphant over Earth, and Sea,
Paint him so great, as all may know 'tis he.
All his lov'd Subjects watch his wish'd return,
Prepare his Triumphs, and his Throne adorn ;
Pour all your Treasure out beneath his Feet.
And be your Payment, as your Debt is, great.
Supply him from your unexhausted Store.
So brave a Prince never led you forth before.
Preserve him, Heaven, from all the rage of War ;
Divert the threatening point of every Spear ;
Shield him, some God, and let no Shaft come near.

SONG.

BRIGHT was the morning cool the Air
Screen was all the Sky
When on the waues I left my fair
The Center of my Joy
Heaven and Nature smileing wear
And nothing sad but I

Each rosey feild it's oder spread
All fragrent was the Shore
Each riuer God rose from his bed
And sight and own'd her power
Curling their waues they deckt their head
As proud of what they bore

Glide on yee watters bear these lines
And tell her how I am opprest
Bear all my sighs yee gentle winds
And wafe them too her brest
Tell her if ere she proue unkind
I never shall haue rest

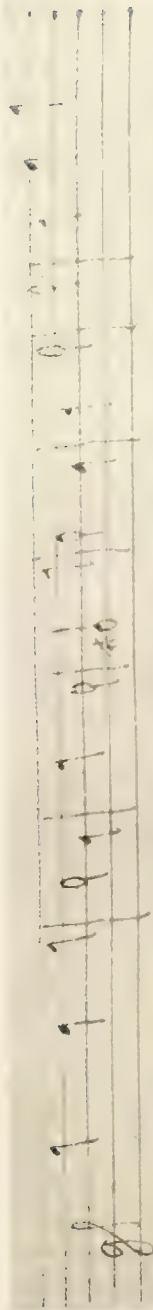
SONG.

F OOLS for themselves will Treasure prize
Some dazling greatness blinds
Beauty alone can charm our eyes
And loue delight our minds
Beauty alone can charme our eyes
And loue delight our minds

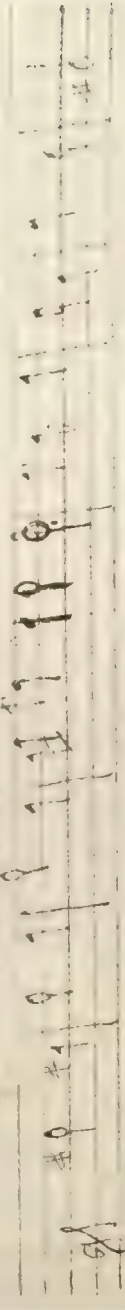
What is the use of wealth or power
By which wee men subdue
If not in order to gaine more
To vanquish women too
If not in order &c.

Beauty's the sum of all delights
Without loue life were vaine
The Ambitious toyle, the valient fight
For this for this Kings reign
The Ambitious toyle &c.

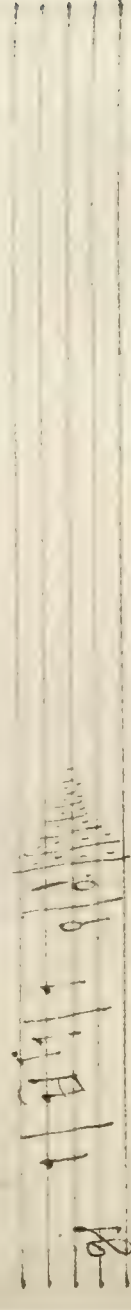
Who er on these fix their desires
Goe right in Naturs way
All others are but wandering fires
Which lead mankind astray
All others are but &c.



And in the morning and the afternoon and all the day when we



waves I left my fair in the center of my joy Heaven and nature striving wear



and nothing sad but I ~

(? and my)

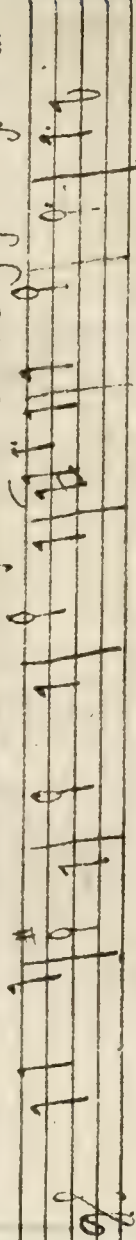
M^r Shadow

Each rosey field its dear space
All fragment was the story
Each rider God rose from his seat
And light and sunset hear to us
Curling their waves they back their head
The pride of what they bore

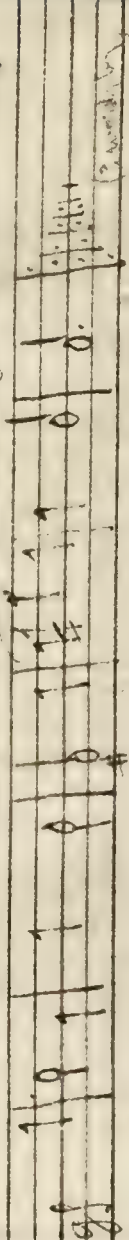
Guide on you waters bear these lines
And tell her how I am oppressed
Bear all my sighs you gentle wind
And waite them for her rest
And hear it ere she prove undim
I never shall have rest



Fools for themselves will treasure prize some dazling greatness blinds



Beauty alone can charm our eyes and love delight our minds beauty



alone can charm our eyes and love delight our minds ~~~~~ M^r Shadwell

What is the use of wealth or power
By which we men pursue
If not in order to gain more
Of a variegated wretched too
If not in order &c.

Beauty's the sum of all delights
Without love life wear's some
The ambitious toyle the valiant fight
For this for this King's reign
The ambitious toyle &c

Who are on there for their desires
Are right in that way
All others are but wandering fires
Which lead mankind astray
All others are but &c.



SOME
REFLECTIONS
UPON THE
Pretended PARALLEL
IN THE
PLAY
CALLED
The Duke of Guise.

In a Letter to a Friend.

London, Printed for Francis Smith, sen. 1683.



S I R,

According to your Commands, I went several times to see the so long expected, and so much talk'd of Play, called, the *Duke of Guise*, in order to give you my Opinion of it : and (tho I was very much wearied with the dulness of it, and extreamly incensed at the wicked and barbarous Design it was intended for) yet the obedience to your Commands, made me throughly observe it, even to every Line. And certainly, never was Mountain delivered of such a Mouse, nor was ever the Expectation of the People more deceived ; insomuch that even the fiercest *Tories* (notwithstanding the violence of their Humours, and the rashness and insolence of their present Tempers) have been ashamed to defend this Piece. Yet there are few Follies, and Villanies, that seem to contribute to their Wicked Ends, which they will not publickly and most audaciously vindicate. They will assert the lawfulness of using Force upon Elections, that have been heretofore always free, and ever ought to be so. They will justify the carrying those Elections by the Minority, or by bringing in False, and excluding True Electors. They will encourage Men to the resigning of Franchises and Priviledges, which they swear, when they are admitted into, to defend and maintain ; making their *Loyalty*, as they falsly call it, to be founded upon Perjury and Treachery, in betraying the Rights of present Freemen and their Posterity. They will accuse the Wisest, Richest, most conscientious *Juries*, for not finding Bills upon the Testimony of Profligate and Perjur'd Rascals, whom they themselves believe not ; and applaud their Juries for giving most prodigious and unheard of Damages, where no Damages were sustained. They would promote and defend the imposing of the most exorbitant and un-presidented Fines, such as would make the *Star-Chamber* in vain abolished. Yet still they who have any sparks of Wit amongst them, are so true to their Pleasure, that they will not suffer Dulness to pass upon them for Wit, nor Tediousness for Diversion : which is the Reason that this Piece has not met with the expected Applause. And truly, if I may be allowed to Judge, (as Men that do not *Poetise* may be Judges of Wit, Humane Nature, and Common Decencies) I never saw any thing that could be called a Play, more deficient in Wit, good Characters, or Entertainment, than this is.

This Play, at first (as I am inform'd by some who have a nearer communication with the Poets and Players than I have) was written by another, intending to expose that unparallel'd Villany of the *Papists* in the most horrid *Parisian Massacre*. And *Bayes* himself, as I am also told, expressed then an intention of writing the Story of the *Sicilian Vespers*, to lay open the treacherous, inhumane, bloody Principles of the *Disciples of that Scarlet Whore*.

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But he is since fallen from all Modesty and common Sense, and is not content with his own devil-like Fall, but like *old Satan*, he tempts his Friend, poisons and perverts his good Intentions, and by his wicked Management of the Play, turns it from the honest Aim of the first Author, to so diabolical an End, as methinks it should make a Civil Government blush to suffer it, or not to put the highest mark of Infamy upon it. But 'tis observable, though this could not be acted as it was first writtten against the *Papists*, yet when it was turn'd upon Protestants it found Reception.

I cannot believe the first Author of himself guilty of such evil Intentions, because I have heard better things of him ; but the *old Serpent Bays* has deluded him, as he would have done of the Reputation, if any had been gotten by it ; for so as I am told he did endeavour to do in Discourse with all his own Friends, when he joyn'd with him in *Oedipus*, which deserved Applause : and since he hath found that this hath gotten little or no Esteem in the Town, he renounces all he can of it, and endeavours to cast the greatest *Odium* upon his Partner.

But Reproaches are thrown away upon this Wretch, who is hardned in his Folly and Wickedness, as much as any *Irish* Witness, therefore I shall as little as I can, touch him hereafter. But at present I shall fall upon the Consideration of this Parallel, (as he impudently calls it in his Prologue as I take it) and it is publicly known he intended to have had it acted by that Name, before it was forbidden to be acted by the *Lord Chamberlain's* Order.

And 'tis not enough when he meets some of his old Acquaintance (whom he knows to be of an Opinion which he once profess'd to be of, and much different from what he now pretends) *that he thinks as they do still, but he must write as he does, he is put upon it, &c.* For certainly most exemplary Punishment is due to him for this most devilish Parallel ; and methinks Magistrates (that respect their Oaths and Office) should put the Law in Execution against this lewd Scribler.

First, I shall consider in his pretended Parallel, the City of *Paris* in the time of *Hen. 3. of France*, the most tumultuous, seditious, rebellious City, flesh'd in Murthers and Massacres, Destruction of Protestants Root and Branch ; a City which with their *Barricades* approach'd their King in his Palace, cut the Throats of his Guards in the Town, and terrified him into Flight from amongst them, and when they had him out, they kept him out, turn'd out all his Friends, or abused, or imprisoned them, rifled their Houses, and committed innumerable Outrages ; nay, forced a part of the Parliament of *Paris* to sit, and made the President sign what they pleased, and named Officers themselves as the King's Advocates, &c. which you may see in a Deposition of *Brison* the *Primier President* signed before two *Notaries* in a Book called *Le Journal de Regne de H. 3. p. 145.* in short, they

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renounced him for their *King*, and were absolved by the *Clergy* from their Obedience to him.

And that City, at that time, would he make a Parallel to the City of *London* in this King's Reign, whom God long preserve, to this City, that was so mainly instrumental in his happy Restauration, which has been his Bank ever since when he has needed it, which has not suffered so much as a *Riot* to pass unpunished during his Government; the Behaviour of whose Citizens has been peaceable to one another, and loyal to his Majesty. And even since these unhappy Divisions, when the Majority (as the Polls they have published inform us) thinking themselves in the highest and dearest Priviledg (the choice of those who should govern them) injur'd by the Court of Aldermen, yet make use of no other Weapons than Petitions; and, those not satisfactorily answered, fly to the *King's Justice* alone, in his own Courts of Law for a Redress. And when arm'd Men were brought into *Guild-Hall*, and some of the Aldermen haled more like Dogs than Magistrates, when they, if they would, could have torn those pragmatistical, insolent Officers to pieces, yet they bore it with Patience, tho an unpresidential Violence: Nay, when their much beloved and Reverenced *Sheriffs* (in the greatest height of Fermentation in the City) at a time when they thought they had most important Use of them, were carried through the whole City, with not above four to guard them without any Repulse or least sign of Scorn or Affront offered to that slender Guard, and so delivered to the Tower; shall this loyal, peaceable, *Protestant* City be a Parallel with that seditious, headstrong, rebellious *popish* one? Shall they who make use of nothing but the Law for their Relief be called rebellious by a loose and infamous *Scribler*?

But the *Eschevins*, who were Rebels must be compar'd to our Loyal Sheriffs, and must be abused and kick'd about the Stage by *Bully Grillon*, (for he has made him no better) who durst as well have flung himself to fasting Lions as have done that in *Paris*.

These *Eschevins* must be call'd Packers of Juries too by this ignorant Fellow, who it seems does not know that *Juries* were not used in *Paris*, no more than he and his Party would have them here; but this was to have a fling at our *Sheriffs* of the two last Years, whom this Party accuse of that Crime with most horrible Injustice. For who amongst them can complain of being undone during their time by any of their Juries; or indeed can give an Instance of one hard Verdict?

But says *Bays*, the *King* cannot have *Justice* against Rebels: What! cannot the King have *Justice* because a wise *Grand-Jury* sworn without Favour or Affection, &c. to present Truth according to the best of their Knowledge, would not believe Men whom most of them knew had been perjurd or were too infamous to be allowed for credible Witnesses, and in an improbable Matter too?

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Can any Man in his right Wits think the E. of S. (who has somewhat more Wit I dare swear than any *Tory* has) would trust such Villains with ten thousand Pounds a Year, his Life, Honour, Posterity and Reputation ? whom the silliest *Tory* would not trust with 10 *l.* and besides there could be no Security of Concealment given by them, who whilst they were Papiſts had violated all the Sanctions of Secrecy which that cursed Religion authorises : And if they be since turn'd Protestants (as let who will believe so for me) they must know that our Religion allows no such Obligation, but on the contrary, makes it every Man's Duty, on the Peril of Damnation, to discover all treasonable Conspiracies he shall come to the Knowledge of. Besides, upon Examination they were inconsistent with themselves, and contradictory to one another, as plainly appears by the Paper published by Authority. Upon what ground then is this Clamour against *Ignoramus Juries* ? Has not the King as much Justice when the Innocent are acquitted, as when the Guilty are condemned ? Sure the Acquittal of Innocence is much the more glorious part of his Justice.

The next thing I shall consider is this Mercenary Varlet's intended Abuse of our *House of Commons*, the most *August Assembly of Europe*, chosen by the Suffrage of every one who has any considerable Inheritance or Interest in *England*, which I believe the Poet and most of his Party have not : And the most important Affair of the *Succession* must by the parallel of this impious Libeller be canvas'd upon the Stage : Was ever such Licence conniv'd at in any Scribler yet, that the *Succession*, so solemn a Matter, that it is not fit to be debated of but in *Parliament*, and the Alteration of which is only in the Power of *King, Lords, and Commons*, (and by the way to affirm the contrary to this is a *Præmunire* by the 13 of *Eliz.* cap. 1.) should be profan'd so far as to be play'd with upon the Stage ? this is a Matter that causes Astonishment in all sober Men.

But see the Baseness (for it can't be Ignorance) in this Fellow, to deliver to the World so notorious a Falshood as that the *Commons* only voted the Exclusion of the *K. of Navarre*, to make that, as he thinks, more parallel with our Case.

D'Avila tells us *Lib. 9. pag. 729.* That the Clergy concluded, first that the *K. of Navarre* by Name, and all others suspected of Heresy, should be declared incapable of succeeding to the Crown, and that this was conformable to the Meaning and Doctrine of the Holy Canon : These are his very words : and in the same Page he says, The Nobility and Commons joyned with the Clergy, which done *Guilliaume d'Avanson Archbishop of Ambrun*, with six Deputies of every Order presented this Vote to the King, insisting that he would make it a publick Decree, causing it to be read and confirm'd in the Assembly which should receive it, and swear to it as a Fundamental Law.

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See now the impudent Knavery as well as Folly of this Sycophant to falsify a *History* so common, that it is read by all *Gentlemen* that pretend to Reading. Besides, he does not know that the three Estates of *France* sate in one Room, as our two Houses of *Parliament* formerly did; but the *Commons* only must be mentioned, that our *House of Commons* might be jeer'd and abus'd and call'd *Sovereigns* and *Gods*,¹ &c. and that it might be said (as he has learnt from the *Observer*, and such licentious Pamphleteers, who have clamour'd over and over) is the *House of Commons* the Government? is their Vote a Law? is their Vote a Decree? Why do these *Prevaricating Rascals* say this? Did ever the *whole House of Commons*, or the Majority of them pretend either? or, was ever any one Man so impudently foolish to affirm that they were the Government, or that their Vote was a Law?

But let these knavish Coxcombs know that that House (as the Peers are *conciliarij nati*) *is called by Writ as the great Council of the Nation to consult, de arduis Regni*, and are free to give their Opinions, and have no way of collecting those but by Votes; and a *Vote is the Opinion of that House*; that House at which these Villains may tremble before they are aware on't.

Why then has this been all this while the Cry of such Scriblers? and particularly of old Bowman Roger, with his little pack of inferiour Crape-grown-Men yelping after him?

The Insolence of those who dare trifle with Parliaments is very great, after the Words in his Majesties last Declaration, which are as followeth. But we still declare that no Irregularities in Parliament, shall ever make us out of love with Parliaments, which we look upon as the best Method for healing the Distempers of this Kingdom, and the only means to preserve the Monarchy in that due Reputation and Respect, which it ought to have both at home and abroad.

The next thing I shall consider is, that this *Bays* would have the *Duke of Guise*, who was a bloody Adviser, and barbarous Instrument in the most horrid *Parisian Massacre* under one cruel, perfidious King, and Rebel and a Traitor, to another, and at the head of the most Impious, Popish League and Conspiracy (which nothing can come near but that which I fear the Popish World is now carrying on, tho with somewhat more silence for the Extirpation of the Northern Heresy) and a Confederate with the Spaniard a Foreign Enemy; Even this *Duke* would be parallel, for so he plainly intends, with an innocent, loyal Protestant Prince at the Head of no League whatsoever, Son to our most Excellent and Gracious King, who cannot certainly (for all the Conspiracies of his Enemies against him) but be extremely pleased to see his own, and all the Vertues of his Ancestors shining in him. A Prince who hath sufficiently shewn to all the World his Illustrious Bravery in Action, and his Heroick

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Magnanimity in suffering ; one of such constant Equanimity that he is no more to be charmed from his Conscience with Allurements, than terrified from it by Dangers, and is unalterable by either ; fierce in War, gentle in Peace, a most profound honourer of his Father, a most Loyal Subject to his *Prince* (as his Action at *Bothwell-Bridg* can testify) a constant frequenter of his Church, a zealous Detester of *Popery*, a resolute Asserter of the *Protestant Religion*, and a sincere Lover of his Country, eminently charitable to his Enemies, generously kind to his Friends, sweetly affable to all, a Lover of, and beloved by Mankind, a *Prince* against whom they have nothing to object but the unsought Love of the *People*, who admire him for his Vertues : and is this a Crime ? Must he, (so far from being Rebellious, or in any way a Disturber of his Majesties Peace, that he cannot be proved guilty so much as of a *Riot*) be a Parallel to so pernicious a Man as *Guise* ? most infamous and ungrateful Libeller.

And next (to sum up all this Fellow's impious Designs in one) that of endeavouring to make his *King* in his Play (whom he hath shewn to be Fearful, Weak, Wicked, Bloody, Perfidious, and Hypocritical, even to fawning) a Parallel to our most *Excellent and Gracious King*, (for besides that the whole course of the Play would seem to insinuate his Intentions, he says, a *Royal Star shone at his Birth*, which did at Noon at the Birth of Ours) is *Treason* with a Witness, he would execute his *King* in Effigie, and would be even that *Judas* he speaks of, with the last Sop that would betray him for Gain.

But his Villany extends farther than the Play ; for he knows the *Histories* of this *Hen. 3.* are so common, that scarce any one escapes the reading of them : and now let us see what Manner of *Prince* these Histories make this *Henry*.

That he was privy to that *Massacre*, (by which above an 100000 Protestant Throats were cut in *France*) the death of *Lignerolles* plainly proves ; and that he was a Designer of it no Man doubted : himself appearing (as *D'Avila* says, p. 375.) in the Head of a Regiment of Guards the day after that bloody Eve of *St. Bartholomew*, to perfect it in *Paris*. But as he says there were scarce any *Protestants* left alive, they that were, were such who out of Terror wore the White Cross, the Mark of Distinction, to save their Lives by ; and this at the Marriage of his Sister to the *King of Navarre*, when all the *Protestants* of *Quality*, by all the sacred Promises of Peace and Amity, were drawn together at *Paris*, to do honour to the Wedding of that *King* : This was a greater Impiety than ever was perpetrated by any Prince since *Herod*. An Act, against which the *Bishop of Rhodes* in his *Life of H. 4.* thus Exclaims—*Execrable Action, which never had, nor never shall, if it please God, find its Parallel.*

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Besides, *D'Avila*, who speaks most modestly of him, tells us, *lib.* 6. *p.* 478. & 479. That, for going publickly in the Streets with Processions, and Penitents, and revelling with all manner of Luxury and Effeminacy at home, equally dividing his Time between *Ladys* and *Minions*, Penitents, Monks, and Friars, dissoluteness and devotion, (*and by the way, superstition and leudness together, is the worst of all Mixtures*) and for slighting all the chief *Princes* and *Noblemen*, and raising Men of slender Fortunes, and little Interest to insolent *Minions*; and extremely harrassing the *Clergie* and the *Commons*, to enrich those *Minions*, he became odious and contemptible to his People, and the hatred of him was general; which *D'Avila* says, gave an easy occasion to the founding of the *League*. He was besides faithless, both to Protestants and Papists: He mortally hated both Parties, and endeavoured to keep them up one against another, by a lingering Destruction to waste them; while he and his *Minions* took their ease, and lull'd themselves in Effeminacy and Luxury. He has been often heard to break out into this Latin saying—*De inimicis meis, Vindicare inimicos meos*; see *D'Avila*, *p.* 627. and more of this 651, and 656. In other Authors you may find much more, particularly in a Book written by one who lived in that Time, called, *Journal de choses memorables advenuees durant tout le Regne de H. 3.* see *p.* 28. *La Corruption estant telle en ce temps que les Farceurs, Bouffons, Putains, & Mignons, avoyent tout le Credit, (viz.) The Corruption of this Time being such, that Farce-Players, Buffoons, Whores, and Minions, had all the esteem.*

And for his dissoluteness, he says, he would go in Masquerade in Womens Habits, and in Carnaval Time, masked with his *Minions*, he would scour the Streets till morning, *ou ils firent mille Insolences*, where they would commit a thousand Insolencies and Outrages.

His Effeminacy had made him mean-spirited, for otherwise he would, as *Monsieur de Villeroy* advised him, have been sincere, and headed the Army himself, (for he hated the Protestants, and died a Papist) and then, as he said, the Power of the *Guises* would have vanished before him, as shadows in the Sun-shine. He might have recovered his former Majesty, and the People would have followed his Standard. And as 'tis expressed in *D'Avila*, Men would rather take Water from the Fountain than the Brook, *p.* 625. He joined with the *League*, but did little, and was never sincere.

The forementioned *Journal* says, that on the 14th of December he swore, upon the Sacrament of the Altar, a perfect Reconciliation with *Guise*; and on the 23^d of the same month, he caused him to be murdered coming to the Council, (which he called that Morning, on pretence of dispatching

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some Business, that he might retire to his Devotion against the Holy Time); and when he saw him dead, he insulted over him, and with his Sword struck him o're the Face, saying, *Voila le Roy de Paris, There lies the King of Paris.*

It was not for nothing that he gave himself over to such immoderate Grief for the death of some of his *beau Mignons*, his young handsome Favorites that were killed, (three of them in a private Quarrel, and the other by Assassination, viz. *Scomberg, Mangiron, Quelus*, and *St. Mesgrin*) especially for the death of *Maugiron* and *Quelus*; whose Heads he caused to be shaved, and kept their fair Hair; and from the latter he took the Pendants off his Ears, which he had before with his own hands put on them.

This puts me in mind of a Book, though not so publick, as others, called, the *Memoires of the Evesque de Gras, the Bishop of Gras*, Almoner to *Margaret Queen of Navarre* this *Hen. the Third's* Sister, where he is accused, *de Peccatis non nominandis*, of Sins not to be named; and amongst the rest, of too great a familiarity with that Sister, who, as the Bishop says, made him institute the Order of the Holy Ghost, an Order of Knighthood for her; the Letters in the Coller, which is worn, being the Greek Letter ϕ , for *fidelta*, the Italian word for *Constancy*, and *H. and M.* the two first Letters of their Names interwoven together.

The Bishop of *Rhodes* says, *p. 27.* that there never was a Court more vicious or corrupted, than this of *Hen. 3.* *Impiety, Atheism, Witchcraft*, all horrible Wickedness, *black Ingratitude* and *Perfidiousness*, *Poysonings* and *Assasinations*, reigning there in the highest degree.

Now upon the whole Matter, (though it cannot really reflect upon a KING who is no more a Parallel to this, than *Heaven* is to *Hell*) does not this Villain deserve to be hang'd, drawn, and quartered for his Intention? And 'tis pitty the Law should not reach him, for offering to make the best of Kings parallel with one of the worst: who was overtaken, for his foul Impieties, by the Judgment of God at *St. Clou*, in the same Room where the Massacre was agreed upon, on the same day of the same Month, at the same Hour, by one of the same Party, for which he with others committed that Massacre.

Well, this is true, he has expos'd *Hen. 3.* but he magnifies the *King of Navarre* sufficiently, he scarce thinks he can praise this *King in reversion* enough, though the *King in possession* is little obliged to him.

Would he have this *King of Navarre* a Parallel too? how can that serve his turn?

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I need not cite any Pages of Books to shew the vast Perfections of this *Heroe*, for all the Authors that write of him, render him a Prince who justly merited the Title he obtained of *Henry le Grand*. In *D'Avila*, so far as *Henry* was concern'd in the Civil Wars, you have an Account, and you may find a particular one of his Life and Actions in *Mexeray*, and the Bishop of *Rhodes*.

His renown in War was never surpass'd by any Man ; having been a *General* at fifteen, and Head of the *Protestants* ; He was almost continually in Arms till five and forty, and so often in Action, that he was said to wear Boots more than Shoes. And as a French Author says, in a piece call'd, *Recueil de quelques Belles Actions & Paroles de H. le Grand*, he signalized his Valour in four or five pitch'd Battels, in above a hundred bloody Encounters, and two hundred Sieges.

He sustained seven Wars that ended with Treaties of Peace, with a handful of Men, when he often had several Royal Armies against him at once ; sometimes, as the Bishop of *Rhodes* says, he had seven or eight Armies against him.—He was of invincible Courage, toying and hazarding as much as any private Souldier.

He had infinite Prudence, Readiness, Sagacity, Vigilance, Industry, and Activity, great Mercy and Clemency, Temperance, Justice, Generosity, and Gentleness, and was void of all Gall or Malice, see the Bishop of *Rhodes*, p. 141. In his Conversation he was free, sincere, and wise, and still preserving a Majesty pleasant, and extreamly witty ; innumerable are the wise and witty Sayings of his, which are registred and transmitted from Father to Son, and at this day quoted by every Frenchman.

And when by his unparallel'd Courage and Address, he surmounted greater Difficulties than ever Monarch did to get a Throne ; he made himself King of all *France*, not of a Party, and the least Party, as *Henry* the Third did ; He bore himself with equal Justice and Clemency to all, forgiving and obliging all the Heads of the League one after another.

He had such an entire Affection for his People, that in his Letters to *Governors* of Provinces his *Surintendants* and *Parliaments*, viz. his Courts of Justice he would conjure them in this manner ; *Ayez soin de mon Peuple, ce sont mes Enfants, Dieu m'en a commis la Garde, j'en suis responsable. Have a care of my People, they are my Children, God has committed the preservation of them to me, I must answer for it ;* or in words to this purpose.

He sought nothing so much as the Love of his People, and did not, like a Tyrant, scorn and hate them, and endeavour to govern them by

REFLECTIONS

Fear. *No Prince fears the People, but he that injures them. No Prince would have the People afraid of him, but he that's afraid of them; nor does any one hate and scorn the People, who is not hated and scorn'd by them.* This Prince was the Love of France, and Terror of Spain. And 'tis a Princely thing to be a Terror to the Neighbouring Nations; which never King can be, without the Love of his Subjects.

This Henry esteemed his Word as Sacred; he hated Lewd Prelats, and Corrupt Judges, above all Men, and could not endure to have his Subjects grieved and vex'd by Law.

He encouraged Learned Men, and gave Pensions to Cardinal Gondy, Perron, and to Scaliger, Causabon, and many Learned Forreigners.

For his Generosity, he made a Souldier, who had wounded him in the War, be taken into his Guards, under the Command of *Monsieur Vitry*; and being one day in his Coach with the *Mareschal d' Estrees*, he shewed him to him, saying, *Voila le Soldat qui me blessa a la Journée d' Aumale.* And when it was told him, that a certain Captain who had been in the League, a stout Fellow, notwithstanding he had pardoned and done him good, yet would not love him. He answered, *Je lui veux faire tant de bien, que Je le forceray de m'aimer malgré lui.* I'll do him so much good, that I will make him love me in spite of his Teeth.

Though he was easily inclined to pardon, yet against horrible Facts he was severely just; when a Gentleman petitioned for the Life of his Nephew, a Murtherer, or Assasinate, said he, I am sorry I can't grant your desire, it becomes you to do like an Unkle, and me like a King. I excuse your Request, do you excuse my refusal. This was not like *H. 3d's* suffering one of his Minions, *Monsieur Villequer*, to murther his Wife big with Twins in his own Court, then at the Castle of *Pontois*, unpunished.

The Instances are innumerable of the Vertues and gallant Actions, the wise and witty Sayings of this Henry the truly Great, and I leave the Poet to find out a Parallel, but I assure him it will be somewhat hard, and I cannot possibly guess whom he can pitch upon.

But let him know that this Henry, tho next in Reversion, with all these incomparable Vertues, (after the Murther of *H. 3.* committed by the way, by a mortal Enemy to this Henry the Great) was forced to be at many Seiges and in many bloody Incounters, and to fight four pitch'd Battels, and change his Religion before he could be possess'd of the Throne.—Here was that which blotted all his Vertues, his foul Apostacy. His

REFLECTIONS

Mother, one of the bravest Women that ever was, before her Death (being afterwards poison'd by the bloody Papists) conjur'd him by all the Arguments she could, never to forsake the *Protestant Religion*, assuring him that the Judgment of God would overtake him if he did; as our K. *James* wish't it might all his Posterity that should so apostatise. She proved a true Prophetess, for this *Henry* was stabb'd by *Ravillac*, a wicked Instrument of that Church which still distrusted him. He had been before stabb'd in the Mouth, and his Escape was wonderful, and *Monsieur de Sully* a Protestant, and always about him told him he had renounced God with his Mouth before, and bad him have a care of renouncing him with his Heart lest his Judgment should reach him there, which afterwards came to pass; and would this foolish Poet have this Judgment parallel'd too? if so let him tell us upon whom.

Lastly, let us consider how this League is a Parallel, and how it will serve his turn: Does he mean it to the *Meal-tub Plot*? or any other such Protestant Plot? or the Plot, as they will have it, of a solitary Joyner going to *Oxford* to seize the King in the midst of his Guards? as the great Forces of the League would have done *Henry*, almost ungarded once at *Blois*; or does he intend it to *Parson Booth's Plot*? who was a *Trooper* for that purpose with a Black Horse, the place of whose standing could never be found out to this day (tho Advertisements several times were put into News-Books, with promises of 5 *l.* to him that would discover it) nor did he ever see any of the Troop, as he said. This was one of the Witnesses, formerly a *Parson* in the Diocess of *Durham*, convicted at *Newcastle* for *Clipping*, *Coining*, and *Murther*, turn'd out of Benefice and Orders, and degraded by his Diocesan. Or I'll warrant you he means the abhorr'd Paper never subscribed by, or publish'd to any body, before it came to the Grand-Jury; for he cannot mean to parallel a *Nation of Protestants* endeavouring to secure themselves from the danger of Popery by Law (which the King and Court-party thought there was danger of, or they would not have offered Expedients) with a Party of *Papists*, who contrived Massacres, Murthers, and Rebellions, to secure their Religion: How then will this League serve his turn? this was a Popish League, entred into by the *Clergy*, *Nobility*, and *Commons of France*, and as *D'Avila* says, *pag.* 441. at first ambiguously favoured by Pope *Gregory 13.* a wary Man! who afterwards gave them good Hopes, and exhorted them to be watchful for the good of *true Religion*, and the Extirpation of *Heresy*: This was pretty plain, but by his Successor *Sixtus Quintus*, it was openly approved, *pag.* 579.

This Pope in the Consistory on *Septemb. 9. 1585.* declared the King of *Navarre* and Prince of *Conde*, *Hereticks*, incapable of any *Succession*, especially of *France*, depriving them of their present States they possessed, absolving

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all their Vassals from their Oaths, and excommunicating those that should obey them afterwards. *D'Avila*, p. 575.

That *Sixtus Quintus* did patronize the League, his Oration alone (made in the *Consistory*, justifying the Murther of *Hen. 3.*) would prove. And 'tis undeniable that *Pope Gregory* after him did openly incourage the League more fiercely than any of them, for he allowed 15000 Crowns a Month, and sent them an Army of twelve thousand Men. See the *Bishop of Rhodes* his Life of *Hen. 4.* p. 148.

So that here's a *Prince* excluded by the *Pope* by a *holy League* (as they call'd it) back'd by him, consisting almost of all the *Popish Nobility and Commons*, and the whole *Roman Clergy* in *France*, for being of a *Religion* differing from that of his Country ; how then will this do this Scribler's Business ?

Does the *Pope* and all the *Clergy*, &c. think it fit and lawful to exclude a *Prince* for professing a different *Religion*, and will the *Papists* be angry if the *Protestants* are of the same Opinion (in case they had such a one likely to succeed) no sure they can't have the Impudence. What it concerns *Protestants* in that Case to do, enough has been heard by us in *Parliamentary Debates*. I for my part believe that the *Crown of England* being *hereditary*, the next in Blood have an undoubted Right to succeed, unless *God* make them, or they make themselves incapable of Reigning. They who talk otherwise of the *Succession*, would make as if *England* were the *Estate of a King*, viz. *That he were sole Proprietor of all the Land, and that the People were only his Stock or Cattel upon it.*

In the mean time 'tis wonderfully silly for this Fellow to bring a *President* point blanck against the End he designs it, as to this particular.

As to the rest, his Intentions are evidently in this Play, to insinuate by false Colours into the People, and as much as in him lies into the *King*, a Hatred to the Capital City, and a scorn of Authority placed in the Citizens ; an aversion and contempt of the House of Commons ; and lastly, (for which the whole Play seems chiefly to be written) the assassination of a *Gallant and Innocent Prince*, whom the Poet by his Parallel would represent as Guilty.

'Tis the Murder of *Guise*, of all things, which the blood-thirsty *Tories* so loudly cry up, and are fond of ; an Act that no Christian can defend in *Hen. 3.* though *Guise* was a guilty Man, (*Princes having no Authority over their Subjects Lives, but what the Law allows them*). An Act, that the *Bishop of Rhodes* says, the odious Circumstances of it, made it appear horrible to the Eyes of the *Protestants*, (though they lost a mortal Enemy by it) and

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they thought it of the same Piece with the *Massacre*. And the same Author says, that several Gentlemen having offered themselves to the *King of Navarre*, to go and kill the Duke of *Guise*, he always let them know that he abhorr'd such a Proposal, and that he should neither esteem them his Friends, nor honest Men, if they kept it in their thoughts, *p.* 79.

And of this Assassination would the *Poet and his Party* have a Parallel upon the Duke of *Monmouth*; a barbarity not to be thought on, but by base and infamous Villains.

'Tis observable that Massacres, private Murders, and Assassinations, are in no part of Europe, frequently committed, but in those Countries where the Popish Religion prevails; if such a cursed Conspiracy of Priests against the Laity, can be call'd a Religion.

And would these impious *Jesuited Wretches* bring such detested Practices into a *Protestant* Country? And having, by the good Providence of God, miss'd of the *King's Life*, would they attaque that of his Innocent Son? which is at present so great a Guard to his Father, that could they but compass the one, 'twere much to be feared, they would not long spare the other.

The great Industry, Craft, and Violence, that have been practised to smother that damnable Popish Plot against his Sacred Life, and turn it into Ridicule, with this Design following it at the Heels, would convince any reasonable Man that it is still going on; and *God avert the success of the Conspiracy.*

That some *Papists* should think the Assassination of the Duke of *Monmouth* a good thing, I do not so much wonder, but that any who call themselves *Protestants* should herd with such Monsters, and join in the Cry, as it is said they do, and even some whom he rais'd, who owe it to him that they eat now, who would, in the height of his Power, have out-fawn'd his Dogs, this is most monstrous; *this plainly shews one Error of his Life, the preferring of such Miscreants.*

This Design shews such base and Villanous Principles in the *Poet and his Party*, that had I had so little wit to have been one of them before, I must have quitted 'em now, or have quitted all Pretentions to Sense or Honesty.

Those who so industriously, zealously, and passionately press'd and sollicitated for the acting of this Play, after it was forbidden by the King, did in that sufficiently testify their perfidious and bloody Inclinations; and who-ever they were, I wish his Majesty would set a Mark upon them, and take care to secure his Sacred Person from them.

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I am sure, let them be as Great as they can, it is a base thing to incourage a Murder, and Assassination, as they did who deceived his Majesty, in getting Him to License this Play, which he could not endure when he saw it, only to satisfy their Malice. But most certainly, they that set this Tool of a *Poet* at work at first, (as he says he was put on by Great Persons) must have all the Vices of *Henry* the Third, and none of the Vertues of *Henry* the Fourth.

But let them assure themselves the best and wisest of the People, will not be deluded. And our King, as he is too Good and Great to harbour any such Thoughts within his Royal Breast, so he has a Judgment too piercing not to see through these impious Designs, and discern who are the Authors of them ; and would to God he would punish all that Work Evil against him. And amongst the rest, that he would put a stop to the insolence of such Licentious Poets, whose foolish and impious Works, join'd with the false Instructions of Ignorant, Petulant, and conceited Tutors, with the French Education, and the vicious Examples in *Paris* and this City, have been the main Causes of the corruption of the Heads and Hearts, the Intellectuals and Morals of so great a part of our young Gentry, that it can never be sufficiently bewailed by all sober Men.

For his Majesty, *I wish to God that all his Subjects Hearts were open to Him, that he might truly distinguish between his Friends and his Enemies ; and that he may long reign with all content and prosperity here, and arrive at Eternal Felicity hereafter, shall ever be the Prayer of him who truly honours his King, and sincerely loves his Country, and is,*

S I R,

Your most humble

Servant.

S I R,

I Shall shortly send you some Observations upon the Faults of the Play, considering it as a Play. But it appears to me, that *Bays* did not intend it for a Diversion, but for a Direction and Advice what was to be done ; and has more mind to recommend himself as a Counsellor, than a Poet, in this. 'Tis a fine Age, when Mercenary Poets shall become Politicians, and their Plays business of State.

F I N I S ;

(400)

A Letter from Shadwell to the Earl of Dorset.

For the Earle of Dorsett

My Lord

I presume to putt your Ldp in minde of the last Christmass quarter which my wants force me to I received two quarters by your servant which made up all till michaelmass and now there onely remaines y^e last quarter which if your Lp please to send mee or let mee Know where I may wait on you for it you will adde to all the obligations I have had and which I will never forgett without your Lps generosity I could not have subsisted till now and I will ever bee gratefull for itt. I would sometimes pay my duty and wait on you if I knew how or where and noe man would bee more ready or gladder to wait upon you then

My Ld

Your Lps

obliged humble servt

THO SHADWELL

Jan 24
1682

A Letter from Shadwell to the Second Duke of Ormonde.

My Ld.

Were I not a Cripple I would assume y^e boldness to wait upon y^r Grace and give y^u my most humble thanks for y^r extraordinary favour y^u have shown to my son who is elected fellow of All-souls wch I must wholly attribute to y^r Graces commands to y^e worthy Mr. Warden who has been just to y^r Grace and very favourable to my son. I have nothing to return to y^r Grace for soe great a benefitt but my most humble acknowledgements and my continuall prayers for y^r long health and prosperity in all y^r affaires I presume y^r Grace does not confer benefitts with any prospect of returne but to follow y^e Dictates of y^r great minde wch y^u derive from y^r most illustrious Grandfather and most renowned Father who were ever doeing good and may y^r Grace live as long and bee as much esteemed and Reverenced by all good men as both of them. I know y^r consciousness of haveing done a bountiful or charitable action is a very great satisfaction to a generous nature especially where hee who receives it is or may by that make himself worthy of it hereafter. I have my Ld. taken already and shall if God lends mee life take y^e farther care in y^e instruction of my son hereafter that I hope y^r Grace will haue no reason to blush when in time to come y^u may reflect upon yr . . . bee a restorer of a drooping family wch my fathers losses for K^s. Charles y^e first his multitude of children misfortunes, and some unthriftiness had almost left naked to y^e world. But if my son proves a vertuous honest man and an eminent Scholler I am confident it will please y^r Grace when ever y^u should remember who raysed him to a condition of being soe and if hee does not study all hee can to make himself such a man I am sure I shall wish this undone as well as y^r Grace may justly. For I am sure hee shall bee noe longer mine than while hee endeavours to make himself worthy to bee y^r Graces. For my part my Ld I will never while I have breath loose my gratefull resentments for this great favour and I had been equally gratefull had hee not had success I am.

My L^d

Y^r Graces

Most obliged & most
humble Serv^t

THO. SHADWELL.

Novemb. 5

88

A Letter from Shadwell to the Earl of Dorset.

My Ld

I wrott a complaint to y^r Lp against y^e players and governors and again I renew it and humbly beg if yⁿ ever had any favour for mee to right mee in it by commanding that y^e Innocent Impostors bee the next new play to bee acted. I would have had it acted in Roman habits and then wth a Mantle to have coverd her hips Mrs. Barry would have acted y^e part but Tho Davenant has with a great slight turned mee of and sayes he will trouble himself noe more about y^e play: I beseech yⁿ my Lord bee pleased to favour the Auther and mee. they have putt Durfey's play before ours and this day a play of Drydens is read to them and that is to bee acted before ours too. I never was soe much concernd in any thing in my life or soe much surprisd at ill usage when I deserve none but good pray pardon mee that I putt yr Lp in mind of this once more for this is y^e onely time to right.

My Ld

Chelsea Jan 19

y^r L^{ps} most obliged

91

humble Serv^t

THO SHADWELL

Mr. Cooling knows this to

have been practisd' by y^r Lps predecessours and I have twice his bond against mee in a contest between Mr Crown and mee twice.

A Letter from Shadwell to the Earl of Dorset.

For y^e Ld Chamberlain
at y^e Cockpitt
Whitehall

My Ld

I should have presented this play of Mr Brady's to y^r Lp but I am layd up with a very painfull fitt of the Gout: I told him w^t you commanded mee when last you did mee the honour to see mee at my house viz that you would get him a turn to preach at Court which has been the occasion of a letter of thanks to y^r Lp. I hope y^r Lp has read over my comeedy and I should bee very glad to heare of my faults in time if I were able to wait on y^r Lp. bee pleasd to order y^r servant to deliver it to the Bookkeeper or when one from him call for it: Ther is a very foolish omission befor this dedication of Mr Bradys to y^r Lp of y^r Titles but I doubt not but y^r Lp will forgive it since I am sure hee that dedicates it wants noe respect to you

I am

My Ld

Y^r Lps

Chelsea May 2
1692

most obligd humble

sev^t

THO SHADWELL

TEXTUAL NOTES

THE END

The Amorous Bigotte

- p. 1, l. 1. *The Amorous Bigotte : With The Second Part of Tegue O Dively*, 4to, 1690. This, the only authoritative text, is given here. *The Amorous Bigotte* was not reprinted until 1720, when it appears as the third play in the fourth (and last) volume of that indifferent edition. THE | AMOROUS BIGOT : | With the Second Part of | *Tegue O Dively*. | A | COMEDY, | Acted by Their | MAJESTIES SERVANTS. | [rule] | [Printer's device] | [rule] | Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX. | The text has no value.
- p. 25, l. 9. *cannot*. 4to, 1690 misprints : *cannont*.
- p. 64, l. 23. *Concern*. 4to, 1690 misprints : *Concern*. 12mo, 1720 : *Concern*.

The Scowrers

- p. 79, l. 1. *The Scowrers. A Comedy*. 4to, 1691. This is the only authoritative text and as such is reprinted here. *The Scowrers* is the fourth play of the fourth volume of *The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq.* 1720. THE | SCOWRERS. | A | COMEDY, | Acted by Their | MAJESTIES SERVANTS. | [rule] | [Printer's device.] | [rule] | Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX. | This text is of no value.
- p. 113, l. 16. *your Ladyships*. So 12mo, 1720. 4to, 1691 omits "your," which is manifestly required.
- p. 139, l. 21. *Mr. Rant*. 4to, 1691 : *M. Rant*.

The Volunteers

- p. 151, l. 1. The quarto, 1693, being printed after Shadwell's death, had not the benefit of his revision, and presents some obvious errors and misprints.
- The Volunteers* is the fifth and last play in the fourth volume of *The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq.* 1720. THE | VOLUNTEERS, | OR, THE | STOCK-JOBBER. | A | COMEDY, | Acted by Their | MAJESTIES SERVANTS. | [rule] | [Printer's device.] | [rule] | Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX. | The text is of no worth, and it should be remarked that the actors' names are omitted in the list of *Dramatis Personae*.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 164, l. 5. [*Mimicking her.* 1693 : [*Minnicking her.*
p. 168, l. 16. [*She snatches.* 1693 : [*She snaches.*
p. 169, l. 33. *Effeminacy.* 1693 : *Effiminacy.*
p. 171, l. 3. *pretty.* 1693 : *prety.*
p. 171, l. 26. *Methinks.* 1693 : *Mathinks.*
p. 171, l. 33. *Breeding without dancing.* 4to, 1693, has two turned letters ; the final " g " of " Breeding," and the first " n " of " dancing."
p. 172, l. 19. *Written.* 1693 : *Writen.*
p. 172, l. 21. *fault.* 1693 misprints : *faulf.*
p. 173, l. 15. *audacious.* 1693 misprints : *audaciovs.*
p. 174, l. 22. *reliev'd.* 1693. *releiv'd.*
p. 174, l. 22. *miserably.* 1693 misprints : *miserablly.*
p. 174, l. 80. *Friends.* 1693 misprints : *Freinds.*
p. 174, l. 43. *Gentleman.* 1693 : *Gentileman.*
p. 175, l. 39. *Friends.* 1693 : *Freinds.*
p. 176, l. 27. *Sir.* 1693 misprints : *Sis.*
p. 177, l. 27. *Fatigue.* 1693 misprints : *Fatique.*
p. 177, l. 18. *abundance.* 1693 : *abundunce.*
p. 179, l. 26. *Friend.* 1693 : *Freind.* This spelling occurs again in the original in ll. 29, 31, 37 of this page.
p. 179, l. 32. *describeſt.* 1693 misprints : *descsibest.*
p. 179, l. 37. *Civility.* 1693 has a turned letter, the second " i."
p. 180, l. 4. *Friend.* 1693 : *Freind.*
p. 180, l. 15. *Infinitely.* 1693 : *Infinitly.*
p. 181, l. 1. *Sir Nicholas.* 1693 : *Sir Nicklas.*
p. 182, l. 7. *Friend.* 1693 : *Freind.* This spelling again occurs in the original in l. 19 of this page.
p. 183, l. 5. *Dammee.* 1693 : *Damnee.*
p. 183, l. 18. *were no dressing?* 1693 misprints : *we no dressing.*
p. 184, l. 16. *Magnanimous.* 1693 : *Magnaminious.*
p. 189, l. 1. *heighthening.* 1693 : *heighthening.*
p. 191, l. 20. *Two of 'em.* 1693 misprints : *To of 'em.*
p. 191, l. 41. *basely.* 1693 : *bacely.*
p. 194, l. 23. *separated.* 1693 : *seperated.*
p. 198, l. 29. *Nickum.* 1693 : *Nikum.*
p. 201, l. 33. *does.* 1693 : *dos.*
p. 201, l. 34. *Maid.* 1693 : *Miad.*
p. 201, l. 37. *saw.* 1693 : *say.*
p. 204, l. 18. *Nebemiah.* 1693 misprints : *Nebehemiah.*
p. 204, l. 29. *my dear Lamb.* 1693 : *may dear Lamb.*
p. 204, l. 32. *falsehood.* 1693 misprints : *falsehold.*
p. 209, l. 40. *preference.* 1693 misprints : *prefference.*
p. 212, l. 19. *become.* 1693 : *becom.*
p. 215, l. 30. *Closet.* 1693 misprints : *Closlet.*
p. 220, l. 27. *Exeunt Cavaliers.* 1693 : *Exeunt Cavalier.*
p. 222, l. 30. *Room.* 1693 misprints : *Rome.*
p. 223, l. 5. *believe.* 1693 misprints : *beleive.*
p. 223, l. 6. *Cuckoldom.* 1693 : *Cuckoldum.*
p. 223, l. 10. *Handkerchief.* 1693 : *Handkercheif.*
p. 223, l. 18. *Junior.* 1693 misprints : *Junier.*

Poems

- p. 227, l. 1. *A Letter.* The texts of this Letter and of The Answer are both from the MS. in the Dyce Library. They were first printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*. Part III., 8vo, 1698.
- p. 235, l. 1. *An Elegy.* Text from LETTERS | AND | POEMS | In Honour of the | Incomparable Princess, | MARGARET, | DUTCHESS of | NEWCASTLE. | [rule] | [printers' device] | DVM PREMOR ATTOLLOR | In the SAVOY | [rule] | Printed by THOMAS NEWCOMBE, | [rule] | M.D.C.LXXXVI. |
- p. 238, *EPILOGUE.* From the quarto play, 1680. This was advertised in the *Term Catalogues*, Easter (May), 1680.
- p. 239, l. 1. *To My Much Respected Master.* Text from *Songs set by Signior Pietro Reg gio*, folio, 1680.
- p. 242, l. 1. *A Lenten Prologue.* Text from the original broadside 1682. This prologue was reprinted in the various collections of *Poems On Affairs of State*, e.g., Vol. I., pp. 154-156, Sixth Edition Corrected, 1710. There are some variants in spelling and the use of capitals, but these later reprints have no authority, and the actual text is unchanged. I append a few instances of the differences in spelling to show that they are negligible.
- l. 10. *Shame.* 1710: shame.
 l. 10. *Whigg.* 1710: *Whig*.
 l. 28. *Battaile.* 1710: *Battel*.
 l. 30. *Joyner's.* 1710: Joiner's.
 l. 34. *Ancient.* 1710: antient.
- p. 243, l. 2. *Dubb.* 1710: dub.
 l. 10. *Plyant.* 1710: pliant.
 l. 17. *Sence.* 1710: Sense.
 l. 21. *Ryott.* 1710: Riot.
 l. 34. *Efffigie.* 1710: Effigy.
 l. 41. *Propp.* 1710: prop.
- p. 244, l. 2. *Foreigne.* 1710: foreigne.
- p. 245, l. 1. *The Medal.* Text from the original quarto, a copy in the library of the editor.
- p. 263, l. 1. *Satyr.* Text from the original quarto, 1682.
- p. 266, l. 1. *Statesmen.* 1682 misprints: Statesemen.
- p. 267, l. 33. *Statesmens.* 1682 misprints: Staesmens.
- p. 273, l. 1. *The Tory-Poets.* Text from the copy in the Dyce Library. No other exemplar has been traced.
- p. 289, l. 1. *The Tenth Satyr.* Text from the original quarto.
- p. 291, l. 24. *I Have Known.* 1687: I have have known.
- p. 294, l. 9. *Dry Criticks.* 1687 misprints: Dry *Critiks*.
- p. 334, l. 39. *Finis.* 1687 adds the following note with reference to various Errata, all of which I have corrected in the body of the text:

ERRATA

In the Epistle, page 2 (p. 292, l. 7), instead of *I must think*, read *I may think*. In the Translation, p. 1 (p. 298, l. 22), for *Longimus*, *Longinus*.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 2 (p. 299, l. 3), for *Aurorem*, *Auroram*; (l. 14) for *extuperans*, *exsuperans*; (l. 21) for *noſte*, *noſte*. p. 4 (p. 301, l. 15) for *codem*, *eodem*. p. 6 (p. 301, l. 23) *R. fortuna*. p. 7 (p. 304, l. 12) for 'am, 'em. p. 14 (p. 307, l. 30) for *induperator* with a little I, a great one. p. 12. (p. 307, l. 15) for *posuit*, *potuit*. p. 15 (p. 308, l. 31) for *Captive*, *Captain*. p. 26 (p. 315, l. 21) for *flamine*, *ſtamine*. p. 28 (p. 317, l. 18) for *Optandos*, *Optandas*. p. 32 (p. 319, l. 29) for *Immo*, *Olim*; tho' the Edition with the *Notæ Variorum* has it *Immo*. p. 38 (p. 325, l. 3) for *Piſa's*, *Piſo's*. p. 1 (p. 325, l. 4) for *Couſul*, *Conſul*.
- p. 335, l. 1. *A Congratulatory Poem*. Text from the original, which was reprinted in the various issues of *Poems On Affairs of State* as *A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of Orange's coming into England*. Written by Mr. Shadwell. Vol. I. (1710), pp. 174-178. This later text has no value or authority, there are a few minor variations of spelling, and the excessive italicization of the original has been reduced to proper names and the words *Jus Divinum*; *Fiat*; *Chaos*.
- p. 341, l. 1. *A Congratulatory Poem*. Text from the original, 1689. It is reprinted with some slight variations of spelling and the omission of the subscription in *Poems On Affairs of State*, Vol. I. (1710), pp. 178-179.
- p. 345, l. 1. *Ode*. This is to be found in the Buckingham Palace MS. of Purcell's compositions of Court music for various occasions. It is inscribed "An Ode on the Queen's Birthday Sung before their Majesties at Whitehal, by Tho. Shadwell." The words of this ode appear in *Poems On Affairs of State*. The Second Part, 1697. They have also been reprinted in the Works of Henry Purcell, Vol. XI., *Birthday Odes for Queen Mary*, Part I., i. and i.
- p. 347, l. 1. *The Address*. Text from the original, 1689. This has been reprinted in *Poems On Affairs of State*, Part III., 1698, pp. 295-300, when it is given as "Written by T. Shadwell."
- p. 353, l. 1. *A Poem*. Text from *Poems On Affairs of State*, Part III., p. 273.
- p. 359, l. 1. *Ode*. Text from the original, folio, 1690.
- p. 363, l. 1. *Ode*. Text from the original, London, 1690, folio.
- p. 367, l. 1. *A Song*. Text from Dryden's *Miscellanies*, fourth edition, 1716, Vol. IV., p. 93.
- p. 369, l. 1. *An Ode*. This Ode is contained in the Buckingham Palace MS. of Purcell's Court music, whence it was reprinted in the Works of Henry Purcell, Vol XI., *Birthday Odes for Queen Mary*, Part I., i. and i.
- p. 371, l. 1. *Votum Perenne*. Text from the original, folio, 1692.
- p. 376, l. 1. *The Rape*. Text from the quarto play, *The Rape*; or, *The Innocent Impostors*, 4to, 1692. This was advertised in the *Term Catalogues*, Trinity (June), 1692.
- p. 378, l. 1. *On His Majesty's Conquests*. Text from The Poetical Remains of The Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Etheridge, Mr. Milton, Mr. Andrew Marvel, Madam Behn, Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, Mr. Shadwel, Madam Philips. *Ecce Iterum Crispinus*, 1698
- p. 383, l. 1. *Song*. Text from British Museum, MSS. Additional, No. 19, 759, f. 20, recto. This collection of songs with music is inscribed: "Charles Campelman his book June y^e 9 1681 God giue him grace 1682." There is another version of the song in MS. Addl. 30, 303, f. 5, recto, which as well as some small differences in spelling contains the following variants:

P O E M S

- l. 1. *Cool.* Clear.
 l. 10. *The waues.* a wave.
 l. 10. *Sight.* sigh'd.
 l. 11. *Curling their waues.* Curling ye waves bedeckt their head.
 l. 14. *How I am oppress'd.* how distress'd.
 l. 16. *Wafe.* waft.
 l. 18. *Shall.* can.
 p. 384, l. 1. *Song.* Text from MS. Addl. 19, 759, f. 17 verso.
 p. 385, l. 1. *Some Reflections.* Text from the original quarto, 1683.
 p. 387, l. 26. *Exorbitant.* 1683 : xorbitant.
 l. 33. *Decencics.* 1683 : Decences.
 p. 390, l. 18. *Europe.* 1683 : *Eurrope.*
 p. 392, l. 3. *fierce.* 1683 : feirce.
 p. 393, l. 26. *firent.* 1683 : *fiwent.*
 p. 398, l. 6. *fiercely.* 1683 : feircely.
 p. 401, l. 1. *A Letter.* The three letters to the Earl of Dorset, all of which are now printed for the first time by kind permission of Lord Sackville, are from the Knole Collection. Lord Sackville not only most generously entrusted me with the original of that dated 19 January, 1691, but has also allowed me to reproduce it in collotype as the frontispiece to the present volume.
 p. 402, l. 1. *A Letter.* From the original holograph in the possession of the Earl of Ossory, who not only gave permission for it now to be printed for the first time, but also most kindly transcribed it for me with his own hand. One line of some eight or ten words is quite undecipherable owing to the fold of the paper on which the letter is written, but the context is fairly obvious. I have accordingly marked this lacuna.

EXPLANATORY NOTES



The Amorous Bigotte

- p. 13. CHARLES E. OF SHREWSBURY. Charles Talbot, twelfth Earl and only Duke of Shrewsbury, 1660-1718, a supporter of the Prince of Orange. An ample account of this very devious politician will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.
- p. 15. YOUNG LEE. Michael Leigh, the son of the famous Anthony Leigh.
- p. 16. TREPANN'D. Cheated, cozened. A frequent term. Cf. *Love in a Wood*, IV, 1, where Gripe says to Mrs. Joyner: "You cheated, trappan'd, rob'd me of the five hundred pound." Also *The Atheist*, IV, where Courtine laments "I thought I had been in private here, in this House, with a civil Person of a good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trappanning Strumpet." Thomas Blount, *Glossographia*, 8vo, 1656, has: "To Trepan, or rather trappan (from the Italian *trappare* or *trappolare*, to entrap, ensnare, or catch in a gin), in the modern acceptation of the word, it signifies to cheat or entrap."
- p. 16. SPANISH PLOT. *The Libertine*.
- p. 16. THE PRIEST. Tegue O'Divelly in *The Lancashire Witches*.
- p. 16. SIR ROGER. A generic name for a Parson, from the famous character Sir Roger, Curate to the Lady, in *The Scornful Lady*.
- p. 16. DRAKE'S SHIP. The Golden Hind, laid up at Deptford by order of Queen Elizabeth; she visited it on 4 April, 1581, and knighted Drake on board. It became a holiday resort. As early as Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, acted in 1598, I, 3, young Kno'well alludes to "Drakes old ship, at Detford."
- p. 16. WOLSELY. Enniskillen was one of the Irish towns which had rebelled against King James II. When the King was conducting his campaign in Ireland in 1689 the royal army which had been sent to reduce the obstinate city suffered a reverse on 31 July, and many of the Enniskillen horse aided Colonel Wolseley, who in December, 1689, captured Belturbet.
- p. 16. TEAGUE. The traditional name for an Irishman. Teague is the servant in Sir Robert Howard's *The Committee*, acted in 1662.
- p. 16. MEN OF INISKILLING. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Iniskilling-men*, fam'd for their Prowess, in the late Irish Wars; also the Royal Regiment (of Citizens) in derision so called, soon rais'd, and as soon laid down."
- p. 19. OFFICE. The Divine Office as contained in the Breviary. If there is any particular allusion intended it is probably to the *Paruum Officium B.M.V.*, which was much used as a general prayer-book.
- p. 20. NOVELLA'S. The *Novelas Ejemplares* of Cervantes were immensely popular. The first of these short novels was written between 1592 and 1600, and the other eleven or (according to some writers) twelve were composed at various times up to 1613, when they were published together under the name of *The Exemplary Novels*. They have been extensively employed by our English dramatists, and to them Fletcher in particular is indebted for many of his plots. One may compare Elvira and her novels with Lydia Languish and her sentimental fiction a century later.
- p. 21. GRA. Apparently a reproduction of the Irish *a ghráidh*, "my dear," which in English plays and romances seems commonly rendered *agra(h)* or *Arrah*. This exclamation is usually given to "stage Irishmen." The first example

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quoted by the *N.E.D.* is from Farquhar's *The Beaux Stratagem*, but there are many earlier instances.

- p. 22. PRADO. El Prado, the grand boulevard of Madrid, extends throughout the whole of the east side of the town from the south-east end of the Calle Atocha to the north end of the Paseo Castellana at the Hipodromo. As its name indicates, it was originally a meadow, but having long been a favourite rendezvous it was definitely turned into a promenade by Carlos III, 1760-1808.
- p. 24. DOOR. One of the permanent proscenium doors.
- p. 27. AS SLIPPERY AS AN EELE. John Heywood, *Proverbs*, 1546, has "As slippery as an eel's tail."
- p. 30. BLACKS MY EYE. To say Black is any one's Eye, is to disparage a person, to find fault. Cf. *Tom Jones*, IX, iv: "I defy anybody to say black is my eye."
- p. 33. BEST SCENTED GLOVES. Cf. *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690:

Gloves trimm'd, and lac'd as fine as *Nell's*,
Twelve dozen *Martial*, whole, and half,
Of *Jonquil*, *Tuberose*, (don't laugh)
Frangipan, *Orange*, *Violett*,
Narcissus, *Jassemín*, *Ambrett*,
And some of *Chicken* skin for night,
To keep her Hands plump, soft, and white.

"Martial. The name of a famous French Perfumer, emulating the *Frangipani* of Rome." *Fop-Dictionary*.

- p. 33. PASTILS. Cf. *Mundus Muliebris*:

Pastillios de Bocca we
In Box of beaten Gold do see.

The Fop-Dictionary, 1690, explains: "*Pastillo di Bocca*. Perfum'd Lozenges to improve the Breath."

- p. 33. POMANDERS. Cf. *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690:

Nor here omit the Bob of Gold
Which a *Pomander* Ball does hold,
This to her side she does attach
With Gold *Crochet*, or *French Pennache*.

- p. 34. THREE MASTERS OF COLLEGES. In allusion to Obadiah Walker, Master of University College, Oxford. It may be remembered that King James II had appointed Dr. John Massey, a good Catholic, Dean of Christ Church, and Antony Farmer President of Magdalene. Later Bishop Bonaventure Giffard, a Prelate of most saintly and apostolic life, was elected President of Magdalene with twelve Catholic Fellows. At the Royal Command he took up his residence in Oxford on 15 June, 1688.
- p. 34. PAD TEIFE. Pad, a highway thief, as in foot-pad.
- p. 34. KNIGHTS OF DE POSHT. A Knight of the Post is a false bail; a rogue who got his living by acting as false evidence. Cf. Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592: "A Knight of the Post, . . . a fellow that will swear you anything for twelve pence." In *The Plain-Dealer* two Knights of the Post oblige the Widow Blackacre with various perjuries and forgeries.
- p. 36. MONTS. Mons, which has almost always been the centre of European campaigns.

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- p. 37. VOTO. A very favourite expression with Don Diego in *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*. Upon his return he asks his sister if his daughter has been allowed to see men in his absence. She reassures him: "No, not so much as a church-man." He cries: "As a Church-man (*voto*) I thank you for that, not a church-man."
- p. 37. PLANNET STRUCK. Dazed and confounded. In *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1667, Constance rallying the shy Sir Timorous, who can hardly bring himself to talk to the lady, cries: "What, are you Planet struck? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman's Tongue-tied."
- p. 44. HOLLOW WOYSH. If the patient speaks in a hollow horrible voice it is recognized as one of the signs of possession. In the celebrated case of Thiébaud and Joseph Burner, Illfurt, Alsace, 1865-9, they "gesticulated and shouted incessantly. Their voices were, however, not those of children, but the strong, rough, hoarse ones of men. Their mouths were then mostly closed, and it was evident that they had nothing to do with such language and screams, and that invisible beings were speaking through their mouths. . . . Dreadful were their blasphemies, as, in their filthy language, they used a vocabulary unknown to them in their normal state." *Lucifer*, by Abbé Sutter, translated by the Rev. Theophilus Borer, 1922.
- p. 44. POLE-CAT. Demons and familiars were supposed often to assume the form of polecats, ferrets, and other of the weasel kind. Giffard, *Discourse*, London, 1587, records: "The witches have their spirits, some hath one, some hath more, as two, three, foure, or five, some in one likeness, and some in another, as like cats, weasils, toades, or mise, whom they nourish with milke or with a chicken, or by letting them suck now and then a drop of bloud." Mother Bennet of S. Osyth, 1582, *Witches Taken at St. Osces*, was one day visited by Ursley Kemp, who in the hut "saw a spirit lift up a clothe, lying ouer a pot, looking much like a Ferret." In Alice Hunt's cottage also she "espied a spirite to looke out of a potcharde from vnder a clothe, the nose thereof beeing browne like vnto a Ferret." In 1588 an old woman of Essex, whose name is not given, had three familiars, "the third like a Weasill, which she called Makeshift." "There was one olde mother W. of great T. which had a spirite like a Weasill" (Giffard). In Hogarth's *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism* the preacher holds in his right hand the figure of a witch, mounted on her besom, who is being sucked by her polecat familiar.
- p. 45. HOUSE OF AUSTRIA. The princes of the house of Hapsburg were noted for "a sweet fulness of the lower lip," in other words a heavy, protruding under-jaw and thick, hanging lip. Cf. *The Alchemist*, IV:
- This lip, that chin! Me thinks you doe resemble
One o' the Auſtriack princes.
- In *The Double-Dealer*, III, Sir Paul Plyant brags: "Our house is distinguished by a languishing eye, as the house of *Austria* is by a thick lip." The long chin is remarkable in many portraits, for example that of King Philip IV (at the age of 55) by Velasquez, in the National Gallery, London.
- p. 45. FAUXBRAY. Faussebraie, an artificial mound or wall thrown up in front of the main rampart. Napier, *Peninsular War*, 1828, X, vii: "A second wall, about 12 feet high, called a *fausse braie*, . . . surrounded the first." Or "a covered way."
- p. 45. GLACIS. Defined by Voyle's *Military Dictionary* as: "The parapet of the covered way extended in a long slope to meet the natural surface of the

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ground, so that every part of it shall be swept by the fire of the ramparts."

- p. 47. BY THE LARGEST WHISKER. Cf. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, III, where Don Diego so solemnly says: "I swear you shall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard* never broken) by my Whiskers and Snuff-box."
- p. 49. BULKER. A very common term for the lowest whores; a public drab who would lie down on a street bulk to any one. Cf. the Epilogue, spoken by Betterton, to Mrs. Behn's *The Luckey Chance*, Drury Lane, winter of 1686:

'Tis Bulkers give, and Tubs must cure your pains.

Bailey (1790) has: "Bulk, one that would lie down on a bulk to any one. A common Jilt. A whore." Swift, *A Tale of a Tub*, Section II, tells us that the three brothers "went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives."

- p. 49. HUCKLE-BONE. The huckle is the hip. Cf. E. Ward, *Quixote*, I, 295: "Tho' he hurt her Haunch and Huckle."
- p. 50. DOGBOLT. As a term of abuse a mean and contemptible fellow. It was a common expression of reproach, but the origin of the word seems uncertain. Cf. Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, acted circa 1614; 4to, 1639, III, 1:

To have your own turn served, and to your friend
To be a dog-bolt!

Also Otway's *The Cheats of Scapin*, acted at the Duke's Theatre early in 1677, II, where Gripe says to Scapin: "But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore, . . . A Dogbolt." In Molière's original, II, xi, Geronte says to Scapin: "Mais dis à ce Turc que c'est un scélérat, . . . un infâme."

- p. 52. RITOMELLS. The ritornello, first introduced into opera scores by Alessandro Scarlatti, 1659-1725, was the instrumental introduction, interlude, or postlude to a composition for the voice.
- p. 53. SHE PULLS OFF HER GLOVE. Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1678, III, 1, where Mrs. Trickys and Mrs. Brainsick each ask Woodall to let them see his gloves. He gallantly presents a glove to each lady, and a *billet-doux* is slipped into each glove.
- p. 58. BALCONY. The permanent balcony over one of the proscenium doors.
- p. 59. AQUA MIRABILIS. A well-known invigorating cordial to which constant reference is made. Cf. Dryden's *Marriage A-la-Mode*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Easter, 1672, III, 1, where Doralice describes the visit of a citizen's wife to some country cousin "who treats her with firmity and Custard, and opens her dear Bottle of *Mirabilis* beside, for a Jill-glass of it at parting." In Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, Dorset Garden, January, 1678, IV, Sir Patient cries: "But Oh, I'm sick at Heart, *Maumdy*, fetch me the Bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Closet." He proceeds to drink, and after tippling a little the old gentleman becomes very frolicsome and lickerish.

In the third edition of *The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby K^t Opened*, 1677; and also previously in *The Queen's Closet Opened*, 1655, the following receipt for *Aqua Mirabilis* is given: "*Aqua Mirabilis*. Sir Kenelm Digby's way. TAKE Cubebs, Gallingle, Cardamus, Mellilot-flowers, Cloves, Mace, Ginger, Cinammon, of each one dram bruised small, juyce of Celandine one pint, juyce of Spearmint half a pint, juyce of Balm half a pint, Sugar one pound, flower of Cowslips, Rosemary, Borage, Bugloss, Marigold, of each two drams, the best Sack three pints, strong Angelica-water one

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pint, red Rose-water half a pint; bruise the Spices & Flowers, & steep them in the Sack, & juyces one night; the next morning distil it in an ordinary or glass-still, & first lay Harts-tongue leaves in the bottom of the still. THE VERTUES OF THE PRECEDENT WATER. This water preserveth the Lungs without grievances, & helpeth them; being wounded, it suffereth the Blood not to putrifie, but multiplieth the same. This water suffereth not the heart to burn, nor melancholy, nor the Spleen to be lifted up above nature: it expelleth the Rheum, preserveth the Stomach, conserveth Youth, & procureth a good Colour: it preserveth Memory, it destroyeth the Palsie: If this be given to one a dying, a spoonful of it reviveth him; in the Summer use one spoonful a week fasting; in the Winter two spoonfuls."

- p. 60. SPANISH WOOL. Spanish wool was a wool saturated with carmine which was used to heighten the complexion. It was also known as Spanish Red, Spanish Paper, or Spanish Paint. In *The Way of the World*, III, Lady Wishfort at her toilet cries to Peg: "Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear? . . . I mean the *Spanish* Paper, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint." Sir Simon Addleplot declared that Lady Flippant, "betwixt Pomatum and Spanish Red, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheese," *Love in a Wood*, II, 1. Cf. also Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1682; 4to, 1682; II, 2, where Wilding says to Diana: "Not a Patch, ye Gipsy, nor no *Spanish* Paint d'ye hear."

In a burlesque Bill of the eighteenth century it is laid down: "That all women, of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after such Act, Impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, and bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage upon conviction shall be null and void."

- p. 61. LINDAMOUR. The lover of Galatée in D'Urfey's celebrated *Astrée*, the first part of which appeared in 1608, and the fifth or last part, taken from the MSS. left by the author at his death, in 1627. Galatée is Marguerite de Valois. The romance was "translated by a person of quality," John Davies, London, 1657-8, 3 vols. folio.
- p. 66. BLEW INKLE. Incle was a linen thread or yarn which used to be woven into a tape once very much in use. When set on fire it smouldered with a strong smell, and so was burned under the noses of those in a swoon.
- p.⁷ 68. STOP HELL-HOUND. Macduff's "Turn, hell-hound, turn!"
- p. 71. BOLT-SPRIT. Bowsprit, the spar running out from the ship's stem, to which forestays are fastened.
- p. 73. CAESARE. The scholastic mnemonic lines for figures and moods of the syllogism.
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The Scowrers

- p. 85. WILL PEER. This actor is said to have played the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* (Otway's *Caius Marius*) and to have spoken the posy Prologue of three lines in *Hamlet* :

For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently,

with very great applause. So far as has been traced, his name only occurs in one other printed cast. He acted the Presbyterian Parson, who speaks a dozen words, in D'Urfey's *Love for Money ; or, The Boarding-School*, produced at Drury Lane towards December, 1689. Peer was, indeed, famous for his very insignificance. In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* we have one from Julian, "late Secretary to the Muses," to Will. Pierre of Lincoln's Inn Fields Playhouse. This actual letter was written by Boyer, together with the reply, which is dated 5 November, 1701.

- p. 87. BRIGADIER STOKES. The chief constable of the Covent-Garden ward.
- p. 87. LIMBO. *I.e.*, in durance.
- p. 88. RAPPAREE. Grose in his *Dictionary*, 1785, has : "Rapparees. Irish robbers or outlaws, *temp.* Cromwell, armed with rapiers for ripping people up."
- p. 88. WOLVES. King Edgar made great efforts to reduce the number of wolves in England, and for many years the King of Wales annually paid him as overlord a tribute of 300 skins or heads of these animals.
- p. 88. VOUCHSAFE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF. This Oriental metaphor is a favourite with Shadwell. In a harem the sultan or bassa distinguished the lady who was to share his bed that night by tossing to her his handkerchief. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn (September-October) of 1682, IV, 2, where in the mock Turk scene Carlos, supposed an Ottoman emperor, when Julia is unveiled throws her his handkerchief with the words : "Receive my Handkerchief." "His Handkerchief! bless me what does he mean?" anxiously asks old Francisco. "To do her the honour to lie with her to-night," Guzman explains.
- p. 89. CLARY. A very potent tipple. "Clary-Water is composed of brandy, sugar, clary-flowers, and cinnamon with a little ambergrise dissolved in it." Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, 1751. In *The Way of the World*, IV, Mirabell making terms with Millamant, banishes all strong waters from her tea-table, and especially "the most noble Spirit of Clary."
- p. 89. HECTORS. For these various generations of scowrers see the Introduction, Vol. I.
- p. 89. ROSE TAVERN. On the west side of Bow Street, and at the corner of Russell Street.
- p. 90. JOBBERNOLL. "A very silly Fellow." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, circa, 1700.
- p. 91. LOCKETS. The famous ordinary to which constant reference is made. It stood on the site of Drummond's Bank, Charing Cross. The vogue of the house was much on the wane during the last days of Queen Anne, and under George I. it was no longer frequented. In Duffett's farce *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, II, 2, Alonzo cries : "If *Shat'lin*, or *Locket* had us, what *Olio's*, *Raggous*, and *Pottages*, would they make?"

THE SCOWERS

- p. 92. DRINK LIKE A FISH. Cf. *The Night-Walker*, 4to, 1640, licensed 11 May, 1633, as "A play of Fletcher's corrected by Sherley," IV, where Toby the coachman says :

Give me the bottle !
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.

- p. 92. SWEET PRINCESS. In allusion to Captain Otter's phraseology in *The Silent Woman*, e.g., III, the scene between Otter and his wife, where he protests, "Under correction, sweet princess, give me leave."
- p. 94. MONSIEUR CATINAT. Nicolas de Catinat de la Fauconnerie, Marshal of France, 1637-1712, one of the noblest and greatest of the generals of Louis XIV. He utterly defeated the Duke of Savoy at Staffarde in 1690, and at Marsaglia in 1693.
- p. 94. PRINCE WALDECK. George Frederick, Prince of Waldeck, one of the prominent Protestant leaders, was defeated at the head of the Dutch allies 1 July, 1690, at the battle of Fleurus, by the Marshal de Luxemburg.
- p. 94. TECKELY. Michael Teleki, the leader of the Hungarians, who were conducting a guerilla warfare against the Imperial troops. Lewis William, Margrave of Baden-Baden, was the commander of the Imperial army and later co-operated with Marlborough in his campaigns.
- p. 95. BUDA. Which had recently been recovered from the Turks and was the centre of continual military operations.
- p. 95. THE LADIES CALLING. *The Ladies Calling*. "In Two Parts. By the Author of 'The Whole Duty of Man, etc.' In Octavo. Price, bound, 2s. 6d. Sold by H. Brome at the West end of St. Paul's," was published towards the end of 1673, and became very popular. The authorship is disputed. It has been attributed to R. Allestree, or Lady Pakington, or Archbishop Sterne.
- p. 96. COMMODES AND TOP KNOTS. A Commode was "A Frame of Wire, cover'd with Silk, on which the whole Head-Attire is adjusted at once upon a Bust, or property of Wood carved to the Breasts, like that which Perruque-makers set upon their Stalls." *The Fop-Dictionary*, 1690.
- p. 96. MUMPSIMUS. A stupid ignorant old mumblor. The word is derived from the silly story of an aged priest who in the post-Communion prayer at Mass had for many a long year said "Quod ore mumpsimus. . . ." When corrected, and told "Quod ore sumpsimus. . . ." he replied : "Nay, I prefer my old mumpsimus to your new sumpsimus."
- p. 97. MECHANICK. Dull ; ordinary, and so common and distasteful.
- p. 98. SNAYL WATER. G. Hartman, *True Preserver and Rest. Health*, 1682, mentions "Dr. Harvey his excellent Snail-water against Consumptions and Hectick Feavers." *Pomet's History of Drugs*, translated, 1712 : "Mix it with Snail-water, or Bean-Flower-Water to make a Virgin's Milk or Wash."
- p. 98. ALMOND BUTTER. Cogan, *Haven of Health* (ed. 1636), 1586, speaks of "An other kinde of butter made of Almonds with Sugar and Rose water, called Almond butter." Chambers' *Cyclopædia, Supplement*, 1753, explains : "Almond butter is a preparation made of cream and white of eggs boiled ; to which is afterwards added, blanched almonds."
- p. 98. THE GLORIES. The famous song in Shirley's masque *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, 8vo, 1659. The song is sung by Calchas. A note tells us "this was afterwards sung in parts, the music excellently composed by Mr. Ed. Coleman." Oldys, MS. note on Langbaine, says : "In this *Contention* is the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to King Charles, and which he has often sung to me, *The glories*, etc."

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- p. 98. CRONAN. So in Otway's *Friendship in Fashion*, Dorset Garden, April, 1678, A& III, "Malagene sings an Irish Cronan."
- p. 98. TO TWINKLE. With the idea of moving swiftly.
- p. 98. LULLY BURLERO. See note, *ante*, vol. iv. p. 437.
- p. 98. VIRGINALS. All instruments of the harpsichord and spinet kind were called virginals.
- p. 98. PARE OUR NAILS. The old superstition said that it was unlucky to cut one's nails on a Friday or a Sunday. "Cut your nails on a Friday, you cut them for woe: cut your nails on a Sunday, you cut them for evil; For all the next week you will be ruled by the devil."
- p. 98. CHILDERMAS DAY. Holy Innocents. There are very many superstitions connected with this day. One should particularly avoid commencing any work, putting on new clothes, washing clothes, or setting out on a journey upon Childermass Day. Miss Baker, in her *Northamptonshire Glossary*, 1854, quotes: "What is begun on Dyzemmas (Innocents') Day will never be finished."
- p. 99. GREEN WAX. Since a dark green wax was then common in legal usage where red wax is now employed.
- p. 100. FLIPP. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "Flip, Sea Drink, of small Beer (chiefly) and Brandy, sweetned and Spiced upon occasion." In *Love for Love*, Mr. Ben describes a sailor's life: "Thus we live at Sea; eat Bisket, and drink Flip."
- p. 102. A CRICKET. A low stool. Blessed Thomas More, *Workes*, folio, 1557, p. 79, speaks of: "the cricket and high throne alike near heaven."
- p. 103. THE POPE. Alexander VIII, elected 5 October, 1689; died at Rome 1 February, 1691. Louis XIV, when the political situation had grown critical, approached the Pontiff with the most conciliatory proposals, restoring Avignon to the Holy See, and correcting several French abuses.
- p. 103. PATERERAS. Paterero is a corruption of *Pedrero*, a piece of ordnance, originally for discharging stones, but also for firing salutes. Cf. Tupper's *The Crock of Gold*, liii: "The patereros on the lawn thunder a salute."
- p. 104. MOOR-FIELD. Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. The following year Richard Johnson wrote *The Pleasant Walks of Moore fields*. The district was largely frequented for promenades, especially by the city folk, and later became a notorious rendezvous. There are continual references, *e.g.*, Tuesday, 4 March, 1661-2, when Pepys notes: "Sir W. Pen and I and my wife in his coach to Moore Fields, where we walked a great while, though it was no fair weather and cold."
- p. 105. MAY-DAY. On May-day it was the custom for all sorts and conditions of persons and pleasure parties to visit Hyde Park in coaches or at least on horse-back. Cf. Pepys' Diary, 1 May, 1663: "We all took horse, and I . . . rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborn, etc., towards Hyde Park, whither all the world, I think, are going; . . . there being people of all sorts in coaches there, to some thousands. . . . By and by . . . I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the town almost." Cf. also the Prologue to Mrs. Behn's *The Rover*, Part I, produced at Dorset Garden in the earlier part of 1677, which concludes thus:

*New Plays are stuff'd with Wits, and with Debauches,
That croud and sweat like Cits in May-day Coaches.*

- p. 105. CAPERS. A caper is a privateer; and often, a pirate vessel. In Otway's *The*

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Cheats of Scapin, produced at Dorset Garden early in 1676-7, II, Scapin, speaking to Gripe of his son, says : " Seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier, amongst other things, he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim : the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with. . . . While we were eating, he put to Sea ; and when we were at a good distance from the Shoar, he discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertained in the *Dutch* Service."

- p. 107. PARSONS SHALL WRITE BOOKS. In allusion to Bishop Burnet's *Some Passages of the Life and Death of the late Earl of Rochester*, 8vo, 1680.
p. 108. UNDER THE LEFT PAP. Cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V :

Out sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus :
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop.

- p. 108. HOLD THE HONOUR OF YOUR COMPANY. The phrase is from *The Rehearsal*, III, v, where Clovis says to Prince Volscius *going out of Town*, " We hop'd this Summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your Company." And Bayes in ecstatic accents cries : " Held the honour of your Company ! prettily exprest ! Held the honour of your Company ! "
- p. 109. SALISBURY-COURT. In Fleet Street, once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, one of whom (Jewel) alienated it to the Sackville family, whence it became known as Dorset House. When this was pulled down the Duke's Theatre was built on its site. The name is still preserved in Dorset Street.
- p. 109. TROUT. A slang phrase meaning " confidential friend or servant." Usually *true* or *trusty trout*. Cf. *The Squire of Alsatia*, Vol. IV, Note, p. 419.
- p. 109. THE BEAR AND HARROW. A well-known tavern in Butcher Row, a narrow thoroughfare hard by S. Clement Danes. It was whilst returning home from this tavern that Nathaniel Lee fell down intoxicated in the gutter and the next morning was discovered dead, May, 1692.
- p. 110. DRUNKEN SPARTAN SLAVES. As is well known, the Spartans used to make their slaves drunk, and when thus disguised exhibit them to their children as an example of vice to be avoided.
- p. 111. HEY HO, HEY HO. Priscilla is quoting from *The Rehearsal*, II, iv, where after the usurpers have turned the state topsy-turvy Shirly enters and exclaims : " Hey ho, hey ho : what a change is here ! Hey day, hey day ! I know not what to do, nor what to say." And then *Exit*.
- p. 112. CHOCKON. Drink up your glasses chock-full and no heel-Taps.
- p. 113. DUKE OF CROY. Prince Carl Eugene de Croy, one of the leaders of the Imperialists against the Turks.
- p. 113. ESSEX. Essex, on the Drave, which fell into Ottoman hands, but was recaptured by the Austrians.
- p. 113. CORK AND KINSALE. King James landed at Kinsale in 1689. When he retired from Ireland and the French withdrew, the English fleet, under the Duke of Marlborough, appeared before Cork, and landing near that city 22 September, 1690, forced it to surrender within a week. Kinsale after a short but vigorous defence capitulated 15 October following.
- p. 116. RUG-GOWNS. Rug was a rough woollen material, a sort of coarse frieze ; and one who wore a rug-gown was synonymous with a watchman. In Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedie*, 1611, II, 5, we have : " The Gentleman tooke the

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- dog in shagge-haire to be some Watch-man in a rugge gowne." Cf. also Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1619, II, 4.
- p. 120. SEWER. The servant who carried in and arranged dishes at a banquet. So in *Macbeth* at the feast given to Duncan we have: "Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service."
- p. 122. MUMP. To cheat or trick. So in *The Rehearsal*, II, 2, Bayes, finding fault with the actors, says: "I vow to gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad."
- p. 122. SNIGGS. A petty oath, in full "God's Nigs." The latter part is so corrupted that it cannot be understood.
- p. 122. PEDS WITH PIPPINS. A ped is a slang term for a basket. It is so explained in the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 123. POPES-HEAD. There were several well-known taverns of this sign. Probably the house in Chancery Lane is meant. This was visited by Pepys Thursday, 22 March, 1659-60. There is a token of the Pope's Head Tavern in Chancery Lane described in *Boyne's Trade Tokens*, by Williamson, 1889, Vol. I, p. 554.
- p. 123. TRIGRIMATE. "Trigry-mate, an idle She-Companion." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 123. MOTHER DAMNABLE. "Of the shrew thus denominated," says Caulfield, *Portraits, Memoirs and Characters of Remarkable Persons*, 1794, I, p. 25, "whose real name has not reached posterity, nothing farther is known than the following lines annexed to her portrait: '*London, printed in the Year 1676.*'" The illustration, which has been reproduced, is of "Mother Damnable of Kentish Town." The poem, some two-and-twenty lines, is mere doggerel, a pasquil on the foul temper and violence of the old ronyon. It concludes:

Wherefore, this symbol of the cats we'll give her,
Because, so curst, a dog would not dwell with her.

Caulfield adds: "It is, perhaps, not unreasonable to conjecture that she might be the original Mother Red Cap, and kept the public-house, near Kentish Town, known, for a century past, by the sign of her head." This ale-house then stood far in the country.

- p. 124. DOLL COMMON. The punk in Jonson's *The Alchemist*.
- p. 125. MOUSE. To haul about fondly enough, but rather lewdly, and perhaps roughly. So in *The London Cuckolds*, V, the rake Ramble, who is going to Peggy's bed, cries:

*How I'll Mouse her and Touse her and Tumble her till Morning,
But little dreams the Bridegroom he is to be horning.*

- p. 125. BUZZARD. "A foolish soft Fellow, easily drawn in and Cullied or Trickt." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 126. DOES THE HEN CROW. Justus Doolittle, *Social Life of the Chinese*, New York, 1867, Vol. II, p. 328, says: "The Crowing of a Hen is considered ominous of something unusual about to happen in the family to which it belongs."
- p. 126. ESSEX CALF. A very old proverbial phrase. There is a saying: "If a man beats a bush in Essex, out jumps a calf." Henry Buttes, *Dyet's Dry Dinner*, 1599, writes: "Essex calves the proverb praiseth, and some are of the mind

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that *Waltone* calf was also that countryman." Drayton says : " As Essex hath of old been named ' Calves and Stiles.' "

p. 127. OWL-LIGHT. Twilight ; dusk ; the time o' day when owls are abroad.

p. 127. KIB'D HEELS. A kibe is a chilblain upon the heel. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, 1 : " The toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe." Also Sharpham's *Cupids Whirligig*, 1607, V, where Peg says : " Hee sweares I am like a Kybe, alwaies at his heeles." In Duffett's burlesque *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, I, 2, Miranda exclaims : " This story would cure Kib'd-Heels."

p. 128. DISGUISED. INTOXICATED. Cf. Dryden's *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1669, I, 1, where when Bibber is asked to take ale he replies : " I had too much of that last Night ; I was a little disguis'd, as they say." And Failer jestingly asks : " Why disguis'd ? hadst thou put on a clean Band, or wash'd thy Face lately ? Those are thy Disguises, *Bibber*." Whereupon Bibber confesses : " Well, in short, I was drunk ; damnably drunk with ale."

p. 128. OLD NAB. In allusion to *The Alchemist*, where Face continually and familiarly addresses the foolish Abel Drugger, whom is he gulling, as " Nab " and " honest Nab."

p. 131. DRAWING-ROOM. A very early use of the word.

p. 131. HALF-MOON. This and the *Bear* are two rooms in the tavern.

p. 132. BROWNISTS. Robert Brown, whose followers, a dissenting body, were nicknamed Brownists, was born in 1550. About 1580 he began to circulate pamphlets which denounced the State Church in the most violent terms, and declared that it was a Christian duty to separate from it. A congregation was formed in Norwich, and when Brown was summoned before the Bishop's court he escaped punishment owing to the intervention of his powerful relations, yet none the less he found it convenient to migrate to Holland. Two Brownists were hanged in 1583 for denying the Queen's supremacy. This sect afterwards adopted the name of Independents, fanatical Puritans who soon split up into a thousand ramifications. They were generally characterised by the wildest extravagance.

The Fifth-Monarchy men were a sect of unbalanced visionaries who rose during the chaos of Cromwell's rebellion. Their Apocalyptic delirium foresaw that a fifth universal monarchy (like those of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome) would be established by Christ in person, until which time no single individual must presume to rule or be king. They professed themselves " subjects only of King Jesus," and they announced in lunatic language that the Golden Age was at hand. Amongst others that " most deserving, heavenly man," that unmitigated scoundrel Major-General Harrison was " high flown for the Fifth Monarchy now risen." In politics these fanatical sectaries were most dangerous, since they preached and practised wildly anarchical ideas.

p. 133. QUARE FREMUERUNT. The commencement of Psalm ii : *Quare fremuerunt Gentes, et populi meditate sunt inania ?*

p. 134. PUDDLE-DOCK. Originally Puddle Wharf, at the foot of S. Andrew's Hill, Upper Thames Street, Blackfriars, in Castle Baynard Ward. Swift introduces the Countess of Puddle Dock in his *Polite Conversation*.

p. 134. BOLT-SPRIT. The nose. This slang term is explained in the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.

p. 136. BELL-WEATHER. " Chief or Leader of the Flock." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.

p. 137. DOOR OF THE HOUSE. One of the permanent proscenium doors.

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- p. 141. SARSA. Sarsaparilla, the root of various species of the *Smilax* family; guaiacum, *Lignum vitæ*, the heart, and also the oleoresin of *Guaiacum officinale* and *Guaiacum sanctum*; and mercury, were all much used as antisymphilitics.
- p. 143. TOST. "An old Tost, a pert pleasant old Fellow." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 143. EXIT TOWARDS THE WINDOW. Lady Maggot retires up-stage, and the next scene, two flats, draws over and conceals her.
- p. 145. SABATH BREAKING. It was a common saying with malefactors about to be hanged that their first step upon the downward course which led to the gallows was breaking the Sabbath-Day.
- p. 145. MITTIMUS. A warrant of commitment to prison.
- p. 146. TEN BONES. The fingers.
- p. 149. TEAGUES. A Teague is an Irishman, as we might say "Paddy."
- p. 149. SNUB'D. To snub; to check, or to rebuke, was regarded as a slang term.

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- p. 162. MR. PENKETHMAN. This is apparently the first occasion upon which the name of this favourite comedian appears in any printed cast.
- p. 163. PHANATICK. Nonconformist; dissenting. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Phanatics*, Dissenters from the Church of England."
- p. 163. A DOD. Sometimes "Adad." A corruption of "Egad" or "I' gad."
- p. 164. HOCKLEY IN THE HOLE. This place lay to the north-west of Clerkenwell Green, and was a low district, even a place of infamous resort, notorious for bear and bull-baitings, trials of ruffian skill, and general blackguardism.
- p. 164. BASSET AND COMET. The two fashionable card-games of the day. *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690, Preface, speaking of "a former generation, the 'Golden Age' of English life," says: "*Honest* Gleeke, Ruff and Honours, *diverted the Ladies at Christmas, and they knew not so much as the Names of Ombre, Comet, and Basset.*"
- p. 164. VISITING DAYS. There is a capital comedy by Charles Burnaby, *The Ladies' Visiting Day*, which was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields early in 1701, 4to, 1701, advertised for publication *Post Boy*, 27 February, 1700-1701. A great part of this was stolen by Colley Cibber for his *The Double Gallant*; or, *The Sick Lady's Cure*, produced at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, in the winter of 1707. The feminine province of the tea-table was now beginning to be greatly in vogue, and is often contrasted with the more masculine exploits of the bottle.
- p. 165. DECIMATED. Cromwell in the course of his tyranny had divided England into districts, each under the particular charge of a Major-General. This was merely a military inquisition, and the most despotic methods of oppressive power were ruthlessly employed. To maintain this abominable system of his military familiars the usurper instituted grinding taxes, known as "Decimations," which he extorted from all men holding any estates, however small, who had formerly been Cavaliers. Terrible distress resulted from this gross injustice, and the taxation of 1655 was long remembered and

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reprobated. "As poor as a decimated Cavalier" passed into a proverb. It is so used in Dryden's *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1669, Act II.

- p. 165. SMITHFIELD. There are continual allusions to the horse-courers of Smithfield, and their tricks. In *Bartholomew Fair*, acted in 1614, one of the characters is Jordan Knock-hum, a Horse-courser. The concluding couplet of the Epilogue spoken to Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8, runs :

This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield Horse, and Wife of Covent-Garden.

- p. 165. ANTICK. "*Antick postures or dresses*, such as are odd, ridiculous and singular, the habits and motions of Fools, Zanies, or Merry-andrews, of Mountebanks, with Ribbands, mis-matched colours and Feathers." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 165. BEAU MOND. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, III, iii, the scene of the Mall, Sir Fopling remarks : "'Tis pity there's not an Order made, that none But the Beau Monde should walk here."
- p. 166. VENNY. The dog's name was Venus. In *The Wild Gallant*, III, Isabella, speaking of a country life, says : "I cannot endure your early Hunting-matches there ; to have my Sleep disturbed by break of Day, with heigh Jowler, Jowler, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty* ! and then a Serenade of deep-mouth'd Currs."
- p. 167. BLACK CATTLE. Oxen, bulls, and cows ; at first particularly applied to the black breeds found in the highlands of Scotland and Wales. And then property in general.
- p. 167. RUBBERS. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has : "Rubbers, . . . a Rencontre with drawn Sword."
- p. 169. MONSTRAT TOLERARE. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, IX, 588-89.
- p. 169. ANSWER ME NOT. The Major-General is quoting *The Silent Woman*, II, where Morose says to Cutbeard, "Thank me not but with thy leg."
- p. 170. NICKUM. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* gives : "Nickum, a Sharper."
- p. 171. COUPEE. A dance step when the dancer rested on one foot, passing the other backward and forward in a kind of curtsy. Monsieur Coupee is the dancing-master in D'Urfey's *Love for Money*, Drury Lane, 1689.
- p. 171. TWO HALF BROAD PIECES. They have broken a coin between them "in sign of mutual troth." *The Connoisseur*, No. 56 (1754-6), has : "If in the course of their amour she gives the dear man her hair, wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity."
- p. 173. I'LL SEEK THE LORD. This was a regular canting phrase with the Puritans.
- p. 174. DRAP DE BERRY. A kind of woollen cloth formerly made at Berry, in France. In Wilson's *The Cheats*, 1662, II, 4, Titere Tu says : "*Drape de Berry* in the summer keeps out the heat."
- p. 174. MONS. At that time held by the French.
Philippsburg was occupied by the French 29 October, 1688, and ceded at the Peace of Ryswyk.
Montmélian, which had been fortified by the Savoyards as early as 1560-1, and was deemed impregnable, fell to the French on 16 November, 1600.
- p. 176. THIS MADE ME RETIRE. So in *The Old Batchelour*, IV, when Sharper appears, Captain Bluffe whispers, "My Blood rises at that Fellow so I can't stay where he is," and accordingly he sneaks off in a great hurry.

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- p. 176. PIGSNY. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "Pignie, a word of Love."
- p. 177. GRISONS. A grison is a servant employed on some private business and so dressed in grey (gris) or a dark colour not to attract notice. Cf. the Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Barry to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, Dorset Garden, autumn of 1682:
- When they affect to keep still in your eye,
When they send Grisons every where to spy,
And full of Coxcomb dress and ogle high.*
- p. 180. SPRINGAL. A young lad; a mettled boy. *Nomenclator*, 1585: "*Adolescens*, . . . *un juvenecau*. A lad; a youth; a springall." The word is very common.
- p. 181. FINICAL. Affectedly nice.
- p. 182. MUSICK MEETING. These music-meetings were extraordinarily fashionable at the time. Southerne's excellent comedy *The Wives Excuse*, produced at Drury Lane in December, 1691, opens with a vivid scene of a numerous company at a music-meeting. In the same author's *The Maids Last Prayer*, Drury Lane, January, 1692-3, Act IV, there is a large music-meeting presided over by Sir Symphony.
- p. 182. WITS COFFEE HOUSE. This was Will's Coffee-House, on the west side of Bow Street, and at the corner of Russell Street. It was a favourite resort of Dryden, and was long famous as a general rendezvous for the men of letters of the day. Wednesday, 3 February, 1663-4, Pepys notes: "In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College."
- p. 183. BISKES. French *bisque*, crayfish soup. Also a rich soup made by boiling down delicate birds. Bailey, *Cookery*, 1731, defines: "*Bisk*, *Bisque*, a rich kind of pottage, made of Quails, Capons, fat Pullets, and more especially of pigeons roasted."
- p. 183. MONSTRUM HORRENDUM. *Aeneid*, III, 658.
- p. 184. CHIN-COUGH. Now more commonly known as Hooping-cough. *The Medical Journal*, 1806, XV, 508, speaks of: "A deep sonorous hoop, exactly resembling that of chin-cough."
- p. 188. BARS AND FALSE BOXES. Chambers' *Supplement*, 1753, explains: "*Barr Dice*, a species of false dice, so formed that they will not easily lie on certain sides," and therefore particular numbers cannot be turned up in throwing.
- p. 189. EDGE-HILL TO BRENTFORD. Edgehill was fought 23 October, 1642; and on 12 November, 1642, the gallant Prince Rupert stormed Brentford.
- p. 193. PONGY BONGY. A French snuff *Pongex Bengue*, greatly in vogue at that time. Or possibly a corruption of the Italian snuff Bolongaros, which was much used in the seventeenth century.
- p. 194. HAS HE POYSON'D MY DAUGHTER. There was at one time a foolish report abroad that King Charles II had been poisoned by some venom put into his snuff-box.
- p. 194. SMOCK-RAMPANT. A woman who henpecks her husband.
- p. 197. AN OLD SHOOE AFTER THEE. It was considered lucky to have an old shoe thrown after one when setting out on important business. Until recent years this custom still prevailed at marriages. In *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 4to, 1599, Philip says to Nicholas, "Shall I fling an old shoe after ye?" In John Heywood's *Dialogue* we have "Now for good luck cast an

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old shoe after me." There are continual allusions to this custom. In Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*, the third gipsy cries :

Hurl after an old shoe,
I'll be merry whate'er I do.

- p. 200. SCRITORE. *Escritoire*. Cf. Sir T. Herbert, *Travels*, 1677 : "There they sell . . . Scrutores or Cabinets of Mother of Pearl." In Mrs. Behn's *The Lover's Watch*, 1686, "Ten o'Clock," the lover says : "Open your Scrutore, and read over some of those Billets you have received from me."
- p. 202. CUM MULTIS ALIIS. This line is from the Gender Rules given in the famous Latin Grammar by William Lilly, to the earliest copy of which in the British Museum the Catalogue assigns as date 1520 (?). But there was at least one previous edition. These rules commence *Propria, quae maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas*. They give in turn a long list of feminine nouns, and then wind up these two genders with *Cum multis aliis* . . . , lines which passed from book to book and from teacher to teacher.
- p. 203. DIVE-DAPPER. In Newcastle's *The Humorous Lovers*, 4to, 1677, III, 1, Mistress Hood, instructing Dameris, says : "I would have a mediocrity in your court'sy, not so long as these were, nor so short as a *Die-dapper*, those careless Ducks show rather scorn than respect."
- p. 203. KILLCOWS. Cf. *Hudibras*, Second Part, I : "The *Hee'ring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*."
- p. 206. TO THE QUICK. *Hudibras*, Second Part, I :

Then how is't possible a kick,
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?

- p. 207. FILOU. French, a sharper, swindler, cheat. Cf. Cotton's *Burlesque upon Burlesque*, the dialogue of Vulcan and Apollo, who are discussing light-fingered Mercury :

Vulcan. Away, away, *Apollo* flouts !
What a *Filou* in Swathing-clouts ?
Apollo. Well, think so ; but if this *Filou*
Come here, thou'lt see what he can do.

- p. 208. FEBLE. "The narrowest part of the Sword-blade nearest the Point." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 210. NEWBURY. The second battle of Newbury was fought in October, 1644, the first battle of Newbury 20 September, 1643.
- p. 210. SMITHFIELD. Famous, or rather notorious, for the horse-fair held there. A great rendezvous of decayed jockeys and cheats. So the Epilogue to *The Kind Keeper ; or, Mr. Limberham*, acted at Dorset Garden in March, 1677-8, concludes :

This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A *Smithfield* Horse, and Wife of *Covent-Garden*.

- p. 219. MAGGOT. A fancy ; caprice. The word was just coming into general use.
- p. 222. CAVEATS. A caveat is a process in court (originally in ecclesiastical courts) to suspend proceedings ; hence a warning ; a caution.
- p. 224. JACTA EST ALEA. The memorable exclamation of Cæsar when, at the Rubicon, after long hesitation, he finally decided to march to Rome. "*Iacta alea est, inquit.*" Suetonius, *Julius Cæsar*, 32.

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Poems

- p. 227. A LETTER. Shadwell, during May, June, and July, 1671, was staying in the country, whence this letter was sent.
- p. 227. WICHERLEY. *Love in a Wood*; or, *St. James's Park*, Wycherley's first comedy, was not produced until October, 1671, but he was already known as a man about town, and his burlesque poem *Hero and Leander*, 4to, 1669, had already won him some reputation.
- p. 227. HIGH AND MIGHTY ALE. "High and mighty" parodies the Dutch official title, which in England was corrupted into Hogen Mogen. So in Dryden's *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1669, Bibber confesses: "I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale." Nell Gwyn, in a letter to Lawrence Hyde, second son of the Earl of Clarendon, written in August, 1678, says: "My lord of Dorset apiers wonse in thre munths, for he drinkes aile with Shadwell and Mr. Haris at the Dukes house all day long." Shadwell, partially at least in imitation of his model, Ben Jonson, indulged in unlimited potations, a fact which did not escape the satirists. Cf. *Absalom and Achitophel*, II, 459-461:

Og from a Treason Tavern rowling home,
Round as a Globe, and Liquored ev'ry chink,
Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link.

- p. 227. CHADERTON. Chadderton (Salford Hundred) is a parish rather more than two miles west from Oldham market-place, Lancashire. In 1671 Shadwell was the guest of Edmund Ashton, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Horse Guards, born in 1647, he was living later than 1684, and probably even until the reign of Queen Anne. He was left a ring in Shadwell's will. Of the appearance of the old hall where Shadwell stayed nothing is known, since it was entirely rebuilt about the middle of the eighteenth century by Sir William Horton.
- p. 227. ALUM STALUM. An old ballad sings of "Nappy ale, good and stale." By "stale" is meant ale which has been laid up in casks and has become full-bodied and strong. Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs*, 2nd ed., 1678, has:

Alum si sit stalum, non est malum,
Beerum si sit clerum, est syncerum.

- p. 227. CONSTER. Construe.
- p. 228. SUPERNACULUM. "Not so much as a Drop left to be poured upon the Thumbnail, so cleverly was the Liquor tipt off." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*. The expression is frequent.
- p. 228. GO-DOWNS. A common phrase for a draught of wine or ale which is drunk straight off to the bottom of the glass.
- p. 228. LEVITE. A clergyman. The word is employed in a jocular or somewhat contemptuous sense. It was very common towards the end of the seventeenth century, and had been in use for nearly one hundred years, since in *The Scornful Lady* (1609-1610), IV, 1, Abigail, alluding to the coldness of Sir Roger the Curate, says:

My little Levite hath forsaken me.

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- p. 228. WHETSTONES. Whetstone Park is a narrow roadway, of which the name still remains, between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn. In the reign of Charles II. this district was infamous, and a "Whetstone Punk" was the lowest type of prostitute. There are very many allusions, all of which bear reference to the vile character of the place. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700), has: "*Whet-stones-park*, a Lane betwixt Holborn and Lincolns-Inn-fields, fam'd for a Nest of Wenches, now de-park'd."
- p. 228. ASSAULT CONSTABLE. The allusion is to an affair which caused a very great scandal at the time. On the morning of 26 February, 1671, the Duke of Monmouth and his rowdy companions in a drunken fray killed a beadle in Whetstone Park. In *Poems on Affairs of State* (Vol. I, p. 147, 1710) is a satire "*On the Three Dukes Killing the Beadle on Sunday Morning, Feb. the 26th, 1671.*" It commences:

Near *Holborn* lies a Park of great Renown,
The Place, I do suppose, is not unknown;
For brevity sake the Name I shall not tell,
Because most gentile Readers know it well.

The lines which attack the "Gleek of Dukes" are very trenchant. Cf. also the Duke of Buckingham's "A Notion taken out of Tully's Dialogue *De Senectute*":

Or all we meet within the streets abuse,
As our brave anti-wits and great ones use?
Nay; could we yet do grander things than these,
Murder an harmless Watchman on his knees.

- p. 228. NED. The Hon. Edward Howard, whom Shadwell had caricatured as Ninny in *The Sullen Lovers*. For some account of Howard see the Introduction, pp. xlvii-li.
- p. 228. FLECKNO. Richard Flecknoe who died in 1676-7 will, it is to be feared, always and only be remembered as the subject of Dryden's immortal poem. But Flecknoe has a number of good things, he was far from being a contemptible writer, and it is his misfortune that Dryden has doomed him to eternal derision. Langbaine sums up his fate with some severity, if very precisely. "This Gentleman liv'd in the Reigns of *Charles* the First and Second; and was as Famous as any in his Age, for indifferent Metre. His Acquaintance with the Nobility, was more than with the Muses; and he had a greater propensity to Riming, then a Genius to Poetry. He never could arrive with all his Industry, to get but one Play to be acted, and yet he has printed several. He has publisht sundry Works, (as he stiles them) to continue his name to Posterity; tho' possibly an Enemy has done that for him, which his own Endeavours would never have perfected: For whatever become of his own Pieces, his Name will continue whilst Mr. *Dryden's* Satyr call'd *Mack Flecknoe*, shall remain in Vogue."
- p. 228. STUM, ALOM AND SLOES. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Stum*, the Flower of fermenting Wine, used by Vintners, when their Wine is down or flat, to make it Drink up and brisk; also when they Brew, to make their mixtures, (by putting them into a new Ferment) all of one Taste. *Stumm'd Wines* are very unwholesom, and may be discover'd, by a white Froth round the sides of the Glass." We may compare *The Miser*, produced January, 1671-2, II, where Goldingham says to Squeeze: "While the young People are together

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we'll drink a Cup ; I would send for a Pint of White-Wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-Flesh, dead Dogs, Mens Bones, Molosses, Lime, Brimstone, Stum, Allum, Sloes, and Arsnick into their Wine—but I'll send for a Cup of wholsom Ale for you."

So Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel*, II, 481, addresses Shadwell :

Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy Drink.

- p. 228. HOCKUM. From Hockheim on the Main, from whose vineyards Hockheimer (hock) is chiefly exported. The commoner form was "Hockamore."
- p. 228. HARRY GROAT. An obsolete coin. "The Groats coined in the reign of Henry the Eighth are the old Harry groat, which bears the head of the King with a long face and long hair ; the gun-hole groat ; the first and second gun-stone groat." *A Treatise on Coins*, Hewitt.
- p. 228. NAPPY. A term applied to ale and meaning "having a good head" ; "foaming" ; and so "potent." "Nappy" is now used in Lancashire dialect for intoxicated ; reeling ripe.
- p. 228. SU WILLIS. A notorious prostitute of the day. Cf. *The Town-Life, Poems on State-Affairs*, Vol. I (1710), 192 :

After a dear-bought Meal they haste away,
To a Desart of ogling at the Play.
What's here which in the Box's front I see !
Deform'd old Age, Diseases, Infamy !
Warwick, North, Paget, Hinton, Martin, Willis,
And that Epitome of Leudness, *Ellys*.

Also *The Wits Paraphrased* (1680), p. 18 :

As true a Wench as e'er was *Willis*.

- p. 228. VAIL YOUR BONNET. Doff your hat.
- p. 229. DUST A STAND. This is a favourite phrase with Shadwell, meaning "to join in a drinking bout" ; "to tipple in company." Cf. *Epsom-Wells*, I, where Clodpate says : "Uds'bud, I had forgot, I have the rarest stand of Ale to drink out in the Afternoon, with three or four honest Country-fellows ; you shall be very welcom to it I fack, and we'l dust it away."
- p. 230. ST. JAMES DUCK. Charles II. was very fond of walking in St. James's Park to feed the ducks there. Colley Cibber, *Apology* (1739), c. xi., says : "Even his indolent Amusement of playing with his Dogs and feeding his Ducks in *St. James Park* (which I have seen him do) made the common People adore him."
- p. 230. SHIPEN. Shippen, a cow-house, or cattle-shed. The word is still in use in some country districts, particularly in the North of England.
- p. 231. INKLE. A stout linen tape, very common and useful, which was employed for many purposes. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has : "Inkle, Tape." John Webster *The Displaying of Supposed Witchcraft*, 1677, c. iv., p. 61, describes a prestidigitator who in his tricks used "a fine Tape or Incle-string."
- p. 231. MOMPPELLIER. Montpellier was a very fashionable health resort owing to the eminent School of Medicine established there. There are very many allusions to this celebrated spa. Evelyn, writing to Mr. Maddox, on 10 January, 1656-7, advises his correspondent, who is about to travel : "Montpellier is the next in order, where I suppose you will make some longer stay ;

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because there are scholars and students, and many rarities about it. There is one Peter Borell, a physician, who hath lately published *Centuries Historical and Medico-Physical*. Montpellier was wont to be a place of rare opportunity for the learning the many excellent receipts to make perfumes, sweet powders, pomanders, antidotes, and divers such curiosities, which I know you will not omit." In 1658 Sir Kenelm Digby was at Montpellier for his health. Twenty years later Wycherley himself, after a long and dangerous illness, was enabled by the royal bounty to recuperate at Montpellier. "Wycherley appears to have left England in the autumn of 1678, and to have spent the following Winter and Spring at Montpellier, a town which enjoyed a vast reputation as a health resort both for the sovereign quality of its air and the skill of its many physicians." *The Works of William Wycherley*, 1924, by the present editor, Vol. I, p. 53.

- p. 231. A WELL BRED THING. Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, 1649-1734. She first visited England in the train of Henrietta of Orleans, 8 May, 1670. Madame died on 30 June of that year, and a short time after the future Duchess returned to England. On 4 November, 1670, Evelyn mentions her as "that famous beauty." 9 October, 1671, the same diarist visiting Euston finds there "the famous new French Maid of Honour, Mademoiselle Querouaille, now coming to be in great favour with the King . . . it was with confidence believed she was first made a *Miss*, as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity at this time." She was created Duchess of Portsmouth, 19 August, 1673.
- p. 231. DUKE'S A WIDDOWER. Anne Hyde, the first Duchess of York, died 31 March, 1671.
- p. 231. HIDE-PARK. Pepys often mentions the dust in Hyde Park. Friday, 21 April, 1664, he notes: "Mrs. The., my wife and I, in their coach to Hide Parke, where great plenty of gallants, and pleasant it was, only for the dust." And again Monday, 10 April, 1665: "My Lord Brunkard took me and Sir Thomas Harvy in his coach to the Parke, which is very troublesome with the dust."
- p. 233. THE MACEDONIAN YOUTH. Alexander the Great, who as Plutarch writes, hearing Anaxagoras discourse of infinite worlds, wept, and the reason being inquired by his friends, made reply: "Have I not reason since there are Infinite Worlds, and I have with so much toil and pain scarce conquered one?"
- p. 235. DUTCHESS OF NEW-CASTLE. She was buried at Westminster Abbey 7 January, 1673-4.
- p. 235. HER PHILOSOPHY. In an address prefixed to her Memoir of the Duke she says "It pleased God to command his servant Nature to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my birth; for I did write some books in that time before I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order I would never divulge." This lady has left us *Philosophical Fancies*, London, 1653, folio; *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, London, 1655, folio; and *Philosophical Letters*, London, 1664, folio.
- p. 237. BLAZING WORLD. *The Blazing World* was printed with other pieces, folio, 1668. "*Blazing World*, a Comedy: Tho' this be stil'd a Play in former Catalogues, yet it is but a Fragment; the Authress before she had finisht the second Act decised, not finding her Genius tend to the prosecution of it," Langbaine.
- p. 237. LOVING ENEMIES. For an account of this play by Lawrence Maidwell, see the Introduction, pp. cxlix-cl.

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- p. 238. REGGIO. This celebrated musician was held in the greatest esteem by his contemporaries and there are many allusions to his eminent reputation. 25 July, 1684, Evelyn records : " I dined at Lord Falkland's, Treasurer of the Navy, where after dinner we had rare music, there being amongst others, Signor Pietro Reggio, and Signor John Baptist, both famous, one for his voice, the other for playing on the harpsichord, few if any in Europe exceeding him." Reggio died in 1685.
- p. 238. COWLEY'S SPIRIT. The book of Reggio's Songs is advertised in the *London Gazette*, 1680, as " A choice collection of Songs set by Signior Pietro Reggio to be engraved on copper in an extraordinary manner in very large folio, most of them out of Mr. A. Cowley's excellent Poems."
- p. 239. SHAKE AND GRACE. In Playford's *A Brief Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, 1664, p. 67 we have : " We use to say of a man that he Sings with much Grace, or little Grace." And on page 70 he has a note upon certain " Directions for Singing after the *Italian* manner " by an English Gentleman : " *Our Author being short in setting forth this chief or most usual Grace in Singing called the Trill, which as he saith very right, is by a beating in the Throat on the Vowell (a'h) some observe that it is rather the shaking of the Uvula or Pallate on the Throat in one Sound or Note.*"
- p. 241. 'TIS NOW NO JEST. That a wanton prologue or epilogue should be delivered by some young girl was considered to add rare piquancy to the play. Little Mrs. Ariell was famous for being able to wing a poet's saucy lines with jauntiest élan. Thus she spoke the Epilogue to Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer* ; or, *The Moor's Revenge*, produced at Dorset Garden during the late autumn of 1676. It commences :

*With late Success being blest, I'm come agen ;
 You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen,
 Which when once shewn, over Sex cannot refrain. }
 Yet spite of such a Censure, I'll proceed,
 And for our Poetess will intercede :
 Before a Poet's wheedling Words prevail'd,
 Whose melting Speech my tender Heart assail'd,
 And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cause maintain'd ;
 So by my means the Fop Applauses gain'd.*

And concludes :

*Your Kindness, Gallants, I shall soon repay,
 If you'll but favour my Design to Day :
 Your last Applauses, like refreshing Showers,
 Made me spring up and bud like early Flow'rs ;
 Since then I'm grown at least an Inch in height,
 And shall e'er long be full-blown for Delight.*

The Epilogue to Settle's *The Heir of Morocco With the Death of Gayland*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1682, was " spoken by Mrs. *Coysh's* Girl, as a *Cupid*."

The Epilogue to Otway's *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, produced at Dorset Garden, 1676, probably in June, was " spoken by a *Girl*."

The witty and amusing Prologue to D'Urfey's *The Comical History of Don Quixote*, Part III, given in 1696, is a duologue between young Hildebrand Horden and Miss Cross. The Epilogue to Powell's *Bonduca* ; or,

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The British Heroine, Drury Lane, 1696, was "spoken by Miss Denny Chock, But Six Years Old." The same year Denny Chock delivered the Epilogue to the same author's *The Cornish Comedy*. Two years later she was entrusted with the Epilogue to William Philips' tragedy *The Revengeful Queen*. Miss Howard did the same service at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1695 for Dilke's comedy *The Lover's Luck*, archly delivering an epilogue which commences :

*What makes our Poet fasten still on me,
To speak the Exit of his Poetry?
He tells me, 'tis because he'd finish well,
And Charm your Censures with a Virgin Spell.*

Miss Bradshaw spoke the Epilogues to Mrs. Manley's *The Royal Mischief*, at the same theatre in 1696, and to *The Deceiver Deceiv'd* by Mrs. Pix in the following year.

- p. 241. PLOTS WORKING. Cf. *The Medall*, 221-23.

Unmasked Rebellion, and audacious Force,
Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be.

- p. 241. TO BAYS IN VISION. Cf. *The Medall*, 287-88 :

Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
What all but Fools by common Sense may know.

- p. 241. KNIGHTSBRIDG. In allusion to *The Rehearsal*, Act III, where Prince Volscius is supposed to have gone to Piccadilly, "but that was only to cover his design," remarks Bayes. "What design?" asks Johnson. The poet explains: "Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-Bridge*." "I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. Bayes," comments Johnson. In Act V Johnson reminds the author that he has promised "to make *Amarillis* speak very well." "Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her," says Bayes. "But, pray, who hindr'd her?" inquires Johnson. "Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door," explains Mr. Bayes.

- p. 241. ASSOCIATION. A paper, framed by Shaftesbury, was found in his study, containing a plan of an *Association*. This may be read at length in Eachard's *History of England*, p. 1015; one object was the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. There were also discovered two lists of Magistrates and other persons occupying official positions; the one was of "worthy men," fellows who could be relied upon to further the revolutionary cause; the other was of "men worthy" (in the opinion of the Whigs) to be hanged.

- p. 241. THE JOYNER. Stephen Colledge, known as "the Protestant Joiner," a villain who even in those turbulent days was notorious for his violence. When the Parliament sat at Oxford, 21-28 March, 1681, he used to parade the streets armed to the teeth, and provoking brawls by the intemperance of his language. He was deeply implicated in a design to attack the King's person, and was a prime mover in the Whig counsels. Found guilty upon multiplied charges of treason, he was hanged at Oxford 31 August, 1681.

- p. 242. BAYES'S CROWN'D MUSE. Dryden, as Poet Laureate.

- p. 242. PETITIONING. The petitioners were those who urged on a series of petitions to the King, by which his power would have been limited to such a degree that the authority must actually have been in their own hands.

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- p. 242. HONEST SHERIFFS. For several years the sheriffs of London had been set in office by the mob who were subsidized by Shaftesbury. The Sheriffs of London in 1680 and 1681, Bethell, Cornish, Shute, and Pilkington, were all independents and red republicans. In 1682 the two latter were tried and found guilty of a riot in tumultuously and seditiously continuing the poll at the election of Sheriffs after the Lord Mayor had adjourned it. Bethell, Cornish, and others were convicted at the same time. It was not until June-July, 1682, that two Tory Sheriffs, Dudley North and Rich, could be elected in a proper and decent manner. The previous elections had been carried by rioting and fraud.
- p. 242. FORTY ONE. 1641 was the year of a number of illegal changes, such as the abolition of the Star Chamber and the High Commission, culminating, in the month of November, with the open disloyalty of the so-called Grand Remonstrance.
- p. 242. ROGER. Sir Roger L'Estrange, born 1616, licenser of the Press to Charles II. and James II. in whose Parliament he was returned for Winchester. He was knighted by this monarch. A voluminous writer of pamphlets and periodical papers, and an admirable translator, he was one of the most distinguished men of his time. In 1663 he set up a paper called *The Public Intelligencer*, the first number of which came out on 31 August, and it continued to be issued twice a week until 19 January, 1665, when it was superseded by the scheme of publishing the *London Gazette*, the first number of which appeared on 4 February following. He was also the author of that excellent periodical *The Observer*. This was a very loyal journal, and by its brave exposure of the Whigs, it served much to counteract their mischief. Pepys described L'Estrange as "a man of fine conversation, I think, but I am sure most courtly and full of compliments." Evelyn considered him "a person of excellent parts." It is not surprising that so sturdy a loyalist should have been anything but a favourite with Queen Mary II. He died in 1704.
- p. 245. FACIT : INDIGNATIO VERSUS. FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUM. Juvenal, I, 79.
- p. 247. LAST ESSAY. *The Medall. A satire against Sedition*. Dryden's poem, the plan of which is said to have been suggested by Charles II. himself, is prefaced with an "Epistle to the Whigs." It was published on or before 16 March, 1681-2, this being the date when Luttrell bought his copy.
- p. 247. THE REHEARSAL. II, iv, where the Physician says of the two Kings of Brentford : "If they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us."
- p. 247. SEVEN AND TWENTY. Dryden was born 9 August, 1631.
- p. 248. CLINQUANT. Sparkling ; dressed in spangles ; glittering with gold and silver. Cf. Fletcher's *The Maid in the Mill*, acted 1623, V, 2, where Vertigo the French tailor speaks of "a clinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff." Also Brome, *The Sparagus Garden* (1635), III, 5, where Gilbert catches sight of some "Courtiers Clinquant, and no counterfeit stuffe upon 'hem."
- p. 248. HIS MISTRESS REVESIA. The lovely Ann Reeve (or Reeves) was a member of Killigrew's company, which she seems to have joined about the same time as Nell Gwyn, whose first recorded performance was in 1665. Her name appears very seldom in the printed casts. We find her as Esperanza in *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I (winter, probably December), 1670 ; Part II (early, probably January), 1671 ; and to this character Bayes's *Bel Esperansa de ma Vie* in *The Rehearsal* undoubtedly alludes. Buckingham's famous satire was produced 7 December, 1671, and it is clear that Mrs. Reeve

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played Amaryllis. The theatre of Charles II. was none too delicate for such a situation, however personal and shameless the attack. About Easter, 1672, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mrs. Reeve played Philotis in *Marriage A-la-Mode*, and later in the same year she undertook the male rôle of Ascanio, the page in *The Assignment*. She had, it may be noted, a few months previously, acted a man when *The Maiden Queen* was given by the women only, on which occasion she also delivered the Epilogue. Her name has not been traced in any other parts, and toward the end of 1675 she disappeared from the stage to take the veil in a foreign convent. This is alluded to in the Epilogue to Otway's *Don Carlos*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1676, probably in June. The speaker, a girl, says :

*But now, if by my suit you'll not be won,
You know what your unkindness oft has done ;
I'll e'n forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun.*

There is another reference in Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, which had been given at the same theatre some three months earlier, at the conclusion of the play, where Mrs. Loveit says : "I will lock my self up in my house and never see the world again." To which Harriet retorts : "A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a belle passion."

Rochester too, in his *A Trial of the Poets for the Bays*, did not fail to record this incident :

In the head of the gang, *John Dryden* appear'd,
That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
But *Apollo* had heard a story in town,
Of his quitting the *Muses*, to wear the black gown ;
And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,
To let him turn priest since *Reeve* is turn'd nun.

Mrs. Reeve had more beauty than talent. The rôles she essayed were small, and as an actress she met with little success. Possibly she owed her appearance on the boards to her lover, as she chiefly performed in his plays. Of Dryden's amour with her there can, I think, be no doubt. Contemporary verse and long-continued tradition couple the laureate's name with that of Mrs. Reeve in a way the persistence of which would have been utterly vapid and pointless had not the fact of the intrigue been public property.

In *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, p. 40 (in my recent edition, 1927, p. 31), there is a song "Farewel dear *Revechia* my Joy and my Grief," which may in all probability be ascribed to Dryden.

The oft-quoted excerpt from a letter, purporting to be penned by an old doddle of some seven-and-eighty years, published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1745 (p. 99), *On the Poets and Actors in King Charles II.'s Reign*, signed W. G., is more than suspect, for Mr. G. Thorn-Drury has shown that this very letter is a rifacimento from various sources of which Otway's *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, 4to, 1680, is not the least considerable, and, moreover, the writer has, in some instances, misunderstood and misused his authorities. He says : "I remember plain *John Dryden* before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of *Norwich* drugget, I have ate tarts with him and Madam *Reeve* at the *Mulberry Garden* when our author advanced to a sword and *Chedreux* wig." This anecdote, however untrue, has at least one value, it serves to demonstrate the per-

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sistence of a long-enduring tradition with regard to the relations between Dryden and Ann Reeve. In the same number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, another writer breaks out into verse when he recalls the actors who made *Marriage A-la-Mode* (Easter, 1672) so brilliant a success :

Cibber will smile applause : and think again
Of *Hart*, of *Mobun*, and all the female train,
Coxe, *Marshall*, *Dryden's Reeve*, *Bet Slade*, and *Charles' reign*.

- p. 249. WRETCH : *The Medall*, 51 :
The Wretch turned loyal in his own defence.
- p. 249. KNAVE : *The Medall*, 58 :
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
- p. 249. IMPIOUS : *The Medall*, 290 :
And Crowds profane with impious Arms prevail.
- p. 249. FIEND : *The Medall*, 79-81 :
He shifts the sayle ;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale ;
And shows the Fiend confess'd without a vail.
- p. 249. VERMIN : *The Medall*, 31 :
A Vermin wriggling in th' Usurper's ear.
- p. 249. JEHU : *The Medall*, 119 :
But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot-mouth'd horse.
- p. 249. TRAITEROUS : *The Medall*, 205 :
What means their Trait'rous Combination less.
- p. 249. LAYS CURSES : *The Medall*, 260 :
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall.
- p. 249. FORMIDABLE CRIPPLE : *The Medall*, 271-2 :
Fresh Fumes of Madness raise ; and toile and sweat,
To make the formidable Cripple great.
- p. 249. SCANDERBEGS BONES : *The Medall*, "Epistle to the Whigs" : "*I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg.*" Scanderbeg is a corruption of the name of the famous warrior George Castriota, 1404-1467, an Albanian hero, who stood for more than a quarter of a century the principal obstacle to the unlimited extension of the Ottoman Empire. He was, at first, a commander under Amurath II., and, owing to his prowess, was raised to the rank of Sanjak with the title Iskander Bey (Lord Alexander). In 1443 he renounced Moslemism, and at the wish of Pius II. headed a Crusade against the Turk, defeating Mohammed II. with a vast army at Croia.
- p. 249. WHO MADE YE JUDGES IN ISRAEL ? *The Medall*, "Epistle to the Whigs" : "*Who made you judges in Israel ?*"
- p. 250. BEZA : *The Medall*, "Epistle to the Whigs." Dryden, quoting Caterino Davila's *History of the Civil Wars of France*, first published at Venice 1630, says : "*I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza.*"

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François de Lorraine, Second Duke of Guise, 1519-1563, *El gran capitan de Gysa*, the warrior of his house. Guise was about to take Orléans from the Huguenots when (18 February, 1563), he was stabbed by the Protestant Poltrot de Méré, and died six days later. In reference to this Coligny unctuously wrote "We cannot deny the manifest miracles of God." Anne de Guise, widow of the Duke, always held the Admiral responsible for her husband's assassination. There is little doubt that Beza not merely approved of but actively instigated the murder.

- p. 250. BUCHANAN. In his "Epistle to the Whigs" Dryden says: "Milton's *defence of the English People is from Buchanan, de Jure regni apud Scotos.*"

John Spotswood, Archbishop of S. Andrews, was born in 1565. At first he professed strong presbyterian principles, but in 1601 when the Duke of Lennox, whom he attended as chaplain, went on an embassy to France, it was remarked that he did not scruple to hear Mass with his patron. However, he was highly favoured by James I., who used him "as the prime instrument in several assemblies for restoring the ancient discipline." In 1615 he was appointed Metropolitan at the death of Archbishop Gladstones, and 18 June, 1633, at Holyrood, he crowned King Charles I. A few years later his unpopularity was expressed by open disaffection. He died 26 November, 1639, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. His *History of the Church of Scotland* has been accused of partiality amounting to the suppression and perversion of facts.

- p. 250. CALVIN. *Ibid.* "I am able to prove from the doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate." The political opinions of both Calvin and Buchanan in actual practice must inevitably lead to an extreme democracy.

- p. 250. ASSOCIATION. *Ibid.* "The late Copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantry's of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent; So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword."

- p. 250. THE LIBEL. *An Essay Upon Satyr* by John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, which was circulating in manuscript by 1679, was printed anonymously in 1680, and at first was generally believed to be the work of Dryden. Mr. de Sola Pinto (*Sir Charles Sedley*, p. 144), considers it "a scurrilous lampoon" which "savagely attacked" the society of wits. The pasquil is hardly more severe than the majority of contemporary satires. It was on account of these verses that Dryden was assaulted by Rochester's hired bullies on the night of 12 December, 1679.

- p. 250. NEWGATE. "Epistle to the Whigs." "But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who would acquit a Malefactor."

- p. 251. POWDER-MONKEY. His name was Bolsworth.

- p. 251. A KNIGHT. Sir John Knightly in Warwickshire.

- p. 251. NOTORIOUS VARLET. He was, in fact, a man of most respectable character, who had been illegally detained by Verdon, the Under Sheriff of Norfolk.

- p. 251. JOYNER. Stephen Colledge, this man, who was known as the "Protestant Joiner," was a most violent and dangerous fanatic. He was the author of many vile pamphlets and lampoons attacking the King, the Duke of York, and Chief Justice Scroggs. At the Parliament of 1680, he openly threatened the Court if they attempted to oppose the bills which were introduced by

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the Whigs. When Charles II. removed the meeting-place of Parliament to Oxford, he broke out into open railing and abuse. Moreover, he arrived at Oxford armed cap-à-pie, being accoutred with pistols, carbines, a coat of mail, and a helmet, as though he were a knight riding to the Crusades. Angered at his folly, some one in the street struck him on the nose, and it bled a few drops. He promptly exclaimed: "I have lost the first blood in the good cause, but it will not be long before more is shed." He distributed caricatures broadcast, one of which represented the King kicking a box containing Parliament into the gutter, and in another the Duke of York was depicted as half savage, half demon. One can hardly be surprised to find that he was arrested upon his return to London, and imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of treason. However, a packed jury acquitted him. Hereupon he was promptly re-arrested upon other charges of treason, and indicted at Oxford, since it could be shown that here he had incited various persons to rebellion against the Crown. Witnesses proved that Colledge had often spoken of arming against the King and seizing his royal person. In spite of the evidence given on his behalf by Titus Oates, Colledge was found guilty and condemned to death. His execution on 31 August, 1681, was received by the public with the utmost indifference, and it has been said that it was "the death-knell of the Plot witnesses."

- p. 251. COLEMAN'S LETTERS. Edward Coleman, secretary to the Duchess of York, maintained a very ample correspondence with many continental statesmen. Amongst others, he was in communication with Père Lachaise at the Court of Louis XIV.; with Father St. Germain; and with Philip Thomas Howard, Vicar Apostolic of England, better known as Cardinal Howard. Coleman also became prominent owing to his controversy with Doctor Stillingfleet, and the famous Burnet. He was enmeshed in the Titus Oates's Plot, but conscious of his complete innocence, he did not even attempt to destroy his letters, of which nearly two hundred have been preserved. However, his life was sworn away by Oates and Bedloe, and he was executed at Tyburn, 3 December, 1678.
- p. 251. SIR EDMUNDBURY GODFREY. Sir Edmund Berry (not Edmundbury) Godfrey, whose dead body was discovered at the foot of Primrose Hill, 17 October, 1678, was almost certainly murdered by Titus Oates and his accomplices for the furthering of their plot.
- p. 251. DOCTOR OATES. Titus Oates asserted that he had proceeded to the doctorate at the University of Salamanca. It was conclusively proved that he had never been at Salamanca in his life. Cf. Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, 657-9:

The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where :
And gave him his *Rabinical* degree,
Unknown to Foreign University.

Cf. also Otway's prologue to Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, acted at Dorset Garden in 1682, where it is said that Oates turned

From silken Doctor home-spun Ananias.

- p. 251. THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. ARNOLD. Captain Arnold, whose name appears in the Commission of the Peace for Monmouthshire, was a man of the vilest character. One of his favourite proceedings was to make friends with those who had infringed the law, to gain their confidence, and then to take legal measures against them. At their examinations, he first inter-

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viewed the witnesses privately, and the evidence he required was forthcoming. In the summer of 1680 his name became notorious throughout England when, on the 16 July, John Giles was brought to the bar at the Old Bailey "for assaulting and intending to despatch and murder John Arnold, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace." It has been said that this is one of the only two trials connected with Oates's Plot that were conducted with fairness and decency. It was discovered that the whole affair had been trumped up in a most discreditable manner to bring Arnold's name well before the public.

- p. 251. A PUBLIC FAST. 22 December, 1680, Evelyn notes: "A solemn public Fast that God would prevent all Popish plots, avert His judgments, and give a blessing to the proceedings of parliament now assembled, and which struck at the succession of the Duke of York."
- p. 251. FORTY-ONE AND IGNORAMUS. 1641 was the date of the Grand Remonstrance and Petition to Charles I., the beginnings of the Rebellion. Cf. the Prologue to Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads*, acted at Dorset Garden in 1682, which was spoken by the ghost of Hewson the regicide:

Look back on our Success in Forty-One, }
 Were ever braver Villanies carried on, }
 Or new ones now more hopefully begun? }

.
 Pay Juries, that no formal Laws may harm us,
 Let Treason be secur'd by Ingoramus.

When Shaftesbury was at last brought to book and indicted for high treason, 24 November, 1681, the grand jury, which had been carefully packed, threw out the bill with "ignoramus."

- p. 252. HOW LONG SHALL I ENDURE? : Juvenal I, 1 : Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam.
- p. 252. BAYES. Dryden in *The Vindication of the Duke of Guise*, 1683, says: "Much less am I concerned at the noble name of Bayes; that's a Brat so like his own Father, that he cannot be mistaken for any other body": and in the dedication of his *Juvenal*, 1693, "I answered not the *Rehearsal*, because I knew the author sat to himself, when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own Farce."
- p. 253. SATURNINE. In his *Defence of an Essay of Dramatick Poesy*, prefixed to the second edition of *The Indian Emperour* 4to, 1668 (and missing from many copies), in answer to Sir Robert Howard's Preface to *The Great Favourite*, 4to, 1668, Dryden speaking of himself says: "My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserv'd."
- p. 253. SIR G. E. Sir George Etherege.
- p. 254. POET SQUAB. Dryden is so called in Rochester's satire *An Allusion to Horace*, see note *infra*, on p. 281.
- p. 254. ROSE ALLEY. *The London Gazette*, 18-22 December, 1679 has the following advertisement: "Whereas John Dryden Esquire was on Monday the 18th instant, at night, barbarously assaulted, and wounded, in Rose Street, in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown; if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any Justice of the Peace, he shall not only receive fifty pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, Goldsmith next door to Temple Bar, for the said

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purpose ; but if he be a principal or accessory, in the said fact, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same." The author of the assault was the Earl of Rochester, who had taken great offence at a satire said to be written by Lord Mulgrave with the help of Dryden, which reflected very seriously upon Rochester's courage and Rochester's poems. In a letter written to Henry Savile in 1679 Rochester angrily says that he will "leave the Repartee to Black Will with a cudgel." Accordingly Dryden was thus violently assaulted on his way home from Will's Coffee House, and the ruffians who actually committed this outrage were never traced.

- p. 254. OBSERVATOR. The periodical paper written by Sir Roger L'Estrange.
 p. 254. CAMBRIDGE. Dryden was elected to one of the scholarships at Trinity College, Cambridge, 11 May, 1650, and he matriculated on the 6 July following.
 p. 254. CLERK. Sir Gilbert Pickering was one of Cromwell's council at a salary of a thousand a year, and was appointed "Lord Chamberlain of the Protector's Household or Court."
 p. 254. COMMITTEE-MAN. In *Poetical Reflections on a Poem entitled Absalom and Achitophel by a Person of Honour* (who according to Antony à Wood was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham) the following lines occur :

A poet there starts up, of wondrous fame ;
 Whether Scribe or Pharisee, his race doth name :
 Or more to intrigue the metaphor of man,
 Got on a Muse by father Publican.

- p. 254. BASILICK VEIN. In Dryden's *A Poem upon the Death of His Late Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector*, we have the following lines :

He fought to end our Fighting, and assay'd
 To stench the Blood by breathing of the Vein.

* This unfortunate poem, and these yet more unfortunate lines, were continually being recalled in later years by Dryden's opponents.

- p. 254. SIR R. H. Sir Robert Howard.
 p. 254. SCANDALOUS PREFACE. Dryden's answer, the Defence of the Essay of Dramatic Poetry, to the Preface which Sir Robert Howard had printed before his tragedy *The Great Favourite ; or, The Duke of Lerma*, 4to, 1668. The Defence was prefixed to the second edition of *The Indian Emperour*, 4to, 1668. Dryden, however, withdrew this, and it was not reissued until after his death. It deals with purely literary matters, and although both poets are warm in their opinions, the adjective "scandalous" is, of course, absurd.
 p. 254. ANNABEL. This name is given in *Absalom and Achitophel* to the Duchess of Monmouth.
 p. 254. FROM THENCE OUR TEARS : *The Medall*, I, 64-7 :

Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold ;
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold).
 From hence those tears ! that *Ilium* of our woe !
 Who helps a pow'rful Friend fore-arms a foe.

- p. 254. DRAWN BY B. Buckingham. The blank space in the next line may be filled by York.

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p. 254. FOUL MONSTERS. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, II; 787-800:

I fled, and cry'd out *Death*; . . .
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
 And in embraces forcible and foule
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
 My Bowels, their repast.

p. 254. LORD STAFFORD. Thomas Howard, Viscount Stafford was condemned on Tuesday, 7 December, 1680, and executed on the 29 December. The Lord Chancellor was Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham.

p. 254. HODGE: AND HERACLITUS. *Heraclitus Ridens* was a weekly sheet issued from February, 1681, to August, 1682, by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

p. 254. SAM PARSONS. Sam Parsons' coffee house was at Ludgate. Contemporary satires depict it as thronged by the younger clergy, in the midst of whom sat Sir Roger L'Estrange, and held forth "like a grave doctor." The crepe-gown-men are clerics. Bailey (1755) defines crepe as "a sort of thin worsted stuff of which the dress of the clergy is sometimes made." Cf. *Speculum Crepe-Gownorum*; or, *A Looking-Glass for the young Academicks*; 1682. An unpublished satire (Harleian MS.), *The Convocation*, 1688, has:

Whole Troops of Crape Gowns with curtains of lawn
 In the Pales of the Church together are drawn.

p. 265. MY WIFE. Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard, the daughter of Thomas Earl of Berkshire. The wedding took place in 1663-1664, and by tradition the marriage is said not to have been very happy. No doubt there has been a considerable exaggeration in this respect, whilst Dryden's devotion to study and a literary life might have been construed into a certain neglect of his partner, although no doubt there were other causes of friction as well.

p. 265. TYRANTS PRAISE. *A Poem Upon The Death Of His Late Highness Oliver, Lord Protector Of England, Scotland, & Ireland. Written by Mr. Dryden*, 1659, 4to. Actually this was not the first of Dryden's poems.

p. 265. CHURCH. It was reported that Dryden had more than once seriously considered taking Holy Orders. He denies this in the Preface to the *Fables*: "If I had taken to the Church (as he [Milbourne] affirms but which was never in my Thoughts) I should have more Sense, if not more Grace." His opponents, however, often repeat the canard. In reviewing *The Spanish Fryar* Langbaine says: "The truth is ever since a certain Worthy Bishop refus'd Orders to a certain Poet, Mr. Dryden has declar'd open defiance against the whole Clergy." This is alluded to in Settle's *Absalom Senior*, folio, 1682:

For which religiously no change he miss'd,
 From commonwealth's-man to royalist;
 Nay, would have been his own loath'd thing, call'd priest:)
 Priest, whom with so much gall he doth describe,
 'Cause one unworthy thought of *Levi's* tribe.

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- p. 265. BRAWNY BROTHERS. The circumstances of Dryden's marriage, Dr. Johnson has observed, were "not very honourable to either of the parties," but Malone comments "as they are supported by no other evidence than the lampoons of a subsequent period, they may be more properly consigned to oblivion than minutely and particularly stated."
- p. 265. ALMANZOR. The hero of *The Conquest of Granada*.
- p. 266. DAVID. In *Absalom and Achitophel*, King Charles II.
- p. 266. CASTLE. Roger Palmer created Earl of Castlemaine and Baron Limerick in the period of Ireland, 11 December, 1661. Oates and Dangerfield endeavoured to involve the Earl in Oates's Plot, and 23 June, 1680, he was tried for high treason, but acquitted.
- p. 266. ADRIEL. The Earl of Mulgrave. It was commonly said that Dryden helped him to write, or even wrote for him, the famous *Essay on Satire* in which Rochester was so severely treated that he took his revenge by causing Dryden to be assaulted at night in Rose Street, Covent Garden, on Monday, 18 December, 1679.
- p. 266. ROCHESTER. The famous passage which so angered Rochester commences :

Rochester I despise for's want of Wit
Tho thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet :
For while he mischief means to all Mankind
Himself alone the ill effects does find.

Then are reflections upon his courage :

A very *Killigrew* without Good-Nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own Kickings notably contriv'd ?
For (there's the Folly that still mix'd with Fear)
Cowards more Blows than any Heroes bear.

And in a long passage his writings are most scathingly censured.

- p. 266. SIDLEY A CAPUCHIN. *Ibid* :

And little *Sid-y* for Simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought but never found :
Tho' all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
His are so bad sure he ne're thinks at all.
The Flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
His Meat and Mistresses are kept too long :
But sure we all mistake this Pious man,
Who mortifies his Person all he can :
What we uncharitably take for Sin,
Are only Rules of this old *Capuchin*,
For never Hermit under gran pretence
Has liv'd so contrary to common sense ;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful Nose ;
Which from all stink can with peculiar Art,
ExtraËt Perfume, and Essence, from a F—t ;
Expecting Supper is his great delight,
He toils all day but to be drunk at night :
Then o'er his Cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes *Hewet* and *Jack Hall* for wits.

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p. 266. SHARP DORSET DULL.

Thus *D*——*t* purring like a thoughtful Cat,
Marry'd; but wiser *Puss* ne'er thinks on that.
Like *Pembroke's* Dog, fierce at his fondest Time,
At once he woos and worries her in Rhime;
To gain her Love exposes all her Life,
A teeming Widow, but a barren Wife.
With tame submission to the will of Fate,
He lugg'd about the Matrimonial Weight;
Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Had ill restor'd him to his Liberty.
That is, to live in his old idle way
Smoaking all Night, and dozing all the Day;
Dull as *Ned H*——*rd*, whom his brisker Time
Had fam'd for Nonsense in immortal Rhime.

p. 266. BOROSKY. In 1682 Thomas Thynne, the wealthy owner of Longleat, a great Whig and a close friend of Monmouth, whilst riding in his coach down Pall Mall was stopped by Colonel Vrats, a follower of a Swedish nobleman, Count John Philip Königsmark. One of the retainers, a Pole named Boroski, fired at Thynne with a blunderbuss, killing him. The band fled, but within twenty-four hours all were arrested, and were examined by Charles II. in person. Owing to the intimacy of the deceased with Monmouth it was attempted to put a political complexion on the murder. Vrats, Boroski, and others were tried at the Old Bailey, 27 February, convicted and condemned. They were executed on 10 March at the place of the assassination. Count Königsmark was acquitted of complicity; "by a corrupt jury, and so got away," says Evelyn. Thomas Thynne is buried in Westminster Abbey, the manner of his death being curiously represented on his monument.

p. 266. SCROOP. *An Essay on Satire* :

Much less Half-Wits, that's more against our Rules;
For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
Who would not be as silly as *Dunbar*?
As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr*?
The cunning Courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull Knavery makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd Fool, by thriving too too Fast
Like *Aesop's* Fox, becomes a Prey at last.

p. 266. HALL. A coxcomb and debauchee whom Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel* names Uzza : Part II, 406-407 :

To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten *Uzza* as I woud the Pox.

p. 266. ABSALOM. The application of the Scripture narrative of Absalom and Achitophel to the contemporary political situation by no means originated with Dryden, and it may be found in *Absalom's Conspiracy; or, The Tragedy of Treason; A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Monmouth, The Badger in the Fox-Trap*, D'Urfey's *Sir Barnaby Whigg* (in the Fourth Act Sir Barnaby is called

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- Rabbi Achitophel), Mrs. Cellier's *Malice Defeated*, and a number of other pieces.
- p. 266. JEBUSITE. According to the Key attached to the 1711 edition of *Absalom and Achitophel*, the Jebusites stood for the Catholics.
- p. 266. STANLY. At the battle of Bosworth, 22 August, 1485, the Stanleys coming up as it seemed to the help of King Richard, suddenly threw themselves on his rear. This decided the day, and an eye witness of the fighting declared that Richard "was piteously slain and murdered" through the great treason of those that turned against him. (*York Records*, cited by Drake, *Eboracum*, p. 120.) After the battle the battered crown that had fallen from Richard's helmet was placed by Lord Stanley on the head of Richmond.
- p. 267. NAVARRE. Henri IV. of France.
- p. 267. STAB'D HIM. Henri IV. was assassinated by François Ravaillac on 14 May, 1610. The unfortunate wretch was put to death amid horrible tortures. It has been asserted by some wild fanatics that the murder was engineered by a Catholic party, but such a fiction is utterly devoid of truth.
- p. 267. CLAREND. On Saturday, 16 November, 1667, Pepys notes "The King is the most concerned in the world against the Chancellor." It was generally said that Lord Clarendon had been instrumental in leading Frances Stuart to marry the fourth Duke of Richmond, and thus the succession to the throne was secured to his own grandchildren, since his daughter, Anne Hyde, was Duchess of York. Although obliged to acquiesce when his consent was officially demanded to the marriage of the Duke of Richmond, the King never forgave Clarendon for having it contrived, and it was perhaps this circumstance which chiefly lead to the Minister's downfall.
- p. 268. PLOTS TRUE. The quotation with variants is from *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I, ll. 706-710.
- p. 268. BATHSHEBAS. Bathsheba is the Duchess of Portsmouth.
- p. 268. D'URFEX'S LOYAL PLAYS. Particularly *Sir Barnaby Rudge*, in which Shadwell was attacked, and *The Royalist*, which had been produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1681-2.
- p. 268. MEXICO. In allusion to Dryden's famous tragedies, *The Indian-Queen*, in which he collaborated with Sir Robert Howard, and even more especially *The Indian Emperour ; or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards*.
- p. 269. PAPAL FIRE. In allusion to the lying report that the Great Fire of London was the work of Catholics. That this was engraved upon the Monument is remembered from Pope's couplet, *Moral Essays*, III, 339-340 :

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.

- p. 269. LEARNED RICHARD. Apparently in allusion to King Richard II., but the reference seems extraordinarily inaccurate.
- p. 269. ALPHONSO. Alfonso VI. of Portugal was born at Cintra in 1643, succeeded to the throne in 1656, and after a feeble reign was deposed in 1667 to make room for his brother Pedro, who acted as regent until the death of the imbecile monarch in 1683.
- p. 269. ACHIT'PHELLS SON. *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, l. 170. Shaftesbury's son was cretinous.
- p. 269. AMIEL. Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the Lower House.
- p. 269. JONAS. Sir William Jones.
- p. 269. HUSHAI. Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

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- p. 270. BARZILLAI. The Duke of Ormonde.
- p. 270. BOLD CATOES FATE. Uictrix causa Deis placuit, sed uicta Catoni; Lucan, *Pharsalia*, I, 128.
- p. 270. SAGAN. The Bishop of London.
- p. 270. ADRIEL. The Earl of Mulgrave.
- p. 270. JOTHAM. George Savile, Earl and Marquess of Halifax.
- p. 271. DANBY. Who fell from power in December, 1678.
- p. 271. AN OXFORD JOURNEY. In reference to the Third Whig or Oxford Parliament, 21-28 March, 1681.
- p. 271. SILVERSMITHS. *Acts of the Apostles*, xix, 23-41.
- p. 273. THE TORY-POETS. Luttrell has marked the title-page 4 September, which was the day he purchased the book, and is very probably the actual day of publication. His copy of this satire is in the Dyce Library, and is supposed to be a unique exemplar.
- p. 273. VEXATUS. Farnaby has the following note: "Toties longo illo et uerboso Poemate de Theseo, quod Codrus obscurus Poeta, longa et assidua recitatione raucus, ad rauim usque recitauit, delassatus, molestiaque ac tædio affectus."
- p. 276. PLAYS. Such loyal comedies as Mrs. Behn's *The City-Heiress*; or, *Sir Timothy Treat-All*, a severe satire upon the Whigs, which was produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1682. The Prologue, written by Otway, trounces Titus Oates, and in Act III, Sir Timothy boasts that when he was accused of disloyalty he came off "hand-smooth with Ignoramus."
- p. 277. ABSALOM SENIOR. This reply to *Absalom and Achitophel* was published on 6 April, 1682. It consists of 38 folio pages, containing about 1,500 lines, and the full title is *Absalom Senior, or Achitophel transposed*. Although published anonymously it was the work of Elkanah Settle.
- p. 277. OBSERVATOR. This excellent paper and the *Heraclitus Ridens* were from the pen of Roger L'Estrange.
- p. 278. FROGS. In allusion to the second plague of Egypt, when it was said to Pharaoh "I will smite all thy borders with frogs: and the river shall bring forth frogs abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bed-chamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people." *Exodus*, viii, 2, 3. Also *Psalms* cv, 30: "Their land brought forth frogs in abundance in the chambers of their Kings."
- p. 279. BAYS. John Dryden.
- p. 279. WIFE. In allusion to the old scandals concerning Lady Elizabeth Howard, whom Dryden married.
- p. 280. HERO'S FAME. The Duke of Monmouth.
- p. 280. MASTRICHT. In the dedication of *Psyche* to the Duke of Monmouth Shadwell says: "When *Mastrick* shall be a heap of Rubbish, and the name might otherwise be swallow'd in the Ruine, it will be remembered by the greatest Action in the World, done there by the Greatest and the Earliest Hero." See Vol. II, p. 278, and the Explanatory Note on this passage.
- p. 280. MAXIMIN. Tyrant of Rome. The principal character in Dryden's *Tyrannick Love*; or, *The Royal Martyr*. The part, which was created by Michael Mohun, is written in a very florid style. Dryden's tragedy was printed, 4to, 1670, with a Dedication to the Duke of Monmouth.
- p. 280. HER GRACES POWER. Dryden's famous tragedy *The Indian Emperour*; or, *The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards*, in which Montezuma, created by Mohun is the leading character, when printed, 4to, 1667, was dedicated to the Duchess of Monmouth.

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- p. 281. POET SQUAB. Rochester in his satire *An Allusion to Horace* has the following lines :

Dryden, in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
For he to be a tearing *Blade* thought fit,
To give the Ladies a dry bawdy bob
And thus he got the name of Poet *Squab*,
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His Excellencies more than faults abound,
Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear,
That Laurel which he best deserves to wear.

- p. 281. RAVENSCROFT. *The Citizen Turn'd Gentleman*, Ravenscroft's first play, which was produced at Dorset Garden in July, 1672, owed its extraordinary success mainly to the acting of the famous comedian James Nokes as Old Jorden. Shadwell insinuates that Dryden's comedies were well received merely owing to the genius of this actor. Nokes was loudly applauded as Sir Martin in *Sir Martin Mar-all*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields on Thursday, 15 August, 1667; and as Gomez in *The Spanish Fryar*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1679-80.

- p. 281. CHAPMAN. In the Epistle Dedicatory to Lord Haughton, prefixed to *The Spanish Fryar*, 4to, 1681, Dryden has some very severe strictures on Chapman, especially with reference to the tragedy *Bussy D'Ambois*.

- p. 281. SHIRLEY. In *Mac Flecknoe* Shirley is alluded to in very disparaging terms, ll. 29-30 :

Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology.

Also ll. 100-103 :

From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pics and reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby* then lay,
But loads of *Sh[adwell]* almost choakt the way.

- p. 282. SOLYMAN. Sultan Solyman appears in Settle's tragedy *Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa*, which was produced at Dorset Garden in 1676, with Betterton as Solyman. Betterton also played Solyman the Magnificent in Orrery's tragedy *Muſtapha*, which was seen by Pepys, Monday, 3 April, 1665. Solyman the Magnificent appears in Davenant's *The Siege of Rhodes*; the part was originally taken by Captain Henry Cook, but at a revival it fell to Betterton, and was "justly and excellently perform'd."

- p. 282. SETTLE'S A COWARD. This alludes to a circumstance much talked of at the time, and of which I have given a full account in my edition of Otway, Nonesuch Press, 1926, Vol. I, pp. lxxi-lxxii. Settle was presumed to have written a *Session of the Poets*, "an ill-natured scurrilous lampoon" in which Otway was attacked. "And Mr. O a man of the Sword, as well as the Pen, finding himself most coursly dealt withall, immediately call'd him to an account, and required the satisfaction of a Gentleman from him." (*A Character of the True Blue Protestant Poet: or, the Pretended Author of the Character of a Popish Successor, folio*, 1682.) Settle is supposed to have escaped a duel by a most abject apology.

- p. 282. MULGRAVE. Mulgrave's lampoon *An Essay Upon Satyr*, circulating in 1679 in MS. and printed anonymously in 1680, had been attributed to Dryden.

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- p. 282. READ CORNEILLE'S TOO. Dryden's *An Evening's Love; or, the Mock Astrologer*, produced at the Theatre Royal in June, 1668, is largely founded upon Thomas Corneille's *Le Feint Astrologue*, which is itself taken from Calderon's *El Fingido Astrologo*. In the first Prologue to *Secret Love; or, the Maiden Queen* produced at the Theatre Royal in February, 1666-67, Dryden says that he has endeavoured to preserve :

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time ;
The Scenes unbroken ; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnsons* Humour with *Corneilles* rhyme.

- p. 283. D'AVENANT. Owing to the accident of a venereal disease this poet, as was well known and plainly appears in his portrait, met with a sad injury which materially damaged his nose. In Suckling's *A Session of the Poets* this is alluded to as follows :

Will. Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance,
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hoped the handsomeness of's muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And

Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent ;
But in all their records either in verse or prose,
There was not one laureate without a nose.

- p. 283. PRAISE OF WINES. Gildon tells us that Otway " was a jovial companion, and a great lover of the bottle, and particularly of punch ; the last thing he made before his Death, being an excellent song on that liquor." This I have printed in my edition of Otway, Vol. III, p. 238.
- p. 283. 'GAINST LIBELS. In reference to Otway's *The Poet's Complaint Of His Muse; Or, A Satyr Against Libells*, 4to, 1680, which has some very pointed censure of the Whigs.
- p. 283. BEAT THE DUTCH. *The Poet's Complaint of His Muse*, stanzas 18 and 19.
- p. 284. CASTLEMAIN. In allusion to " A short account of the material passages in the late War between the *English* and the *Dutch*. Written by the Right Honourable the *Earl of Castlemaine*," 8vo, 1671; the Second Edition, " augmented and emended," 8vo, 1672.
- p. 284. SODOMS FARCE. Cf. *The Poet's Complaint of His Muse*, 8 :

The first was he who stunk of that rank Verse
In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce.

" Sodom or the Quintessence of Debauchery. By E of R Written for the Royall Company of Whoremasters." This is the title of *Sodom* as the play appears in volume 7312 of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. There are other copies, in the Dyce Library at The Hague, and in the Hamburg Town Library. The farce is extremely lewd and without any great wit. It has been attributed to Fishbourne, of whom nothing is known save that he belonged to the Inns of Court and was the author of a few lyrics. One of his songs may be found in the British Museum Ad. MSS. 19,759, p. 30. There seems no reason to suppose that Rochester is not the author of *Sodom*, more particularly as the lines *On The Author Of A Play Called Sodom* which have been printed in most editions of Rochester are known to

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be by Oldham. The piece is said to have been printed in 8vo as : *Sodom*. A Play. By the E. of R.

Mentula cum Uulua sæpissime iungitur una,
Dulcius est Melle Uuluam tractare Puellæ.

Antwerp : Printed in the Year, 1684. This impression seems to be entirely lost. There is every reason to believe that a copy existed in the Heber collection, and that this, together with one or two other obscene works, was secretly destroyed by the executors. *Sodom* has of recent years been more than once privately printed, and it has also been translated into French.

p. 284. AFRA. Mrs. Behn.

p. 284. THE CITY HEIRESS. This lively comedy was produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1682. It very agreeably satirizes Shaftesbury and the Whig faction. The Prologue, written by Otway, and spoken by Mrs. Barry, contains the lines :

*This Daemon lately drew in many a Guest,
To part with zealous Guinea for—no Feast.*

.
*Sham-Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er ;
But who e'er paid for a Sham-Treat before ?*

The Duke of York having been invited to dine with the Artillery Company at Merchant Tailors' Hall on 21 April, 1682 ; an opposition dinner was impudently projected by the Shaftesbury party to be held at Haberdashers' Hall, and tickets were forthwith issued at one guinea each ; for the purpose, as it was ridiculously declared, of commemorating the providential escape of the nation from the hellish designs of the papists, etc. The King, however, issued a salutary order forbidding the meeting as an illegal one, and this supplied the loyal party with new matter for satire against the Whigs, who were extremely mortified by their disappointment.

p. 284. GOOD OLD CAUSE. Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads* ; or, *The Good Old Cause* produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1682. The political part of this play is founded upon John Tatham's *The Rump* ; or, *The Mirror of The late Times*, acted in 1660, but very much improved. Puritan and Whig alike, being in fact one and the same, are admirably depicted and fittingly chastised.

p. 291. BELLAMIRA. This, which is by far the better of Sedley's two comedies, was produced at Drury Lane with great success in May, 1687. Etherege, writing from Ratisbon in that month, says : " I am very glad the Town has so good a tast to give the same just applause to Sir Charles Sidley's writing, which his friends have always done to his conversation ; few of our plays can boast of more wit than I have heard him speak at a supper."

p. 291. JUDGMENT OF SOME LADIES. Cf. Otway's Dedication to *The Souldiers Fortune*, 4to, 1681 : " As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apish qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Issue ; nay, I must confess my self a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, e'en let the Brat shift for it self, I say.

" The Objections made against the merit of this poor Play, I must confess, are very grievous.

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"First, says a Lady, that shall be nameless, because the World may think civilly of her ; Fogh ! oh *Sherru*, 'tis so filthy, so bawdy, no modest Woman ought to be seen at it : Let me die, it has made me sick : When the World lyes, Mr. *Bentley*, if that very Lady has not easily digested a much ranker morsel in a little Ale-house towards *Paddington*, and never made a Face at it : But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chasteſt ſenſe, as eaſily as a Spider can Poison out of a Rose : They know true Bawdy, let it be ever ſo much conceal'd, as perfectly as *Falſtaff* did the true Prince by inſtinct : They will ſeparate the true Metal from the Allay let us temper it as well as we can : ſome Women are the Touchſtones of filthineſs. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more modeſty than any of thoſe ſhe Criticks, and I am ſure more wit) ſay, She wonder'd at the impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to underſtand the thing call'd Bawdy. So Mr. *Bentley*, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady miſtaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Myſtery above her ; though, to ſpeak honeſtly, ſhe has had beſides her Wit a liberal Education ; and, if we may credit the World, has not buried her Talent neither."

- p. 292. ROCHESTER. The Earl of Rocheſter died at High Lodge, Woodſtock Park, 26 July, 1680.

After the death of Charles II., the Duke of Buckingham retired to his manor of Helmsley in Yorkſhire, where he lived in ſtriſt ſecluſion. He died 16 April, 1688, of an ague and fever ariſing from a chill caught after hunting. Pope's well-known deſcription of the miſerable death-bed of the Duke is altogether exaggerated and inaccurate.

- p. 292. I NEVER SAW IRELAND. See the Introduction, Vol. I, p. xxii.

- p. 292. FALSE AND UNNATURAL. If this was in truth Sedley's opinion it ſays very little for his powers of perception.

- p. 292. STOLLEN FROM A ROMANCE. This is ſaid ſince various episodes in Dryden's plays are borrowed from Mademoiſelle de Scudéry, D'Ouville, Bremont, Giraldi Cinthio, and other writers of novels. For example, ſeveral incidents in *The Conqueſt of Granada* are borrowed from *Almahide* ; ou, *l'esclave reine* by Mademoiſelle de Scudéry, Paris, 1660, 8 volumes ; a hint for the lighter ſcenes in *The Spaniſh Fryar* may be derived from S. Bremont's *Le Pelérin*, a ſmall duodecimo published in Holland about 1670, and aſcribed by Barbier (*Dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes*, III, 813), to this author, who is oſtendiſibly a different perſon from his contemporary Gabriel de Bremond. A ſpeech in *Marriage A-la-Mode* is poſſibly ſuggeſted by an anecdote in *Les Contes D'Ouville*. In *The Kind Keeper* ; or, *Mr. Limberham* Mrs. Saintly's diſcovery of Woodall in the cheſt is borrowed from Cinthio, the Third Day, Novella 3.

- p. 292. THE LUTE. Cf. *Mac Flecknoe* :

Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* ſail,
The Lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail ;
At thy well ſharpend thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble squeaks for fear, the Baſes roar.

The elaborate frontiſpiece to Reggio's *Songs*, 1680, repreſented Arion on his dolphin, and no doubt Dryden was hitting at this book, to which Shadwell contributed a complimentary copy of verſes.

- p. 292. GREEK NOR LATIN. Cf. *The Vindication of the Duke of Guiſe*, 1682, where Dryden ſays : "'Tis true, he is a Fool in three Languages more than the

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poet (*Shadwell*), for they say, he understands *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew*, from all which, to my certain Knowledge, I acquit the other."

- p. 292. SUPPOSED AUTHOR. It has actually been suggested that Oldham was the author of *Mac Flecknoe*.
- p. 293. ANOTHER WRITER. Richard Duke, who in his complimentary verses on Creech's *Lucretius* has :

Bavius and Maevius had been sav'd by faith,
For *Settle* and for *Shadwel* to translate.

These verses which are dated Cambridge, 18 December, 1682, were first printed in the Second Edition of Creech's translation, Oxford, 8vo, 1683.

- p. 294. MR. HIGDEN. Henry Higden "was a member of the honourable society of the Middle Temple during the reigns of James II. and King William III. He was a person of great wit, an agreeable and facetious companion, and well known to all the sprightly and conversible part of the town. He was an author of one dramatic piece, entitled *The Wary Widow*, Comedy, 4to, 1693." *Biographia Dramatica*. *The Wary Widow* was produced at Drury Lane early in 1692-3, and was a failure. Tom Brown has several epigrams upon this circumstance, and the wits of the day said that the play was unfortunate "for having too much Eating and Drinking in it." Higden's version, or rather perversion, of Juvenal to which Shadwell here makes reference, is written in octosyllabics, and is a very poor performance of no value.
- p. 324. THE OLD SCHOLIAST. To annotate in full these illustrations of Shadwell would mean to write a very ample commentary upon the *Tenth Satyr* of Juvenal, and I have had to remember that I am editing Shadwell and not the Latin poet. Accordingly I have only touched, and that briefly, upon a very few points. The notes of the Old Scholiast, and of the other commentators to whom Shadwell makes such constant allusion, and whose excursus he so largely conveys may be found in full in the edition of *Juvenal* "Amsterdam, Apud Henricum Wetstenium, 1684"; pp. 340-383.
- p. 324. SYNECDOCHE. Συνεκδοχή is an understanding of one thing with another : hence in Rhetoric, an indirect mode of expression, when the whole is put for a part or *vice versâ*. Quintilian, *De Institutione Oratoria*, Lib. VIII, vi, 19, says that this figure is "Liberior poetis, quam oratoribus . . . ut mucronem pro gladio, et tectum pro domo recipiet : ita non puppim pro naui, nec abietem pro tabellis. Et rursus, ut pro gladio ferrum, ita non pro equo quadrupedem."
- p. 324. LUBIN. Eilhard Lubin, the famous German scholar, was born in Oldenburg 1565 ; he studied at several universities and acquired considerable eminence for his knowledge of languages and literature. He died in 1621.
- p. 324. FARNABY. Thomas Farnaby, "the most noted schoolmaster of his time," was born about the year 1575. After a somewhat adventurous youth, he settled down and acquired a great pedagogic reputation. He was a strong royalist, and at the great rebellion suffered very severely. Released from a long imprisonment he died 12 June, 1647.
- p. 324. MR. HOLYDAY. Barten Holyday was born in 1593 at Oxford. Having taken orders, and greatly distinguished himself as a preacher, he was appointed Chaplain to the King, and Archdeacon of Oxford. During the Civil Wars he lost his preferments, but at the Restoration they were restored, and it

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seemed probable that he would have been raised to a bishopric or at the least a very rich deanery. Unhappily, he died 2 October, 1661, before these expectations could be fulfilled. His writings are very numerous, but, however valuable the annotations may have been found, his version of *Juvenal* as a translation cannot claim a high place, although perhaps Gifford is unduly severe when he writes of Holyday: "his poetry indeed, or rather his ill-measured prose, is intolerable; no human patience can toil through a single page of it; but his notes will always be consulted with pleasure." However, it must be remembered that this harsh, if just criticism is balanced by the praise of Holyday in a preceding paragraph: "of this ingenious man it is not easy to speak with too much respect. His learning, industry, judgment, and taste are everywhere conspicuous; nor is he without a very considerable portion of shrewdness to season his observations."

- p. 324. **TURNEBUS.** André Tournebœuf, was born at Andeli, in Normandy, 1512. This famous scholar taught classics for a brief season at Toulouse, and in 1547 became Professor of Greek at Paris, where he died in 1565. He was one of the lights of his age, and his many works evince the extent of his erudition.
- p. 324. **ALEX. AB ALEX.** "Alexander ab Alexandro, Iuris Consultus, Neapolitanus, in patria et Romæ cum causas gessisset cum laude, lib. VI, cap. 7. genial. dierum ait foro se renunciasset. . . . Diem obiit Romæ Anno 1523. 2 Octobris, annos natus duo ac sexaginta." Jo. Albertus Fabricius, *Bibliotheca Latina mediæ ævi*. His great work is *Genialium dierum Libri Sex*, which Vossius admiringly terms "promptuarium antiquitatis."
- p. 324. **DONATUS.** Aelius Donatus, the celebrated grammarian, taught at Rome in the middle of the fourth century, and was the preceptor of S. Jerome. His most famous work is a system of Latin Grammar. We also possess Introductions (*Enarrationes*) and *Scolia*, by Donatus, to five out of the six plays of Terence, those to the *Heautontimorumenos* having been lost. (Ed. Reifferscheid, 1860). Donatus was also the author of a commentary on the *Georgics* and *Æneid*. The Preface and Introduction are extant (Ed. E. Wölfflin).
- Tiberius Claudius Donatus, towards the end of the fourth century was the author of a commentary on the *Æneid*, which survives, but is of small value. Ed. by Reifferscheid, 1860.
- p. 324. **THE RIGHT FOOT.** It is considered lucky to enter or to leave a house with the right foot foremost. So in the *Satyricon* of Petronius (ed. Buecheler, Berlin, 1895, p. 21), we have: "cum conaremur in triclinium intrare, exclamavit unus ex pueris, qui super hoc officium erat positus: 'dextro pede' sine dubio paulisper trepidavimus, ne contra præceptum aliquis nostrum limen transiret." For this purpose the steps of a vestibule are made uneven in number, *Vitruvius*, III, 4. To enter a house with the skir or left foot first was unlucky. Dr. Johnson held to this, and when he had accidentally done so, he went out and re-entered, right foot foremost. He seems to have had the same feeling with regard to making the first step out of doors. *Life*, 1765; see Dr. Hill's edition of *Boswell*, I, 485.
- p. 324. **BRITISH WHALES.** Lubin's note is: "Quod in Britannia maiores, immo maximæ, spectantur."
- p. 324. **TACITUS.** Cf. *Annalium*, XIV, c. 52: "Hi uariis criminationibus Senecam adoriuntur, tanquam ingentes et priuatum modum euectas opes adhuc augeret: quodque studia ciuium in se uerteret: hortorum quoque amoenitate et uillarum magnificentia quasi principem supergrederetur."

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- p. 325. COCK-LOFTS. Cf. Dryden's translation of the Third Satire, 328-29 :

For if the lowest Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets soon will take the Turn.

- p. 325. APERTO UIUERE UOTO. *Persius*, II, 7, that is to offer no prayer that you would fear to divulge, as Casaubon says. This is according to the maxim of Pythagoras; and that of Seneca: "Sic uiue cum hominibus tanquam deus uideat: sic loquere cum deo tanquam homines audiant." Dryden translates :

Pray ; for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n will bear ;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear.

- p. 325. SAT. 5. Gifford thus translates this passage :

Before your patron cups of price are placed,
Amber and gold, with rows of beryls graced :
Cups, you can only at a distance view,
And never trusted to such guests as you !
Or, if they be,—a faithful slave attends,
To count the gems, and watch your fingers' ends.
You'll pardon him ; but lo ! a jasper there,
Of matchless worth, which justifies his care :
For Virro, like his brother peers, of late,
Has stripped his fingers to adorn his plate ;
And jewels now emblaze the festive board,
Which decked with nobler grace the hero's sword,
Whom Dido prized, above the Libyan lord.

- p. 325. THE COMMENTATORS. Shadwell has translated a note of Grangæus. One may compare Horace's "Ardentis Falerni pocula," *Odes*, II, XI, 19.
p. 325. OBSCURE STILE. The appellation *σκοτεινός* is given to Heraclitus by Aristotle, *De Mundo*, V, 5.
p. 326. HORSE-LITTERS. Satire III, 239-42 :

Si uocat officium, turba cedente uehetur
Diues, et ingenti curret super ora Liburno,
Atque obiter leget, aut scribet, uel dormiet intus,
Namque facit somnum clausa lætica fenestra.

- p. 326. PEDIANUS. Q. Asconius Pedianus, a Roman grammarian, born at Patavium (Padua), about B.C. 2, he lost his sight in his seventy-third year, in the reign of Vespasian, and died in his eighty-fifth year in the reign of Domitian. His most important work was a Commentary on the speeches of Cicero. Of this there still remains fragments which chiefly refer to points of history and antiquarian interest. There is a valuable essay on Asconius by Madvig, *Hafniæ*, 1828.
p. 326. PANCIROLLUS. Guido Panciroli, 1523-99, the famous jurist, who whilst yet a student was elected to a professorship at the University of Padua. Thence he transferred his services to Turin. This city he quitted in 1582 at the invitation of Venice, and returned to Padua to accept a professorial chair. He was as celebrated for his knowledge of antiquities as for his legal learning. Among the most famous of his writings are *De claris legum Interpretibus*, published posthumously at Venice, 1637 ; and *Rerum Memorabilium Libri II.*

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p. 326. SAT. I, LINE 95.

quis fercula septem
 Secreto coenavit auus ? nunc sportula primo
 Limine parva sedet, turbæ rapienda togatæ.

p. 327. ANNAL. III, c. 14 : "Effigiesque Pisonis traxerant in Gemonias, ac diuellebant, ni iussu principis protectæ repositæque forent."

p. 327. BRITANNICUS. It does not appear why the commentator bore this surname. His Christian name was Giovanni. His most famous work was an excursus upon Persius, of which the British Museum has an edition of 1481. Between 1491 and 1523 there were no less than fourteen editions. Britannicus also edited, or wrote glosses upon, Pliny (*Historia Naturalis*), Sallust, Statius, Terence, and Juvenal. Ulysse Chevalier, *Répertoire des Sources historiques du moyen âge*, has five entries under *Britannico*, all connected with Brescia. Larousse gives his birthplace as Palazzolo (where the printer Britannicus was born), and says he held a chair at Brescia. He gives his death as 1510. Presumably either 1510 or 1518, the one being a misprint for the other. Further details may be found in Bayle, Fabricius (*Bibl. Lat. med. ævi*), and Tiraboschi.

p. 328. NURSCIA. Nortia or Nurtia, a goddess of the Volsinians, probably Fortuna, "quam alii Sortem asserunt, Nemesimque nonnulli, Tychenque quam plures, aut Nortiam," Martianus Capella (A.D. 425 ?) I, 88, ed. Eyssenhardt, Lips. 1886. At Volsinii a nail was driven every year into the wall of the temple of Nortia, for the purpose of marking the number of years.

p. 329. PRÆSTER JOHN. The legend of this Eastern priest and king is very complicated. The first authentic mention of Prester John is to be found in the Chronicle of Otto, Bishop of Freising, in 1145. This work mentions a certain John, who was reigning as priest and king in some Far Eastern land. At first it was believed that India was this kingdom, but in the Middle Ages the term India was so vague that the legend did not in this way obtain any definite location. Marco Polo speaks of the country called Abascia as part of India, meaning probably Abyssinia. As a matter of fact, the Christian kingdom of Abyssinia had for centuries successfully withstood Islam. In Jerusalem at the beginning of the fifteenth century certain Abyssinian priests described their country to the Christian Portuguese merchants as the kingdom of Prester John. In later times it was certainly the general opinion that Abyssinia was the Presbyter's native land, and not until towards the end of the seventeenth century did this opinion disappear. In Leutholf's great work on Abyssinia (Frankfort, 1681), it is said that this Empire has been wrongly named the kingdom of Prester John.

p. 329. FROM GETULIA. Lubin's words are : "Cum Elephas e Gætulia, ducem luscum portaret." Hannibal lost one eye, while crossing the marshes, in making his way to Etruria.

p. 329. PRÆTORIA REGIS. Lubin says : "Ad sedem quasi iudicalem regis Prusiæ." But all modern authorities take "Prætoria" to mean "a palace." One may compare *Actus Apostolorum*, XXIII, 35 : "Iussitque in prætorio Herodis custodiri eum," and also *Epistola B. Pauli Ap. Ad Philippenses*, I, 13. "Ita ut vincula mea manifesta fierent in Christo in omni prætorio, et in ceteris omnibus."

p. 330. SAT. 6.

Nupta senatori comitata est Hippia Ludum
 Ad Pharon, et Nilum, famosaque moenia Lagi,
 Prodigia et mores Urbis damnante Canopo.

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- p. 330. THEMISON. This was possibly another person from Themison of Laodicea in Syria, a pupil of Asclepiades, who was an eminent physician of the time of Pompey the Great, and is said to have been the founder of the "Methodic School," as opposed to the "Empiric." He is mentioned by Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, XXIX, 5, who, when he has spoken of Asclepiades, adds : "Auditor eius Themison fuit, qui quæ inter initia scripsit, illo mox recedente a uita, ad sua placita mutauit." See also Celsus, *Præfatio*, and Seneca, 95, 9.
- p. 330. SCHREVELIUS. Cornelius Schrevilius, the celebrated Dutch humanist, was born at Haarlem about the year 1615, and he long professed Latin at Leyden, where he died 11 September, 1664, or, according to some authorities, 1667.
- p. 330. SAT. 6, v. 307 :
 Noctibus hic ponunt læticas, micturiunt hic,
 Effigiemque dææ longis siphonibus implent,
 Inque uices equitant, ac luna teste mouentur.
- p. 330. SCHOOLMASTER. Ut cum Ausonio loquar in Eunum magistrum ita scribentem, quot discipulos ille ad stuprum inclinari et incuruari, ad libidinem per portentosas illam ἄρσενα κύπτειν.
- p. 332. OVID. *Metamorphoseon*, III, 135-137. Herodotus in his *Clio*, records the saying of Solon to Cæsus.
- p. 333. PLINY. *Historia Naturalis*, VII, 49 : "Ex feminis Liuiæ Rutiliæ XCVII annos excessit."
- p. 333. SPORUS. Suetonius, *Nero Claudius Cæsar*, XXVIII, says : "Puerum Sporum, exsecutis testibus, etiam in muliebrem naturam transfigurare conatus est : cum dote et flammeo per solenne nuptiarum celeberrimo officio, deductum ad se pro uxore habuit. Exstatque cuiusdam non inscitus iocus, Bene agi potuisse cum rebus humanis, si Domitius pater talem habuisset uxorem. Hunc Sporum Augustarum ornamentis excultum, læticaque uestum, et circa conuentus mercatusque Græciæ, ac mox Romæ circa Sigillaria, comitatus est, identidem exosculans." Sporus was one of the four who accompanied Nero in his last flight to the villa of Phaon, and he was present at the Emperor's death.
- p. 333. MUGILIS. Cf. Catullus, XV, 14-19 :
 Quod si te mala mens, furorque uecors
 In tantam impulerit scelestæ culpam,
 Ut nostrum insidiis caput lacessas,
 At te tum miseri, malique fati,
 Quem attractis pedibus, patente porte,
 Percurrent raphanique, mugilesque.

Upon which Professor Robinson Ellis comments : "raphanique, Aristoph. Nub. 1079. ἈΔ. μοιχὸς γὰρ ἦν τύχης ἁλοῦς τὰδ' ἀντερεῖς πρὸς αὐτόν. ΔΙ. τίδ' ἦν ραφανιδωθῇ πιθόμενός σοι τέφρα τε τιλθῇ ; ἔξει τίνα γνώμην λέγειν τὸ μὴ εὐρύπρωκτος εἶναι ; Lucian de Morte Peregrini, IX, μοιχεύων ἁλοῦς διέφυγε ράφανιδι τὴν πυγὴν βεβυσμένος. Alciphron iii. 62 ράφανοις τὴν ἔδραν βεβυσμένος. Anthologia Palatina, IX, 520, cited by Voss, Ἀλκαῖον τάφος οὗτος, ὃν ἔκτανεν ἡ πλατύφυλλος Τιμωρὸς μοιχῶν γῆς θυγάτηρ ράφανος. Horace, S. I, 2, 133, Ne numi pereant aut puga. The Scholiast on Plutarch, 168, says ραφανιδωσις was only inflicted on poor men ; rich men paid a compensation. Müller, Mélanges Greques, p. 357, Δῆμος δὲ ἐστὶ τῆς Ἀττικῆς οἱ Πλακιάδαι· κακεῖ ραφανίδες μεγάλαι γίνονται· ταύταις δὲ χρῶνται κατὰ τῶν ληφθέντων μοιχῶν ἐφυβρίζοντες, εἰ δὲ μὴ παρείεν στελαίῳ τῷ ἐκ

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- τῆς δικάλλης. The proverb then explained Πλακιάδαι καὶ στέλαιον shows that the punishment was in actual use. Mugiles, Iuuen, X, 317, *quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat*; cf. Schol. then *Mugilis piscis grandi capite postremus exilis qui in podicem moechorum deprehensorum, solebat immitti*. "The mugilis was chosen from its wedge-like form (Athen. 307 b, σφηνέας)," Mayor. Mr. Tozer cites Strother-Smith, *The Tiber and its Tributaries*, p. 155, where an engraving is given of the *cefalo del mare*, which is usually identified with the mugilis. "The foremost dorsal fin of the mullet is furnished with four rigid spines, which lie flat when the fish is moved in the direction of the head through an opening a little larger than itself, but which erect themselves when it is attempted to withdraw it. It was then used by the Romans to lacerate the tenderest parts of the human body as a punishment for the crime of adultery, p. 156."
- p. 338. QUOIFS. The Lawyer's professional head-dress.
- p. 338. LONDON'S NOBLE PRELATE. Dr. Henry Compton, son of the second Earl of Northampton. Before he had received Orders he had been in the Life Guards, and he seemed not to have been able to shake off a certain violence ill-befitting a Christian Prelate. He had been entrusted with the religious education of the Princesses Mary and Anne, and it is a pity he did not take advantage of his position to instruct them in filial affection and obedience. His disloyalty became so flagrant that in 1686 he was suspended by the Court of High Commission. When the Princess Anne deserted her father, this blustering cleric, fittingly arrayed in a buff coat and jack-boots, with a great sword and pistols, accompanied her. Such was his conception of his episcopal office.
- p. 338. ENGLISH BISHOPS. Probably Crewe, Bishop of Durham; Cartwright, Bishop of Chester; and Timothy Hall, Bishop of Oxford; three noble prelates, who in those troublous times proved patterns of honour and loyalty.
- p. 339. FAIRFAX, 1634-1702. Dean of Norwich, and Senior Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, whilst that Society was resisting the King and refusing to accept his recommendations. Fairfax made himself prominent by his obstinacy, not to say rudeness, when with a deputation from Magdalene he attended before the High Commission at Whitehall.
- p. 339. HOUGH. John Hough, 1651-1743. On 31 March, 1687, Dr. Henry Clarke, President of Magdalene, died, and on the following 16 April, Hough, against the King's expressed wish, was sworn in as President. Considerable trouble followed, and a little later he was deprived by the High Commission. As might have been expected, disobedience to the royal authority and disloyalty met with a rich reward after the Revolution. Hough was distinguished by many preferments. In April, 1690, he was elected Bishop of Oxford, and in 1717 he was translated to Worcester.
- p. 343. VERE'S. In particular allusion to Henry de Vere, eighteenth Earl of Oxford, who commanded a regiment in the Dutch service against the Spaniards. He died of a fever at the Siege of Breda.
- Robert de Vere, nineteenth Earl of Oxford, was killed at Maëstricht in 1632, in a foreign campaign.
- Sir Francis Vere, 1554-1608, saw military service under the Earl of Leicester, who was sent by Queen Elizabeth in 1585 with a body of troops to the assistance of the Dutch in their contest with Spain. He made a name owing to his military exploits in the Netherlands.
- p. 343. SIDNEY'S. Sir Philip Sidney, born 29 November, 1554, and died 17 October, 1586, from a wound received at the Battle of Zutphen.

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- p. 343. **ALVA'S RAGE.** Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, 1508-82. From his earliest childhood this noble warrior was trained by a severe discipline for the military career mapped out for him, and it is not to be surprised that he was known as the "Iron Duke." Although his measures may seem harsh there can be no doubt that they were necessary since the Netherlands were overrun by the Gueux. It is impossible to form a just judgement of this great warrior without taking into consideration the exceptional turbulence of the times and the immense difficulties of his task. The chief blot on his character is his entry into the campaign against Paul IV.
- p. 347. **THE ADDRESS.** Published 30 January, 1688-9.
- p. 350. **I HAVE A SON.** John, Dryden's second son, probably born in 1667 or 1668. He was admitted a King's Scholar at Westminster in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, 1682, and continued there until 1685, when he gained a scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford. His father, however, put him under the private tuition of Obadiah Walker, Master of University College. This excellent man seems at that time already to have become a Catholic, although the fact was not for a few months generally known.
- p. 350. **OBADIAH.** Obadiah Walker, 1616-1699, was elected Master of University College, Oxford, 22 June, 1676. This distinguished scholar was already well known for his theological and classical learning. Soon after the accession of James II. he became prominent owing to his zeal, and from April, 1686, Holy Mass was daily said in an oratory fitted up in his apartments, at which he devoutly assisted. Before long he was able to furnish a public chapel by converting two lower rooms on the east side of the quadrangle for that solemn purpose, and on the Feast of the Assumption, Sunday, 15 August, 1686, this was duly opened for the convenience of externs, a Jesuit, Father Wakeman coming into residence as chaplain. A press was also established under royal licence for the printing of pamphlets and tracts. As might have been expected the more foolish of the younger fry and the fanatics made silly profane songs, such as that which commenced :
- Oh Old Obadiah
Sings Ave Maria,
But not so will I a
For why a
I had rather be a fool than a knave a.
- At the Revolution Dr. Walker being deprived, was arrested 4 December, 1689, and committed to the Tower. In the following January he was enlarged upon bail, but being excepted from the Act of General Pardon passed in May, 1690, he retired abroad. Later he returned, and found an asylum in the house of Dr. Radcliffe, where he died 21 January, 1698-9. He is the author of several learned works. An account of this eminent man, from the pen of Mr. William Carr, may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.
- p. 350. **EATON-COLLEGE.** Dryden had, at one time, hoped to obtain the Provostship of Eton, but was disappointed in his election.
- p. 352. **LAMBS-WOOL.** Lamb's-Wool-Ale is hot ale mixed with the pulp of roasted apples, sugared and well spiced. The allusion is to a profanity of William Howard, the third Lord Howard of Esrick, 1626-1694, who, even the lax Bar-net declares, was wont to rail "indecently both at the King and the clergy." In 1681 he was sent to the Tower on the charge preferred by the informer

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Edward Fitzharris, to wit that he was the author of a treasonable libel *The True Englishman speaking plain English in a Letter from a Friend to a Friend*. He was released owing to the intervention of Algernon Sidney in February, 1682. When arrested in connexion with the Rye House Plot he instantly betrayed the other conspirators. He received a pardon, and died in obscurity at York, 1694. Whilst in the Tower he took the Sacrament according to the rites of the Book of Common Prayer. It is said, however, that on this occasion, instead of wine, lamb's wool was irreverently used. Cf. *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, 575 :

And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb.

Also *Absalom's IX Worthies* :

Then prophane *Nadab*, that hates all sacred things,
And on that score abominateth Kings,
With *Mahomet* wine he damneth, with intent
To erect his Paschal-lamb's-wool-Sacrament.

In the Prologue, spoken by Smith, to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden in October, 1682, we have :

Peach a true Protestant, your Saint's turn'd Atheist :
And dying Sacraments do less prevail,
Than living ones, though took in Lamb's-Wool-Ale.

A ballad on the Rye House Plot, entitled *The Conspiracy ; or, The Discovery of the Famous Plot* sings :

Next valiant and noble Lord *Howard*,
That formerly dealt in lamb's-wool ;
Who knowing what it is to be towered,
By impeaching may fill the jails full.

p. 353. QUEIS AUGUSTA.

Quis angusta malis cum moenia uexarentur,
ipse suum Theseus pro caris corpus Athenis
proicere optauit potius quam talia Cretam
funera Cecropiæ nec funera portarentur.
atque ita naue leui nitens ac lenibus auris
magnanimum ad Minoa uenit [sedesque superbas].

Catullus, LXIV, 80, sqq. Professor Bensly comments : " It is curious to see how Shadwell adapts these lines to his purpose. Athens' narrow walls of her early days become London's *angust* walls. Great-hearted Minos becomes cruel." Professor Robinson Ellis has a note " Funera . . . nec funera is an obvious imitation of Greek combinations like *vâes ânaes* (Pers. 681), *δῶρα ἄδωρα, γάμος ἄγαμος, πότμος ἄποτμος, πόλις ἄπολις, τάφος ἄταφος, βίος ἀβίωτος*, etc." Cecropiæ : " the primeval period ἐπὶ Κέκροπος καὶ τῶν πρώτων βασιλέων terminated with Theseus, Thucydides, II, 15." So in *The Scowrers*, III, 1 (p. 111), when Lady Maggot refers to old Priscilla as "*Cecropia*" she probably means to dub her a relic of extreme antiquity.

p. 355. CLEVELAND. John Cleveland (perhaps better Cleaveland or Cleiveland), 1613-1658, the Cavalier poet, wrote *The Rebel Scot* to express his hatred and

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loathing for the shameful treachery which sold the King's blood. The Scottish army of invasion entered England 19 January, 1644, to fight against their liege lord. Thus they were at once foreign invaders and foul rebels. Cleveland's satire has, it is said, never been forgiven in the North. The couplet here quoted correctly runs (*Poems*, 1665, p. 53):

Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.

Hyperbolus was an Athenian demagogue, who sought to ostracize Aristides, but was himself banished. It is said that the visitation of this punishment upon so base a man was held so to have disgraced the penalty that it was never again inflicted.

- p. 363. KING'S BIRTH. William of Orange was born at the Hague, 14 November, 1650.
- p. 363. STERILES TRANSMISSIMUS. Statius, *Silvarum*, IV, ii, 12-13.
- p. 365. ADOLPHUS. Adolphus of Nassau, Emperor of Germany, the successor of Rudolf of Hapsburg, was elected in May, 1292, and in the following June crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle. In June, 1298, Albert of Austria was elected in his stead and on 22 July following Adolphus was defeated and slain in a pitched battle. His arrogance and tyranny had made him generally odious, so perhaps he was a more representative ancestor than Shadwell had intended.
- p. 376. THE RAPE. See *Introduction*, pp. ccxxiv-ccxxviii.
- p. 376. PULVILIO. A sweet perfumed powder. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, III, 3, where Mrs. Loveit exclaims, as four ill-fashioned fellows enter: "Fo! Their Perriwigs are scented with Tobacco so strong—" "It overcomes our pulvilio" finishes Sir Fopling.
- p. 387. STAR-CHAMBER. This admirable tribunal was unhappily abolished by rebels and sectaries in 1641.
- p. 388. LE JOURNAL. *Journal Des Choses Memorables Advenues Durant Tout Le Regne de Henry III., Roy de France & de Pologne*. 1621. Shadwell used the edition A Cologne. Chez Pierre Du Marteau. M.DC.LXII.
- p. 390. LIB. 9. PAG. 729. *The History of the Civil Wars of France*. The Second Impression, M.DC.LXXVIII, sub anno 1588, The Ninth Book, p. 362.
- p. 391. BOWMAN ROGER. Sir Roger L'Estrange.
- p. 391. CRAPE-GOWN-MEN. Clerics.
- p. 392. BOTHWELL BRIDG. Monmouth visited Scotland to quell the insurrection which broke out after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. He arrived in Edinburgh 18 June, 1679, and by an easy victory at Bothwell Bridge 22 June virtually ended the smouldering revolt. His clemency to the rebels was weak, and he was censured by the Duke of York and even by King Charles.
- p. 392. LIGNEROLLES. Davila, sub anno 1571, ed. 1678, p. 175, has: "The Duke of Anjou did much favour and was very familiar with Monsieur de Lignerolles, a young Gentleman of very acute wit, and high spirit, who often discoursing intimately with the Duke of the present state of affairs, induced him at last to impart the King's most secret designs to him." Unfortunately Lignerolles being one day alone with the King, "who much displeased at the high insolent demands of some of the Hugonot Lords after he had dismissed them with shew of favour, letting loose his anger and laying aside dissimulation, shewed some tokens of being extreamly offended; . . . told the King in his ear, that his Majesty ought to quiet his mind with patience, and laugh at their insolence and temerity, for within a few days, by that meeting which was almost ripe, he would have brought them all into the net, and punished

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them at his own pleasure." The King was greatly alarmed at this indiscretion, and took orders that the unfortunate young man should be dispatched before he could publish the secret. Lignerolles was assassinated by George de Villequier, Vicomte de Guerchy, his fatal enemy, at a hint from the monarch.

- p. 394. SCHOMBERG. *Sub anno 1578 Mézeray, Histoire de France*, pp. 169-170, writes : " Au mois d'Avril ces résiouissances furent un peu interrompuës par la mort tragique de deux des mignons du Roy, les plus favorisez : c'estoient Jacques de Levis-Quelus, & François de Maugiron." Quelus fought a duel with Charles de Balsac (Entraguet). As was the custom each principal brought two " Parrins " or seconds who also engaged. François de Maugiron and François de Schomberg were left dead on the field ; Ribercac died the following day ; Livarrot lay ill for six weeks but recovered. Quelus who was wounded in nineteen places expired in the King's arms after lingering for thirty-three days. " Certes l'amitié qu'il (le roi) avoit pour Quelus & pour Maugiron, estoit si grande qu'elle le fit sortir des termes de la bien-seance : car il les baisa tous deux morts, & fit couper leurs blonds cheveux, qu'il serra pretieusement. Il osta à Quelus les pendans d'oreille qu'il luy avoit attachez de sa propre main, voulut qu'on le vist sur un lit de parade comme un Prince, & que toute la Cour assistast à ses funerailles." " Ce Saint-Maigrin estoit aussi un des mignons du Roy & des plus beaux fils de la Cour : il fut assassiné un soir au sortir du Louvre de trente-trois coups d'espée & de pistolet, dont neantmoins il ne mourut que le lendemain."
- p. 394. BISHOP OF RHODES. Hardouin de Beaumont de Péréfixe, born 1605 at Beaumont, near Châtellerault, died at Paris 1 January, 1674. His father was maître d'hôtel to Cardinal Richelieu, who became his patron and advanced him in a distinguished career. Preconized Bishop of Rhodéz 10 June, 1648, he was consecrated 18 April, 1649. He was elected to the French Academy, and later became Archbishop of Paris. His *Histoire du roy Henry le Grand* was published at Amsterdam by the Elzevirs, 12mo, 1661, and ran through many editions, of which that of 1664 is the most highly esteemed. It also contains *Recueil de quelques belles actions et paroles de Henry le Grand*.
- p. 395. MEZERAY. François Eudes de Mézeray, the famous French historian, 1610-10 July, 1683. Of his many learned works perhaps the best known is *Histoire de France, depuis Faramond jusqu'à maintenant, œuvre enrichie de plusieurs belles et rares antiquités, et d'un Abrégé de la vie de chaque règne, dont il n'était presque point parlé ci-devant, avec les portraits au naturel des rois, régents, et dauphins*. Paris, Matthieu Guillemot, folio, 1643-1646-1651 ; 2nd edition, folio, 1685. A poor reprint was issued at Paris in 1830. I have used the first edition. In Volume III, 1651, the reign of Henry III. occupies pp. 1-694.
- p. 397. RAVILLAC. François Ravaillac was born at Angoulême in 1578 or 1579. He sought to join the Feuillants, a congregation of Cistercians, but after a brief postulancy was dismissed since he professed to see visions which argued an unbalanced mind. He seems to have become wholly insane, and on 14 May, 1610, when Henry IV. in a state carriage was proceeding along the Rue de la Ferronière he stepped on to the wheel and twice stabbed the King to the heart. Making no attempt to escape, he was arrested, and on 27 May torn to pieces by wild horses in the Place de Grève. It is superfluous to add that no cleric instigated the assassination, but Shadwell insinuates this. Achilles de Harlay, 1536-1619, a royal absolutist, vainly attempted to implicate the Jesuits as responsible for this deed.

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- p. 397. MEAL TUB PLOT. This obscure intrigue, which came to a head in October, 1679, was engineered by the vile Shaftesbury to injure the Catholics.
- p. 397. SOLITARY JOYNER. Stephen Colledge.
- p. 397. POPE GREGORY 13. Ugo Buoncompagni, born at Bologna, 7 January, 1502. Elected Pope 13 May, 1572. This great and fervent pontiff died at Rome 10 April, 1585.
- p. 397. SIXTUS QUINTUS. Felice Peretti, born at Grottamare, near Montalto, 13 December, 1521; elected 24 April, 1585; crowned 1 May, 1585; died in the Quirinal, 27 August, 1590. Sixtus V. showed himself one of the most energetic of the successors of S. Peter. Not only were his reforms far-reaching and thorough, but he spent immense sums on the erection of magnificent buildings and public works. His zeal in stemming the foreign flood of unbelief and modernism has often been termed the Counter-Reformation.
- Wishing France to have a king who was both honoured in his private life and hostile to heresy, the Pope declared that Henry of Bourbon had forfeited his rights to the crown of that kingdom, and by apostolic authority depriving him of the throne of Navarre he released his subjects from their oath of fidelity, 9 September, 1585. This happened when the Holy See was assured that an agreement had been come to between Henri III. and Henri of Guise.
- p. 398. POPE GREGORY. Niccolò Sfondrati, 1535-1591, who upon his election to the Chair of S. Peter, 5 December, 1590, took the title of Gregory XIV. He gave energetic support to the French League, and since Henry of Navarre had not fulfilled his promise of becoming a Catholic, the Pope sent a monthly subsidy of 15,000 scudi to Paris, which city refused to accept a heretic king.



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